

The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

SUGGESTED
READING
LIST



LANA TURNER
and her
daughter CHERYL

Hollywood's tragic "divorce orphan" See pages 4, 5.

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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APRIL 23, 1958.

Vol. 25, No. 17

Our cover

• Lana Turner and her daughter, Cheryl, central figures in the biggest Hollywood sensation in 20 years, posed for this happy mother-and-daughter study some time ago. Fourteen-year-old Cheryl, at present held by police on a murder-suspicion charge after the stabbing of Johnny Stompanato, is the daughter of Stephen Crane, Lana's second husband. On pages 4 and 5 Larry Foley, of our New York office, discusses the background and events that led up to this tragic story.

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The Weekly Round

• This week's conversation piece among parents has been school uniforms, a discussion aroused by that decision of the Federal Taxation Board of Review in Melbourne disallowing a deduction claim by a taxpayer for children's school clothes.

EARLY reports of the decision gave the impression that taxpayers could claim only for uniforms that were compulsory. There was an outcry from parents whose children attend State schools where uniforms are required but not officially compulsory.

Then it was stated that the decision applied to a case in which the school clothes were not uniforms but ordinary wear.

This removed the cause of the first fuss.

But it set parents arguing again about the situation that obtains, for instance, in New South Wales, where most State secondary school pupils are required to wear uniform but where education authorities deny compulsion.

Most parents approve of school uniforms, but some object to the enforcement.

Anyone can see the dilemma of State education authorities. If they officially endorse compulsion there is an outcry that children of poorer parents are put to undemocratic expense.

Yet it might be wiser for the Education Departments to stand squarely behind what they tacitly approve. This approval was implied by the headmistress who said: "We do not allow the children who are out of uniform to represent the school."

There is a good deal to be said for school uniforms. They are not necessarily an extravagance, especially for teenage girls. Mothers know that competitive dressing can be more expensive.

A girl is going to spend a good deal of the rest of her life worrying about "the right clothes." If she is to make the best use of her school years it's probably wise that her interest in dress should be reserved for leisure.

★ ★ ★
GIRLS who left school last year or ten years ago should look at our Paris hat pattern in this issue. The season's latest fashion fad is the "top-to-toe" look, or the "one-color look." Our pattern gives you a chance to achieve the effect on a budget.

You buy an extra three-quarters of a yard of that material you're about to make up into a dress, send for our pattern, and add a hat match.

WE liked the appreciative letter from a reader, Claire Scholes, of Coogee, Sydney. She wrote it after sending in an entry to our Color Scheme Contest.

Mrs. Scholes told us that at first, not reading the rules properly, she composed an entry using old numbers from the Weekly. Then she realized that the colors must be new from issues dated from February 19 to June 11 this year.

"But I'd had a lot of fun," she said, "so I wasn't disappointed, and began again."

"It is such a lovely idea and there must be thousands who are having a really happy time living in the rooms they create."

NEXT WEEK:

- THE FIRST YEAR OF MARRIAGE. It should be happy. It sometimes isn't. A thoughtful article that offers sound advice.
- NEW SERIAL. "Aunt Helen," a psychological thriller in two parts, by that brilliant English writer Edith Pargeter.
- FURNITURE: Color pictures of the newest designs in Australian-made furniture.
- FASHIONS. Two color pages of Paris designers' creations for the young girl, culled from the latest collections.



PAGEANTRY of the three-day State visit to Holland as Queen Elizabeth drove with Queen Juliana of the Netherlands in an open coach through Amsterdam streets.

Holland welcomes Royal guests



ABOVE: At the landing stage Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip were met by Queen Juliana and Crown Princess Beatrix. The Princess represented her father, Prince Bernhard, who had flu.



RIGHT: A regal figure in a diamond tiara, white fur, and a Hartnell-designed crinoline gown, Queen Elizabeth attended a performance of the Concertgebouw Orchestra in Amsterdam Concert Hall.



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AMERICAN TRAGEDY...

Lana Turner gave her daughter love, jewels, but never a real home

● The confessed fatal stabbing of gangster Johnny Stompanato by Cheryl Crane, 14-year-old daughter of film star Lana Turner, in Hollywood, ironically has brought mother and daughter close together for the first time. Lana has always been known as a doting and fond mother, who showered gifts and clothing on Cheryl, but there has never been intimacy and warmth between them.



LANA, four times married and divorced — Cheryl is the daughter of her second marriage to broker Stephen Crane — never made a real home for her daughter.

And Hollywood, with its immature adults and precocious children, is the worst place in the world to grow up in.

In that over-emotional, unstable society, it is hard enough for children of happily

LEFT. *Lana Turner typified happy motherhood when she posed for this picture with baby Cheryl, the only child of her four marriages.*

married parents raised in a happy home to keep their footing. But Cheryl never had this security and comfort.

By normal standards she was fatherless — a "divorce orphan," as the Hollywoodites say. The man she could call "father" was never the same from one year to the next.

Commenting on these "divorce orphans," an American psychiatrist says:

"It would be well if all people — and parents in particular — understood the desperate emotions of the 'divorce-orphaned' child: her constant inner turmoil, her insistent longing to perform some tremendous sacrificial act to regain the regard of the rejecting parent, her al-

By

**LARRY FOLEY, of
our New York staff**

ternating fantasies of love and hate.

"The parents of Hollywood orphans of divorce may have magnificent talents which may bring wealth and fame.

"But the children are just children — same as yours or mine — who long for a love-warmed home and the constant, tender care of parents.

"A private school, a car, fine clothes, entertainment all are meaningless to this 'deserted' child."

The full impact of the tragedy didn't hit Cheryl until she was taken into custody, where a Juvenile Hall attendant quoted her as saying:

"I know this is a terrible thing, of course. But I didn't know what was happening at the time. I feel sorry for Mommy. I'm praying for Mommy and me, but mostly for Mommy, because she's so

LANA TURNER'S FOUR HUSBANDS



NO. 1. Bandleader Artie Shaw. "It was fight, fight, fight all the time," said Lana.



NO. 2. Broker Stephen Crane is the father of Lana's daughter. Their marriage was short-lived.



NO. 3. Millionaire Bob Topping was Lana's third unsuccessful bid for happiness in the Hollywood matrimonial stakes.



NO. 4. Screen Tarsan Lex Barker was Lana's last husband. They made a handsome couple. They separated in 1957.

The Hollywood "divorce orphan"



TRAGIC TRIANGLE. There was no sign of impending tragedy when Cheryl, right, met her mother, Lana Turner, and Johnny Stompanato on their return recently from a holiday in Mexico. They looked a happy threesome.

sad. But I did it to protect her. I love her more than anything . . .

"This day—Good Friday—is the saddest day of the year for good Christians, and I'm afraid I only made it sadder."

A year ago Cheryl made headlines for the first time. Until then she had been just another of the film colony's forgotten children.

She was found wandering, alone and afraid, in a Los Angeles slum. She had run away from convent school.

The motorist who took her to the police station said she had been speaking in an agitated way about her broken home and her unhappiness at school.

Movie queen

Three months later she made news again when she fell from a horse and injured her spine.

More recently she was under threat of expulsion from school for smoking.

Though only 14, Cheryl was a heavy smoker and seemed, said her headmistress, unable to give it up.

It is not surprising that a movie queen of Lana's type failed to give her daughter security and stability.

She lacked it herself, spending her formative years in four different towns.

She was an only child, and her father (presented by the studio as a mining engineer, but in fact a drifting miner) was murdered when she was 10.

There were times when her mother, Mrs. Mildred Turner, worked in beauty salons and was unable to make a home. So Lana was boarded out.

"Cinderella on the cheap, with no hope of a pumpkin," Lana described these times.

Speaking again of her childhood, she said: "I don't like to tell it. I don't believe in looking back, ever."

Any chance she may have had of attaining wisdom vanished the day, aged 16, she caught the eye of a talent scout in a drugstore.

Almost overnight she became Hollywood's Queen of Glamor. She revelled in her success, the classic movie star, forever living it up.

The playgirl was always in or out of love. She was reckless, whimsical, flirtatious.

"I love the boys and the boys love me," she would say,

while others called her "The gal they love and leave."

Marriage was not a serious matter to Lana.

She admitted marrying Artie Shaw in a fit of pique after Greg Bautzer had stood her up on a date (he had appendicitis).

In 1943 she eloped to Las Vegas and married Stephen Crane before his divorce was final. She had the marriage annulled on this score, then discovered she was pregnant, so she remarried him.

After the baby was born she and Crane were divorced.

The baby was Cheryl. There was a bitter court fight for custody. Lana won.

Nurses and governesses ruled Cheryl's life in her early years, while her mother gallivanted about the Continent.

Later, boarding schools took the place of home.

Gradually, Cheryl developed a better understanding of her mother. She became more like a sister than a daughter. Even Stompanato realised her influence over Lana.

Cheryl confided later: "He used to take me on little trips, to market, ice-cream parlors, and shops. He tried to use me to promote marriage between him and Mother. He'd say, 'Wouldn't it be nice if we could always eat alone like this and be companions?'"

Good Friday

Cheryl stabbed 33-year-old Stompanato on Good Friday night in Lana Turner's bedroom.

"I heard my mother and Mr. Stompanato arguing before," she said. "Arguments broke out again last night."

"I was scared. She told him, 'I don't want you to argue in front of the baby.'

"Then Mother and he went into Mother's room and I went to the door to listen. He kept saying that he was going to have her cut and disfigured."

"I ran downstairs to the kitchen, grabbed the first big knife I could find, and raced back upstairs."

"I heard him say, 'I'll get you if it takes a day, a week, or a year. I'll cut your face up. I'll stomp you. And if I can't do it myself, I'll find somebody who will — that's my business. I'll get you, no matter what you do — you and your whole family.'

"I went into the room and

I said, 'You don't have to take that, Mother.' Then I pushed the knife into his stomach with all my might."

Lana became hysterical when told that she could not take her daughter home after the interrogation.

Tear-stained and haggard, a mockery of her beautiful, sophisticated screen self, Lana kept saying: "Why wouldn't they let me bring my baby home with me?"

Strangely, Lana, in the film "Peyton Place," now showing in Australia, plays the successful career-woman mother of a teenage daughter whom she doesn't understand.

GLAMOROUS PAIR. Lana and 14-year-old Cheryl both looked chic and sophisticated when they attended the ceremony for the presentation of Academy Awards shortly before the fatal night.



YOUTHFUL Cheryl Crane, daughter of Lana Turner and Stephen Crane, rests her head on her father's shoulder as she arrives at the police station to be booked for the murder of Stompanato.



RIGHT. Cheryl Crane is led away to jail by a police-woman after voluntarily giving herself up. She is being held in custody until April 24 on a murder suspicion charge.



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CHIEF "GOON" HERE SOON

• Spike Milligan, the wild and antic spirit who supplies the brains behind Britain's "Goon Show," is headed for Australia with his Irish wife, June, and their three Goonlets.

THE family will arrive next month on the liner Arcadia—to exhibit their brood to Spike's parents who migrated to Australia about five years ago.

While in Australia Spike will write and star for three months in a weekly comedy programme for the A.B.C.

Australians who find the Milligan-written "Goon Show" (the world's highest-rated comedy half-hour) crazy probably will judge his Australian radio series a whole lot crazier.

For even "The Goon Show," with all its lunatic capers, has suffered the restraints of officialdom from the British Broadcasting Corporation.

Black despair

They are restraints which Messrs. Secombe and Sellers, Spike's more philosophical colleagues, have accepted calmly enough.

But they have not only driven the sensitive Milligan frequently to despair; they have, in their time, driven him into a nursing home—"the nuthouse, old boy, if you want it straight."

The last time Spike gave up, and took to bed in a darkened room, followed B.B.C. cutting of his show for the Duchess of Kent—who had decided to attend the recording.

For three days after that Spike lay incomunicado, with his door locked and telephone disconnected.

His doctor diagnosed serious overwork and overstrain, and advised complete rest; otherwise, he said, Spike might suffer something worse.

Said Peter Sellers, suave, bespectacled member of the trio, who plays among other "Goon" characters, Major Bloodnok, Henry Crun, and William, a croaking, tremolo cockney, "Spike was terribly cut up."

"Irish rebel"

"We had planned the Duchess of Kent's visit as a simple little private party.

"But out came the B.B.C. champagne and the B.B.C. butler—and then they started cutting the script."

"Spike ran out."

"The Duchess asked me, 'Does your colleague always leave early?'; and I told her, 'He's an Irish rebel—a descendant of the kings—and he doesn't like to associate too closely with Royalty.'

"It's all I could think of at the time. I had to say something."

Sellers was right about Milligan being a rebel.

He is serious, creative, and a deeply tormented man who broods about where the world is heading and conducts a ceaseless war against the follies he finds in life.

He cloaks much of his rebellion in a seeming eccentricity, and sublimates more in the absurd satires of "The Goons."

Not long ago he spent a fortnight in bed with a reported

breakdown after his "Goon Show" script satirising films which glorify war was turned down—unread.

Spike is fond of shocking people out of complacency, and likes to appear in expensive restaurants dressed, according to Sellers, "like nothing on earth."

Walking along a London street with a colleague one day he passed an antique shop and spotted a morose character inside glumly reading a paper.

Spike flung open the shop's glass door, barged in, bellowed, "You'll never sell a damn thing if you look like that!"—and barged out again.

At home he keeps a block of

"I'm a Fascist. What are you?" Spike looked at her adoringly, edged closer, and said, "Oo! I'm a Fascist, too!"

A year ago Spike was full of plans to build his own kind of house.

It was a vision he had nursed since visiting Pompeii years ago—a Roman-style building, single-storied, built around a paved central patio with a pool and a barbecue.

He showed the plans to a delighted local council, paid his deposit on an acre of land—and then tried to raise a mortgage.

"This sort of design was invented two thousand years ago, but the building societies here have apparently never heard of it," he fumed.

"They all wagged their heads and smiled their condescending little smiles: 'Oh dear, oh dear! . . . Oh no! This won't do! . . . I'm afraid not! . . . May I tell you they're all idiots!'

Spike grabbed the plans they tried to foist on him, tore them into shreds, and stormed out.

Refuge in wreck

He took refuge in "a crumbling Edwardian wreck of a house" in North London, tore out the walls, substituted grass and Californian wood, and will wait until he has enough cash to build his house without a mortgage.

The roly-poly, diamond-sharp Mankowitz asked Spike whether, before the war, he had been a Fascist.

Spike agreed, grinning his head off.

"Why?"

Spike brought out his goofy "Eccles" voice of radio fame:

"I was an iddyut!"

Mankowitz, nettled, snapped, "Stop clowning, Spike! Why were you a Fascist?"

Milligan convulsed the TV audience by acting out his answer.

Before the war, he explained goofily, he met the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.

She wore a black shirt, looked hard at him and said,

"Goonery" is basically serious, Milligan claims.

"It ridicules the human race. All I want to do is make humanity look stupid."

"There is one truly barbaric animal on earth, and that is man."

"I don't know if people realise it, but that's what 'The Goon Show' is about."



PISTOL-SWINGIN' Captain Leo Milligan (ex-Indian Army) and Mrs. Milligan, parents of scriptwriting Spike. At right is a 1918 picture of them as they appeared in a comedy sketch "Fun Round a Sentry Box." Their acts never needed the censor's attention says a reviewer of the period.



COONS AT LARGE satirized 19th-century empire builders in an outside recording of their programme. From left are Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe, and Spike Milligan, who writes the script—pointing a thought-provoking finger at himself.



SPIKE MILLIGAN, £25,000-a-year-man, relaxes in London with his wife, June, and two elder children, Laura, 5, and Sean, 4. Milligan says his soul is being devoured by two obsessions: A loathing of his employers, the B.B.C., and fear of an atomic war.

Sprucing up for Spike

"'Goon' fans? Of course we are," declare the Milligans Senior. "Goonery is in the family."

THE parents of the greatest "Goon" are getting ready to welcome their famous son, Spike,

and his family. For weeks Captain Leo Milligan, retired Indian Army officer and journalist, and his wife—known to all their neighbors as "Milly" Milligan—have been repainting their six-room weatherboard cottage at Booker Bay, about 50 miles north of Sydney.

"We're getting it all spruced up for Spike," says the Captain. "My wife picks the color schemes, I do the painting, and all our neighbors offer advice."

A visit to the Milligans offers nearly as many surprises as listening to the Goons.

Captain Leo, a spruce 68, suddenly appears with sharpshooters strapped to his waist on a bullet-laden belt.

"You're looking at 'India's Soldier Showman,'" says the

Captain, whirling the pistols round his fingers.

"In India the wife and I used to do a variety act to entertain the soldiers—trick riding, shooting, song and dance, with Milly playing the piano and myself singing and soft-shoe dancing."

Mrs. Milligan admits that when Spike first began "The Goon Show" she wondered if she could stand another generation of show business.

"But I find it's fun—and more peaceful—to be the audience these days."

The Milligans have seen their grandchildren "only in photographs."

Also looking forward to meeting the young family are June Milligan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Marlowe, who came from England five years ago to settle at Turramurra, N.S.W.

They say Spike and June want to rent a house in Sydney—"it has to have four bedrooms because of the kids."



A PICNIC RACE PILGRIMAGE



PINNOCH'S PADDOCK, beside the Oakbank racetrack in the Adelaide Hills, becomes a popular camping spot several weeks before the Easter race meeting. "Black Diamond Corner," "Toorak," and "Rotten Row" are some of the names given to sections of the camp by families who have made the paddock their annual holiday mecca for up to three generations. To the left of the camp area can be seen the grandstand and part of the racetrack.

Big holiday carnival—a spree for young and old

By FREDA YOUNG, staff reporter

● The Easter meeting at Oakbank, in the Adelaide Hills, is more than just another picnic race meeting—it is a carnival, a pilgrimage, and an annual holiday rolled into one glorious spree for young and old.

IN addition to the 70,000 people who travel from the city for the Saturday and Monday racing, hundreds of families set up their camps and caravans on Pinnoch's Paddock, beside the course, weeks beforehand.

Their quiet holidaymaking culminates in a riot of fun during the Easter carnival—so much fun that many families have been spending their annual vacations at Oakbank every year for up to three generations.

And by families I don't mean just parent-and-child groups. This year one family, including aunts, uncles, and cousins, numbered more than 100, including one 13-year-old girl who had her 13th consecutive birthday party at "Rotten Row," the traditional name for one section of the camp.

The fun really begins on Easter Saturday. Early in the morning the crowd from the city begins to arrive, and the grounds surrounding the course quickly blossom with food kiosks, tea stalls, hot-dog carts, sandwich bars, and ice-cream and fairy-floss stalls.

Then the hurdygurdy and the cries of spruikers for the hoopla stalls and other sideshows begin to sound.

By midday these carnival sounds give way to the calling of the odds from the bookies' enclosure on the flat, an area of 50 yards by 25 yards, which somehow seems able to accommodate up to 10,000 punters at one time.

The prizemoney for the Saturday and Monday races totals £13,050—one of the largest purses for Australia's famous picnic meetings.

The most famous race at Oakbank is the Great Eastern Steeplechase, a classic with a £4100 first prize, run on Easter Monday.

The distance of 3½ miles is three times round the track, over 21 jumps, all brush fences except the log jump.

The steeplechase is run on the longer of the two racetracks on the course, cutting across the main road in two places.

When the first Great Eastern Steeplechase (prize 20 sovereigns) was run in 1876, there were eight jumps over a fallen tree, a stone wall, post-and-rail fences, and furze hedges.

The stone wall was demolished in 1913 after the fatal fall of a horse named Stockings.

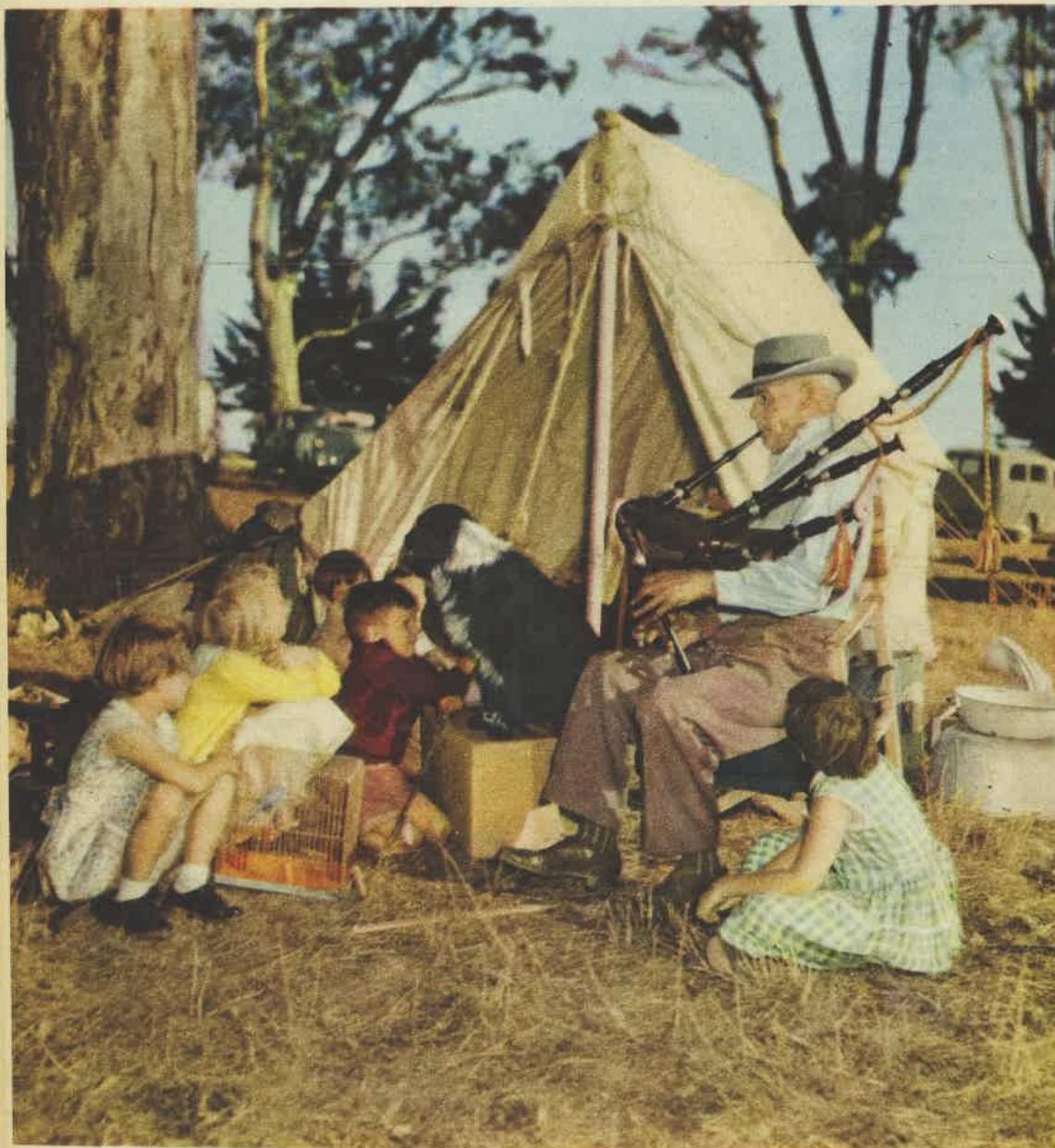
In its 82-year history the steeplechase has acquired many legends.

Seth Ferry's horse Gunn, ridden by jockey Dugan, was the horse to win the great race, in 1880. Gunn fell, it is said, at one of the early jumps, and the rest of the field went merrily on.

Dugan, however, caught Gunn, remounted him, and waited behind a fence. When the other horses came round again he rejoined them. Fresh from his rest, Gunn worked his way easily to the front and was first past the post.

Other riders and punters protested, but the judge dismissed them "for lack of a reliable witness."

The winner of the first Great Eastern was Tormentor. His rider, C. Harslett, not being able to slim to the required 11



HARRY ASHGROVE, of Richmond, has become one of the traditions of the Oakbank Easter meeting. For years he has turned up with his bagpipes, his dog, Scotty, and his budgerigar, Tony—to the great delight of the children. Harry and his pets travel to the carnival and camp in a bright blue panel van.



"*ROTTEN ROW*" houses the largest family group of "regulars." This year more than 100 members, covering three generations, camped in nine caravans and 15 tents. Mrs. S. Whiteman, of Birkenhead, is taking scones from the fuel stove (above) while Mrs. S. Sweeney makes a brimming pot of tea.

RIGHT: Heather Lawrence, who has celebrated every one of her 13 birthdays at "Rotten Row," cuts her cake while eight of her cousins sing "Happy Birthday." Heather is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Lawrence, of Clearview.

Photographs by Max Farrell.

stone, threw away his saddle and rode the race bareback, beating his three rivals without trouble.

Most famous winner of a Great Eastern was Doiran, which won in 1918, '19, '22, and '23. So delighted was his owner, Mr. Mick Mullins—who had raised Doiran on his nearby farm—that he attached rubies to the heads of the nails with which he affixed one of Doiran's winning shoes to the "stud honor roll."

This roll in the Oakbank clubrooms, begun in 1882, contains a shoe of practically every Great Eastern winner. As soon as the winner comes in from the course its shoes are removed. There is a scramble to souvenir them, so that the authorities have to be slick to capture one for the record.

Doiran's best time was 6min. 37½ sec., but this has since been bettered by more than half a minute.

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 23, 1958



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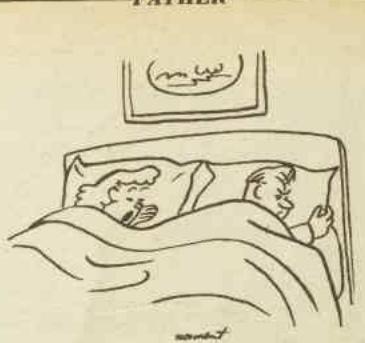
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FATHER



"If you should happen to go downstairs during the night would you mind turning off the kitchen tap."

MOTHER



"Does this mean that there isn't any noise ... or that you don't want any noise?"

A COURT case in Sydney underlined one of the facts of life that some women are curious and reluctant to recognise.

The husband was convicted of assaulting his wife. He had thrown his evening meal her.

In court he said, "I don't want to drag the bickerings of my family life through the courts, but I object to a salad meal."

This abhorrence of the salad as a meal is common in me though few go so far as throw it at the preparer.

French salad, as an adjunct to steak, another matter, and most men wearing martyrred air will eat salad with cold meat.

I don't remember ever meeting a man, however, who actually liked salad as a meal.

Only the other day I was talking to a man at a party and remarked that I was hungry. "What did you have for lunch?" he asked. (This sounds an odd conversation, but conversations at parties are often odd.)

"An egg salad," I replied.

"And what," he asked with genuine interest, "is an egg salad?"



By

Dorothy Draper

It seems to me

SOMEONE has been kind enough to increase my collection of French textbooks with a little book whose last owner acquired it in September, 1918.

It is "The Soldier's English-French Conversation Book (For the Man at the Front)," price 7d.

It is divided into convenient sections: Camping ("Pitch tents," "Water the horses"), the trenches ("Keep your head down"), aviation ("Start the propeller," "Hold the machine from the back").

There are several more chapters—on billeting, transport, shopping, everyday words, and a little conversation.

Sternly, it omits anything about leave.

After studying it pretty closely I am at a loss to know how any of those old Diggers when young ever got acquainted with mademoiselles from Armentières.

No expressions of affection are included. The nearest I could find to the phrase for which a soldier might be searching is "Please give me your name and address."

* * *

ENGLISH referees had been very disappointing, the co-manager of the Wallabies, Australia's Rugby Union team, told reporters when the team returned from abroad.

"I don't say they were biased," he said, "but they kept their eyes on the touring side only, apparently thinking we were out to cheat them."

Or, putting it otherwise, they were impartial in a partial sort of way.

* * *

NEW York barbers recently enforced a union rule to prevent members giving lollies to children having their hair cut. The N.S.W. Hairdressers Employees' Union has a similar rule.

Mr. E. Skelsey, assistant secretary of the N.S.W. Hairdressers Employees' Union, of which many owner-hairdressers are members, tells me that the object is to prevent price-cutting and unfair competition.

It would be all right, I gathered from Mr. Skelsey, if bribes to unquiet customers stopped at the odd boiled lolly, but they don't.

What begins as a boiled lolly can end up as a fourpenny chocolate, representing a four-penny cut on the 3/6 charged.

"One chap," he said, "started to give away tickets in a £30 bicycle."

There's no rule against a hairdresser's use of his natural talents in child management.

One hairdresser, now dead, was a marvel, Mr. Skelsey told me.

"He was a big man, looked like Friar Tuck in Robin Hood, and a natural entertainer. He was marvellous at bird calls. Sometimes you'd go into the shop and see him doing the children's haircuts while his employees were standing round."

The moral for mothers is: Choose a happy hairdresser and take your own chocolates.

SINCE Elvis Presley began his service with the U.S. Army there have been pictures of him getting his hair cut and practising a salute.

Many people who were sick of Elvis before he became a star have been indignant at this spate of publicity.

Others think it a good thing. They figure that pictures of Elvis without those famous sideburns and looking more like a normal young man are a powerful aid in converting pacifists from their anti-military views.

DR. LEWIS KILLIAN, Professor of Sociology at a university in Florida, U.S.A., says women want to look like other women and yet want to look different. He says this explains "the complexity of fashion behaviour."

*She wishes to be different, yet the same.
And so do men, it's not a thing to blame.
On either sex, it's just a human trait
That's shown by men and women every day.*

*She wishes in appearance to conform
And yet be noticed, be above the norm.
The difference, she conveniently decides,
Lies in what, shown by others, she despises.*

*The newest line she wears looks chic and sleek,
On other girls it often looks a freak,
And she is witty (if no longer young)
While others grow a trifle sharp of tongue.*

*So through the years she plays life's little game,
She thinks she's different, but she's much the same.*



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Right on Time!



NEW GLOBE The lowest priced precision alarm clock available with a dependable single tone alarm — Junghans Globe. Easy to read, fully luminous dial — gilt feet and alarm stop button ... 29/-.

SECONDS METER Junghans Seconds Meter alarm keeps you up to the second. Streamlined all black styling, luminous hands and figures. Large sweep second hand ... 48/-.



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EARLY BIRD Junghans Early Bird — an elegant alarm clock — ideal for the young lady of the house. In all black, 49/-, green or cream ... 48/-.



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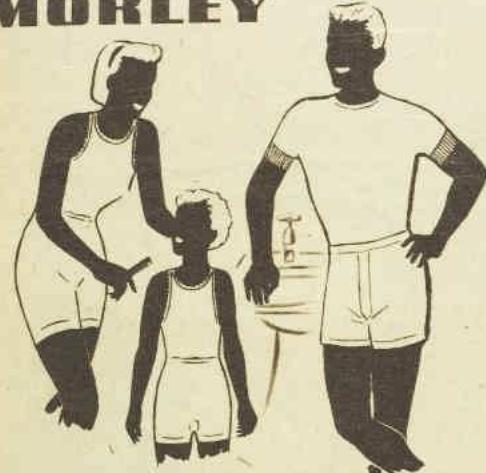
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WRIST WATCHES Shockproof — with unbreakable mainsprings and jewelled pallets. Price range from £5/19/- to £21/15/- (for the famous 17-jewel, observatory-certified, waterproof chronometer with the centre second hand).



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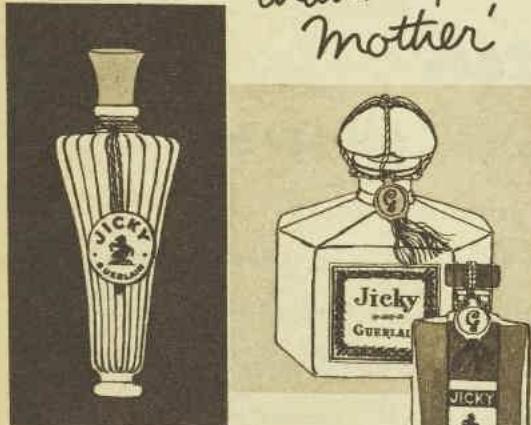


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- ★ Warm yet light in weight and will not irritate the most sensitive skin.
- ★ Although soft and absorbent, "Velnit" is extremely strong and durable because of the Interlock method of knitting.
- ★ Large varieties of styles for Men, Women, Boys and Girls.

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*'thank you
mother'*



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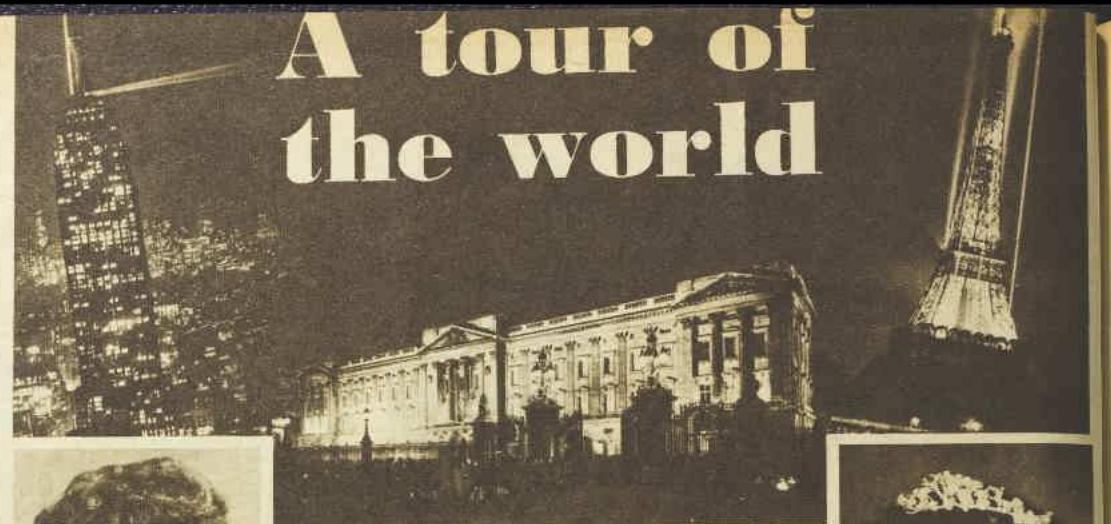
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A tour of the world Glamor honeymoon for "Bride of Year"

Over the palm-fringed islands of Fiji and Hawaii to the United States; across the Atlantic to London; then on to Rome and the East, stopping at Karachi, Calcutta, Bangkok, and Singapore—this is the glamorous route which the "Bride of the Year" and her husband will take on their honeymoon trip.

THEY will fly by Qantas Super G Constellation, and Qantas representatives will show them the sights in the world's most exciting cities.

In addition to this dream trip the couple will have £1000 spending money given by Ampol Petroleum Ltd.

These are the fairy-tale prizes for the girl who wins the Red Cross "Bride of the Year" Quest.

Any girl who is a natural-born or naturalised Australian or a British subject resident in Australia, married between June 1, 1957, and June 1, 1958, is eligible to enter the Quest.

The winner will be the girl who raises the most money for Red Cross.

There are eight other prizes for the girls (other than the first-prize winner) who raise the greatest sum of money in each State and in the Australian Capital Territory.

These eight prizewinners and their husbands will enjoy the luxury of two weeks' holiday on Queensland's famous Gold Coast, where they will be the guests of the Surfers' Paradise Chamber of Commerce.

Latest candidates to enter the Quest are Beryl Palmer, of Rockhampton, Qld.; Mrs. Ernest Furbank, young bride from Lithgow, N.S.W.; and Mrs. Robert Breen, who lives in the N.S.W. Blue Mountains city of Katoomba.

Red Cross organisers are busy helping the many candidates who have already entered the Quest.



"BRIDE" candidate from Lithgow, N.S.W., is Mrs. Ernest Furbank, photographed by George Young after her wedding at St. Paul's Church, Lithgow. Mrs. Furbank plans to hold several barbecues and parties to raise funds for the Quest.

The "Bride of the Year" Quest closes on June 30.

For entry forms and all inquiries write to the Red Cross in your State.

Here are the addresses:

N.S.W. Division: Red Cross House, 27 Jamison St., Sydney.

Qld. Division: 409 Adelaide St., Brisbane.

S.A. Division: 8-12 Stephen Place, Adelaide.

Tas. Division: 53 Collins St., Hobart.

A.C.T. Division: P.O. Box 82, G.P.O., Canberra.

N.T. Division: P.O. Box 81, Darwin.

W.A.: Address all correspondence to Red Cross National Headquarters, 122 Flinders St., Melbourne.



FIRST candidate from the Blue Mountains districts of New South Wales, Mrs. Robert Breen, of Katoomba, with her husband after their wedding last December. Photograph by Souvenir Snapshots, Katoomba.

ENTRY COUPON

COLOR SCHEME CONTEST,
Box 7052 R.C., G.P.O.,
SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Name BLOCK LETTERS

Address

I enclose 1/- entry fee to support * a candidate in the Red Cross "Bride" Quest.

* If you do not name a candidate the entry fee will go to a common fund to be divided equally among all candidates.

New life on the Gold Coast

They go to retire
but get retreaded



● At Surfers' Paradise, on Queensland's Gold Coast, they say that executives who settle there to escape from ulcers become "retreaded" instead of "retired."

FAR from leaving it all behind, they get as steamed-up as pressure-cookers, dishing out ideas, money, and tremendous drive, lured on by the infectious urge in the air to promote Australia's richest playground.

Among those in the "retreaded" brigade is one-time Victorian truck-driver James Collier, again involved in an enterprise as challenging as any he previously handled in a career which made him a tycoon of the transport industry.

In September, 1955, he left Melbourne to take it easy at Surfers' Paradise—to recover from a long fight to save the fortune he founded on a T-model Ford truck.

He lazed on the patio of a house he bought on the ocean front and rested—until he could bear the inactivity no longer.

Resort project

Last year he swung back into action as one of the biggest Gold Coast investors in Southport Hotel Limited, a project to turn the limelight on Southport, an old-established seaside town at the mouth of the Nerang River, three miles on the Brisbane side of Surfers' Paradise.

He has put up a third of the capital for the deal, which covers the purchase of 250 acres of land for real-estate development; the buying of the Southport Hotel for £200,000, and additional property adjacent to the hotel for a further £80,000.

Shacks on this land have been demolished to give the hotel an uninterrupted river frontage and access to Australia's first man-made "Riviera" beach—which is being built from fine white sand pumped up from the tidal river bed.

Working to a three-year plan to turn the area into a Hollywood-style resort, Jim Collier

is again in his element riding the tiger.

Early buyers of allotments include film stars Joe E. Brown and Cesar Romero.

Jim's small, dynamic wife, Lillian, says: "Jim hasn't had ten minutes' indigestion since the company was formed.

"High stakes and big promotion plans are again the keynote of morning, noon, and night conversation in the household.

"And he's never been more fit than when he recently

By
MARY COLES,
staff reporter

worked with the men as a laborer, clearing and burning-off scrub land at Hamilton Heights, one of the company's real-estate projects at Southport."

Directing all her energies to helping her husband, serving meals when he is ready for them, "mothering" his staff, limiting her social life to entertaining his business associates, Lillian Collier provides a blueprint for wives who want to help their husbands get on.

Jim Collier was rather cautiously mounting the ladder to success when they met in Melbourne in the 1930s.

He had defied the big depression by enlarging his activities from running a second-hand T-model Ford delivery van to a fleet of nine trucks.

Lillian was the young widow of one of his early clients.

Travelling, bookish, with a strict Scottish Presbyterian upbringing, at first she had little in common with Jim.

Won her heart

He was a wild young Irishman born in Gippsland who left school at 12.

But his kindness to her in her bereavement and his de-

termination to go places eventually won her heart.

Within 10 years Jim Collier, abetted by Lillian, was generalissimo of an army of 600 trucks operating throughout the Commonwealth with assets valued at £1,500,000.

Then post-war inflation and taxes almost paralysed the business and Jim Collier spent three back-breaking years to re-establish a profit margin.

The job completed, he resigned as chairman and managing director of the company.

Looking back on the three years which threatened to bankrupt them, Lillian Collier says she had never realised how rich they were until her husband began detailing some of their heavy losses in 1952-53.

Lillian Collier is circumspect about riches. Although her parents were comfortably off, she says she never owned a new dress until she was 20.

Her disciplined childhood is reflected in her uncomplicated acceptance of the things that money can buy, as a means towards living efficiently rather than as an end.

Three-in-one

In 1955, when Jim gave the game away to live at Surfers' Paradise, he bought "Berkeley Square," the most spectacular house on the Gold Coast.

But the glamorous appearance of "Berkeley Square" is coupled with sensible simplicity.

The Colliers live well, but not in the grand manner.

The house is neatly divided into three suites.

The main section consists of two bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen, spacious living-room, and patio.

There is a self-contained guest suite with double bedroom, bathroom, sitting-room, and kitchen, and another self-contained bed-sitting-room-bathroom unit.

ABOVE: "Berkeley Square," bought by the Colliers for their retirement at Surfers' Paradise, has become the business headquarters for their new resort venture.

RIGHT: Sally Melinda, the Colliers' 7½-year-old daughter, lunching with her father on the family patio.



THE PATIO at "Berkeley Square" is used for board meetings and big business deals. From left are Southport Hotel Limited directors Dr. Neville Davis, Mr. M. A. Fitzgibbons, Mr. Brian Fitzgibbons, and Jim Collier, with Mrs. Collier serving the drinks.

This is for the nurse of their daughter, Sally Melinda.

Sally Melinda, at 7½, is one of the few people who almost has her father bluffed.

She calls him "Mate" and knows how to bulldoze him into breaking off a board meeting to rush to the local school hall to see her bobbing up and down as a rabbit, performing in a concert.

Real fight

The fight to put Sally Melinda on her feet has been the real battle for Jim and Lillian.

She was born without normal hip sockets and faced complete invalidism.

But her parents' refusal to admit defeat and Sally Melinda's own dauntless spirit enabled bone specialists to work miracles.

Now she can not only walk, but run!



SITTING-ROOM in the self-contained guest suite of "Berkeley Square." Until they were able to find accommodation, the new company's secretaries, Thora Stubbs (left) and Ronnie McDonald, lived "on the job" in the suite.



Revlon's new color...

'Persian Melon'

A luscious golden melon with a coral flavour for lips... fingertips... and toe-tips, too! What a color! Revlon kidnapped this shade in the mysterious East to flatter you outrageously... whatever your hair shade, your skin tone! Positively voluptuous, new 'Persian Melon' keeps marvellous company with all your Autumn fashions. So potent... it could turn tonight into forever! (Lasting? Seems to stay on 'til the sands of the desert grow cold!)



PERSIAN MELON

'Lanolite' Lipstick in 'Futurama' case, 13/6
Extra 'click-in' lipstick refills for your
'Futurama' case 8/9

Nail Enamel 8/11

Frosted Nail Enamel 12/3

IT'S THE MOST DELICIOUS SHADE THIS SIDE OF PARADISE



WEDDING GROUP. Mr. and Mrs. John Nixon outside St. Mark's, Darling Point, with (from left) Alec Shand, Bruce Nixon, John Holt, Harry Bell, Pam Cobcroft, Nancye Nixon, Pam White, and Ann Bucknell. The bride was formerly Belinda White, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rex White, of "Burren Burren," Collarenebri, and John is the eldest son of Mrs. Adam Nixon, of "Oakhampton," Manilla, and the late Mr. Nixon. The newlyweds will live at "Oakhampton" after a honeymoon at Surfers' Paradise.



LEAVING St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, are Michael Bray and his bride, the former Diana Sinclair, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sinclair, of "Moongulla," Collarenebri. Michael is the son of the Keith Brays.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

THE Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army in the Pacific, General I. D. White, will be the U.S. special envoy to the Australian Coral Sea Victory celebrations this year.

Accompanied by Mrs. White, he will arrive in Brisbane on April 30, flying in from Honolulu in his official Super Constellation plane.

Then on May 2 they will spend four and a half hours in Newcastle before flying on to Sydney, to stay at Kirribilli House for four days.

In the evening they will be guests of honor at the Coral Sea Victory Ball at Princes. They will be welcomed by Mrs. Lionel McFadyen, president of the ball committee, Mr. Keith Yorston, president of the Australian-American Association, and Mr. Frank Waring, U.S. Consul-General.

BALLETONANES will have a night out on Thursday, April 17, when the eagerly awaited New York City Ballet will open an eight weeks' season at the Empire Theatre. Then on April 19 the Ukrainian-Australian Ballet Company will present six national Cossack dances at the Railway Institute. There are sixty members of this company and they will be accompanied by an ensemble of bandura players—which is the Ukrainian national instrument.

A DATE for your diary . . . April 24, for the fifth birthday ball organised by the Lewisham Hospital younger set. It will be held in the Rainbow Room at the Australia Hotel . . . Also on April 24 is the "Autumn Amble" supper-dance arranged by the Crippled Children Eastern Suburbs Younger Set. This dance will be at Princes.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 23, 1958



INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT. Susan Potter, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Potter, of Bellevue Hill, with her fiance, George Bullock, who is the younger son of Dr. and Mrs. Howard Bullock, of Macquarie Street. Mr. and Mrs. Potter gave a party for more than 80 guests after the Ladies' Day races to celebrate their daughter's engagement.



YEARLING SALES. Mrs. Alec Rose and daughter Anne with Ronald Webster, of Goondiwindi, Queensland, at the thoroughbred yearling sales at the Newmarket stables.

BRIEFLY . . . It's nice to see pretty Helen Campbell, of Yass, down in Sydney again after a bout of illness. For the Ladies' Day races Helen wore a sky-blue silk shirtwaist dress with a tiny flower-trimmed headband . . . After spending the Easter weekend at Terrigal, Narelle Garry stayed a few days in town with Sally Best before returning home to Binalong . . . Three pretty girls, Caroline Brandt, Virginia Anderson, and Margo McKendry, were farewelled at a champagne party on board Castel Felice before sailing together for England.

Anne



AT RANDWICK. Mrs. Ken Hill, who wore a coat in palest lilac wool with a matching hat, talking to Mrs. Tom Carlyon, of Toorak, Melbourne, who chose an elegant sage-green dress and jacket with a mink-bordered velvet hat.



DOUBLE CELEBRATION. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fox at a reception at Glen Aschan, Darling Point, which announced their surprise wedding. The reception also welcomed home Patricia after five months' holiday in England. The bride was formerly Mrs. W. A. Minton, of Potts Point.



Step out in **HILTON**
'go with' stocking colours—
 ... they're wonderfully wearable!

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Have instant radiance
 . . . legs alive with soft,
 captivating colour . . .
 in Hilton. Colours as soft
 as a whisper . . . and twice as
 exciting! At once restrained and
 bewitching! Muted, yet
 luminous! Delicate yet scintillating!
 Fabulous yet *so* wearable!
 Mysterious, they echo the colours
 you wear. Go on! Let this
 wonderful thing that's happened
 to stockings happen to you.

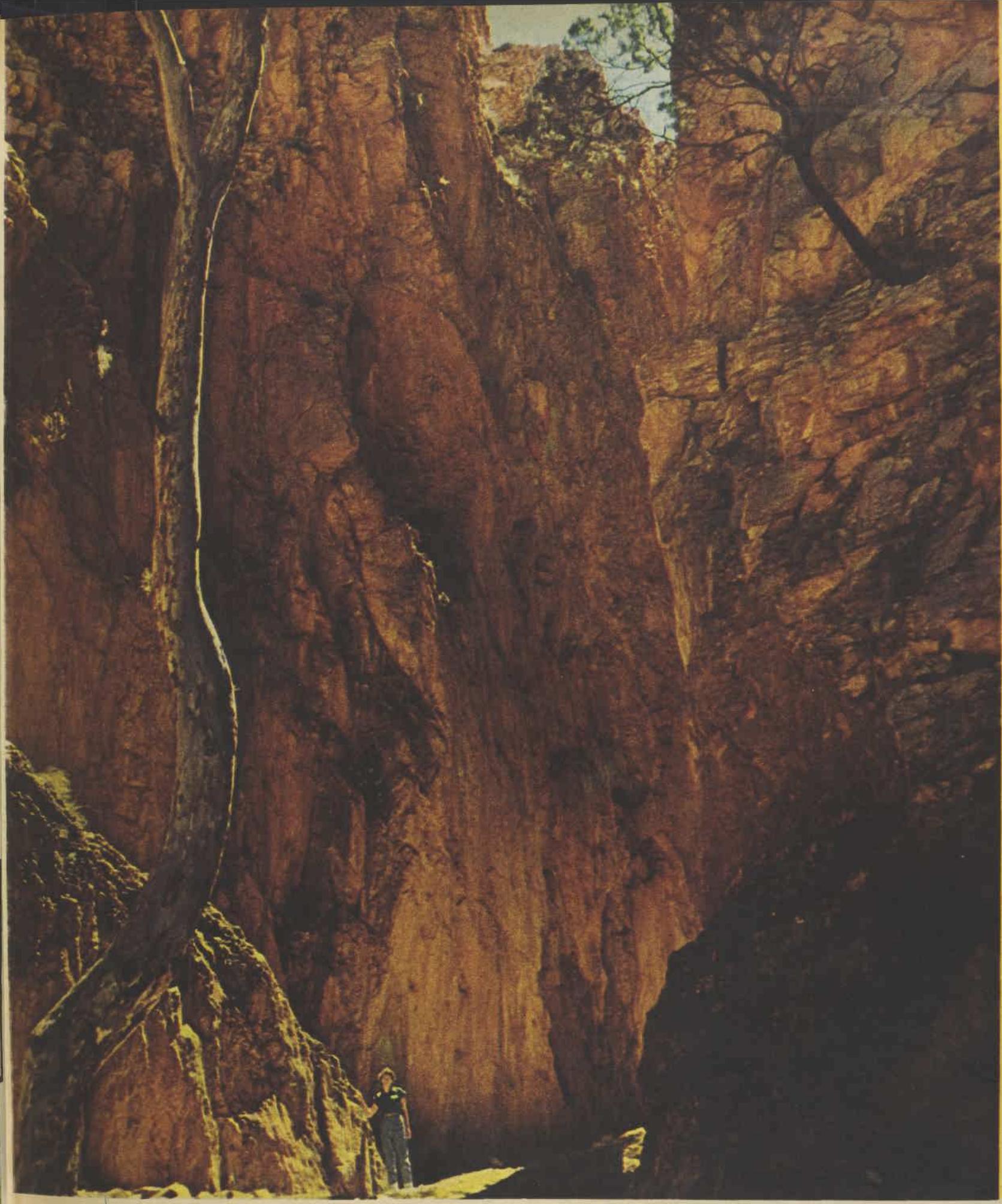
BEIGE BEAUTY

WATER LILY

OPALEE

HILTON 'Elation' the magnificent 15
 denier full fashioned stocking for all-
 day leg-glamour plus. 12/11
HILTON 'Waltz Dream' 30 denier
 'double chance' for good looks and
 wonderful wear. 11/9
HILTON 'Fanfare' for a ladderless
 sheerness, 15 denier. 13/11
HILTON 'Fabulous' a super super
 sheer, 12 denier. 14/11

(Prices vary slightly in some States)



THE AUSTRALIAN YEAR

• This magnificent view of Standley Chasm, 35 miles west of Alice Springs in the beautiful MacDonnell Ranges, is typical of the vivid scenery which draws more and more visitors each year to the red Centre of Australia. The rocky walls of this narrow cleft are 300 feet high; in the midday sun they glow like molten iron. From now till September hundreds of tourists from other Australian States, and



many from overseas, will travel by air and rail from Adelaide 1000 miles north to Alice Springs. "The Alice," 2000 feet above sea level, is the ideal place for a winter holiday, with bracing cool nights following warm, sunny days. Tourists make Alice Springs their base, and from there set out to camp under canvas and explore the unique attractions of the Centre. Picture by Raymond Ferris, Cooma, N.S.W.

Goya

Black Rose

Tantalising Goya Black Rose. Excitingly different, enchanting in its fragrance, you'll find Goya Black Rose the most successful perfume you've ever worn.



BLACK ROSE TALC
Fragrant, super-fine talcum powder in lovely Goya Black Rose fragrance. Ensures all day freshness with its own effective deodorant. 5/9.

BLACK ROSE PERFUME

Haunting Black Rose by Goya in dainty handbag phial for parties, theatre, balls and dances. 5/9.



BLACK ROSE SKIN PERFE

Refresh yourself with this lovely fragrance. Use it lavishly, let Black Rose become you. 6/6.



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Tablets

QUALITY MADE FOR QUICK RELIEF!

Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

DURING a holiday in January, through Central Australia and the Northern Territory, we were held up by heavy rains and bad roads—so bad that they were closed to all traffic for a week. Some folk who lived in the locality, absolute strangers to us, first of all rescued us out of a bad bog, then gave us shelter in their home until we could continue. During this time, in spite of a temperature never below 110 degrees, no trees, no greenery, none of the city's comforts and pleasures, there was never one word of complaint, but an atmosphere of determination and courage with a smile. Thus lives on in the present generation the spirit of the women of the West of the early pioneering days. Well may Australia be proud of these women outback, and much have we women in the city to learn from them.

£1/1/- to Mrs. K. A. Murdoch, 171 Hotham St., East St. Kilda, Vic.

IS there no limit to the selfishness in our community today?

Recently I was waiting on the ninth floor of a city building when I noticed the lift stationary on the floor above. Eventually, thinking that someone had left the door open, I went up. As I suspected, the door was open. I entered and a woman followed me in. She retrieved a cunningly concealed wedge which had kept the door open. "I always do that," she said airily, "it saves me waiting when I want to go down again."

10/6 to Verna Butler, Melbourne.

A FEW weeks ago I got a letter from my sister in Czechoslovakia begging me to send my elderly mother some old cardigans, because wool is scarce there and so is money. The price of a dress equals seven months' pension. I mentioned this letter to my workmates, and within thirty minutes I had enough cardigans and wool to pack a 10lb. parcel. I was touched by this kindness, but the best example of the Australian big heart was yet to come. A post office clerk, issuing me a fumigation certificate for the parcel, offered me also a lovely green cardigan. Do you wonder why I love Australia?

10/6 to "Grateful" (name supplied), Killara, N.S.W.

HOW many times do we hear people say, "If only I could win the lottery I would be able to repay the ones who have been good to me." But one doesn't need an unlimited supply of money to say "thank you." Someone once gave me a pumpkin. This does not seem much, perhaps, but when you know it was one of only two on the vine this reminds you of something Pearl Buck wrote, "The small things in life are everlasting."

10/6 to Kathleen Williams, 75 Brighton Ave., Croydon Park, N.S.W.

WHY do people avoid going to visit relatives and friends who are sick in mental hospitals? It can be upsetting but it is also uplifting to both visitor and patient. Some people seem to have the idea that the patients cannot converse in a normal manner. This is far from the case.

10/6 to Mrs. Evelyn Nilsson, 28 Urrbrae Ave., Myrtle Bank, S.A.

Summer holidays

WE are two schoolteachers who would like to reply to Mr. Watson (19/3/58), who wants a shorter summer school holiday. What does she think schools are? Baby-minding centres? The reason we have a seven weeks' holiday at Christmas is because of summer heat and the lassitude causes. If a mother can't stand having her children home for seven weeks, how does she think a teacher feels after coping with 40 little "mothers' darlings" for 15 weeks?

10/6 to "Two Schoolies" (names supplied), Parramatta, N.S.W.

RE Mrs. Leila Watson (19/3/58) and seven weeks of holidays at Christmas. Schoolrooms during mid-December are like furnaces, and little can be taught effectively when an average of 40 people are in a room 22ft. square and the temperature is 105 degrees. Such conditions aren't healthy for the child or the teacher. Undoubtedly the best place at home.

10/6 to Ngaire J. Ingram, 12 French St., Maroubra, N.S.W.

Family affairs

MY two children, three years and five years of age, never seemed interested in meals and complained they weren't hungry. It worried me until I set their table party fashion—shredded lettuce and carrot over sandwiches, put straws in their glasses of milk, etc. They now look forward to meals, although the food is unchanged. It's always party-time instead of meal-time now, and both children eat enough to please any mother. And any meal, with a little imagination, can be adapted to the party theme.

£1/1/- to Mrs. N. Collins, 32 Boundary Rd., Yallourn North, Vic.

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a working solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

A LARGE class of people dislike the do-it-yourself cult. They are the people who are paid to do things.

Professional electricians hate amateur electricians. They warn them that they will electrocute themselves if they try to mend the toaster, and it will serve them right.

Full-time plumbers denounce home plumbers. They tell of bungling householders who have connected the bath outlet to the kitchen tap.

In the same way, I have been expecting hairdressers to come out against girls who bypass the salons by wearing a horse-tail.

This is just what has happened in the case of young Mrs. Pertleigh in our district.

Pam Pertleigh comes from a hairdressing family.

Her mother was in the business until she had to retire (she was troubled by shingles).

Her two sisters are very keen on their work. They sometimes give a cold wave to people passing in the street.

All of them except Pam are constantly fiddling with their hair.

THE HIGH HORSE

Their heads display a series of rinses, chignons, bobs, buns, and bangs.

But Pam is the odd-girl-out.

Years ago she started doing her hair in a pony-tail. After she was married she called it a horse-tail, but otherwise made no change.



Her mother was the first to object.

"You're letting the family down, Pam!" she said. "A horse-tail is all right on a horse. It has no place on a woman."

"Fred likes it," said Pam. Fred is her husband.

"Fred likes it because it's cheap,"

replied her mother. "Your hair will never look nice until you go to a hairdresser."

"I can't afford the money," said Pam. "I might treat myself to a perm when we've paid off the washing-machine. Not before."

But when they had paid off the washing-machine she still kept her horse-tail.

"It's a disgrace!" one of her sisters told her. "I never thought one of our family would sink to do-it-yourself hairstyling."

"Do-it-yourself means dough-for-yourself," said Pam defiantly. "When we've paid off the lounge suite I might get an urchin cut or something. Not before."

But as soon as they had paid off the lounge suite they put a deposit on a TV set.

Pam has made no change in her hairstyle, except that she uses colored rubber bands now instead of plain ones.

"I'm disgusted," said her mother. "It's the most disloyal thing in our family since my niece Edna had a home perm."

But Pam doesn't care. She says you can't change horse-tails in mid-stream, and that's that!

A complete short story

BY LORETTA

BURROUGH

MARRY ME, LISA

A SILVER tray in her capable hands, Mrs. Burns, the head sister, came into the office. "How about a coffee break?" she said cheerily. "I can use it!" Lisa made room on her desk by picking up the typewritten stencil she had been correcting. "I don't know what got into me. Twelve mistakes—I never make more than one or two." She looked out the open french windows. "It's those darned woodpeckers down there."

From the broad knoll which Hilltop House crowned, the land fell away to the sunny field where the carnival was being built. Small tents like brown mushrooms and booths like brightly striped candy boxes were springing up, and over all was the staccato tap-tap of hammers and an occasional burst of merry-go-round music.

Lisa took the cup from Mrs. Burns. "What's on the calendar for today?"

"Nothing startling." Mrs. Burns crossed well-fleshed legs comfortably beneath her white nylon uniform. "Occupational therapy this morning, and our new doctor is going to stop by to check on Mr. Henshaw's cold—Dr. Stuart, I mean." She lit a cigarette. "But maybe you think Stuart's startling. What do you think of him?"

What did Lisa think of Dr. Stuart? He had been substituting for Dr. Johnson for three weeks now, and he was the sort of young man who did not need three weeks to make you aware of him.

"Oh, very nice," she said cautiously; she knew how a spark of gossip in a nursing home could get tossed about from staff to patients and back again until it grew into a ball of fire.

Within the safe privacy of her mind she evaluated him—sure of himself, staccato and vigorous as those hammers, unexpected like the sudden bang of fireworks, unpredictable. Not married. Almost the first time he had met her he had explained, "Where's the girl who could catch me—unless it might be you?"

That had interested her—until she heard him say exactly the same thing to one of the old ladies. He always seemed to keep her off balance and ill at ease; he was not for her at all. Nevertheless, there was something about him that attracted her. Frowning, she put down her empty cup.

"You're not talking?" Mrs. Burns said unresolutely. "Well, he's a good doctor, anyway. And I've got a bit of news—he told me it's next week he's leaving for France."

"So soon?" It had been startled out of Lisa, and she went on to make an even more indiscreet remark. "That's just like him—throwing away a good post because there's some fancy French sawbones he wants to study under."

She saw that Mrs. Burns was looking at her with wide-open, interested blue eyes, so interested that Lisa thought the subject had better be changed.

"Well, it's his business," she said calmly. "How's my old friend Carlotta this morning?" Of all the patients, carefully called "guests," at Hilltop House, she was fondest of Carlotta Hastings, because she refused to let age back her into a corner.

"Her heart's much better—I should be half as good at eighty," Mrs. Burns said. With an agreeable, teasing chuckle she added, undeterred, "Whatever you think of Dr. Stuart, he says you remind him of a flowering may."

"Oh?" Lisa said, startled again. If a flowering may was what she thought—a tall, slender tree in a cloud of white bloom—it had been a charming thing to say. She looked at Mrs. Burns for more, but the other woman, amused, was not giving.

"The boss' car just arrived," she said, getting to her feet and gathering up the tray and cups expertly. "Well, toodle-oo, flowering may."

Lisa laughed and went back to her duplicator. Remembering Dr. Stuart's bold, mocking eyes, she decided to think no more about that little compliment.

She pulled on a pair of work gloves and began to brush the thick ink over the pad of the cylinder. Except for a muffled buzz of activity in the big house all was quiet around her, so quiet that it left plenty of space for the invading noises from outside—the lively tapping of the hammers and the music of the carousel, now playing "The Blue Danube."

Dreamy and beckoning, it made her head hum; the air that came in through the open doors was honey-sweet. Flowering may, she found herself thinking unexpectedly, and then she heard Wallace Corbett's rapid footsteps along the hall.

She had hooked the stencil on to the cylinder and was beginning to run off the copies when he came in.

"Ah, putting out our paper?" he said. Commenting on the obvious was a habit with him.

"And it's a dandy, too—I couldn't have made more mistakes if I'd typed with my toes. I think that bedlam down there got in my head."

ILLUSTRATED BY

John Miller

Her arms laden with her carnival winnings, Lisa was astonished to find how easily she could talk to Dr. Stuart.

He looked out the window at the miraculous birth of the little canvas and wood city. "Setting up a cheap-Jack carnival next to a nursing home!" he said with an annoyed frown. "Racket and fireworks all day and half the night . . . Well, it'll only be for a week."

But his resentment had an absent-minded quality to it, and he put his hand suddenly over her hand to stop the duplicator. "I want to talk to you."

"You have the floor," she said pleasantly, stacking the copies. "What's on your mind, Wallace?"

"I'm serious," he said. He walked away from her to the window, and when he turned around there was a bulldog look on his face, as though he had decided to take no more nonsense. "I talked to the architect last night. He told me that with good weather coming on, our house could go up in no time."

He leaned against the window frame, holding to the sill with both hands as if he were holding on to his short temper.

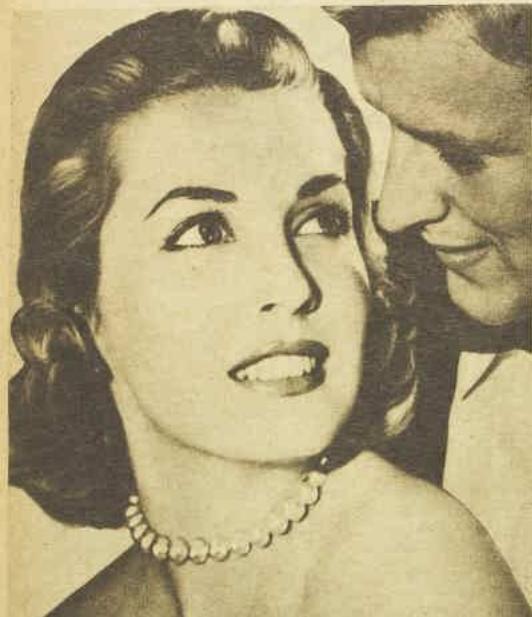
"I want to announce our engagement. I want to build our house. I want to get married before I'm an old man."

"Oh, Wallace," she said, and stood looking at him. She knew his faults; he was opinionated, convinced his view of life was the only correct one, narrow. But she also knew that if she married him he would be always good to her, faithful and proud of her, as long as she followed the rules for Mrs. Wallace Corbett. The pressure had been growing great lately, from both him and her mother.

Only last night her mother had said, "Give me one good reason." That Lisa felt no more excited in Wallace's proximity than if he had been a dish of oatmeal might be a reason, but it wasn't a good one—at least, not according to her mother. She had also said, "And with Wallace you'll be

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**He still thought tenderly of her as his Spanish rose . . .
long concluding instalment of our delightful serial**

THE EYE OF LOVE

By MARGERY SHARP

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

AT the corner of Alcock Road Miss Joyce was passed by a plain, stocky little girl who looked at her, she felt suspiciously.—In fact, the eye of Martha was caught merely by Miranda's hat; its shape exactly duplicated, on a larger scale, the lid of Mr. Punshon's tobacco-jar. Miranda however quickened her step. She in any case felt conspicuous in Alcock Road, a natural target for conjecture and suspicion, because in so seedy a little thoroughfare she was aware she must look out of place.

The seedy of Alcock Road in fact quite disconcerted her. She had never imagined Harry's Past housed in extravagant luxury, but she did expect something smarter than Alcock Road—simply as the scene of illicit amours in general. (If illicit love hadn't chic, hadn't glamor, thought Miranda, what had it?) In Alcock Road, she noted with distaste, the inhabitants didn't even clean their brass properly; all about the plate of a Miss Taylor, chiropodist, smears of dried metal polish marked the paint. Even the municipal authorities, it seemed, neglected Alcock Road! its letter-box still carried VR for monogram, and there were bits of newspapers unswept. As for the taste of those inhabitants—passing an open front-door Miranda glimpsed within a china-frog umbrella-stand almost perverse in its hideousness . . .

She didn't notice the grating in the gutter, that Martha's eye of love could turn into a Greek temple. If she had, she would have observed only that it was blocked by two bananaskins and a sucked orange.

Miss Joyce walked rapidly, nervously, distastefully on.

The number five clear in her mind, she had kept to the opposite, the even-numbered side, to reconnoitre first at a sufficient distance. Actually opposite Number 5, she was disconcerted again by a seedy little house with faded pink curtains. The card in the window advertising apartments struck her as pathetically in keeping; but that such an establishment could be the target of her Harry's thoughts as unbelievable. "It's a mistake," thought Miranda Joyce. "I've made a mistake . . ."

She would have turned and walked back again, and found a taxi to take her home again, only at that moment the door opened and a woman came out.

She wore, the woman, a dirty overall, and a duster tied over her hair. Since her purpose was to shake the front-door mat, the costume wasn't unsuitable; it was in fact a uniform—the uniform proper to the landlady, or servant, of so seedy an establishment, at that hour of the morning.

It was also a uniform peculiarly unbecoming to Miss Diver. The overall, tying behind, was so tightly knotted about her lean shape, that her hipbones showed prominent through the flimsy cotton: the yellow duster at once concealed her jetty hair and jaundiced her sallow cheeks. At that moment she didn't look like a Spanish rose, nor even like Old Madrid; her sole achievement in the way of appearance was that an onlooker such as Miss Joyce took her for landlady rather than servant.

It still didn't for a moment enter Miranda's mind that this scarecrow, this poor creature so denuded of all feminine grace, could be the rival she feared.

The sole reason she crossed the road was because she had inherited her father's instinct to make perfectly sure before cutting a loss. The address was undoubtedly the address on the received gas-account: however seedy the actual dwelling, it was still within the bounds of possibility that Harry's ex-mistress either lodged, or had lodged, under its roof . . .

"Good morning," said Miranda. "I see you let rooms?"

Dolores let the mat drop. The long-hoped-for inquiry, the words she'd given up expecting to hear, took her so completely by surprise, that she even glanced backward over her shoulder, as though for confirmation, at Martha's beautifully lettered card. It was still there, it hadn't, as it so easily might have, dropped down inside unnoticed. Dolores had heard aught—and looked back at the inquirer.

In old plays, old romances, they'd have recognised each other at once. But no more than Miss Joyce did Dolores know her rival. She, too, in fact, saw a scarecrow—one very well-dressed, indeed, but as regarded general boniness and unappetisingness, a scarecrow.

"Buyer," thought Dolores swiftly. "Ladies and Children's Wear; West End—with that coat . . ." It never for a moment crossed her mind that this poor creature so denuded of all feminine grace could be the rival to whom she'd ceded all rights in her King Hal. They were so far on equal terms.

"Or don't you take ladies?" suggested Miranda. (It was all she wanted to know.)

"I'm sure I could make a lady very comfortable," said

Dolores. Her brain had started to function again—feverishly. Another lodger, and Mr. Phillips could go or stay as he pleased—could be given notice!—what a wonderful, what a miraculous issue from her troubles! "Either with lunch or without," elaborated Dolores eagerly. "Even a packed lunch, if it suited, or hot supper if late. For three pounds a week, I'm sure I could make a lady very comfortable indeed!"

"But have you ever taken one before?" pressed Miranda—it was all she wanted to find out.

"No," admitted Dolores—It didn't surprise her to see a look of withdrawal, she never now expected anything to be easy. "But the gentlemen here at present," she added recklessly, "if you don't care for a gentleman in the house, mayn't be staying much longer—owing to his business calling him away."

She spoke just like a landlady. Miranda at least had excuse for blindness: tragically, Mr. Gibson's King Hal's Spanish rose now talked just like a landlady. She behaved like a landlady. Miss Joyce, having learnt all she needed, desired merely to end the conversation and go. Dolores wouldn't let her.

"Thank you, I won't come in," said Miss Joyce. "Perhaps another time—"

Dolores edged between her prospect and the gate.

"As you're here, I would just like you to see the room . . . It's really quite exceptional."

(So it was, indeed: It was her own. Within the last few seconds Dolores had made up her mind to surrender her own bedroom, if by doing so she could get rid of Mr. Phillips.)

"I'm afraid I haven't time," said Miranda, making a movement towards the gate. But Dolores stood firm in her path.

"It won't take a moment. Now that you're here."

Simply because it now seemed her shortest way out of Alcock Road, Miss Joyce allowed herself to be shepherded within. It was entirely Dolores' doing, that she entered the house.

At least the small bare hall offered nothing to detain her, nor did her tiresome cicerone linger in it.—Dolores being at least as conscious as Miss Joyce that the hall looked bare; her trump card was the bedroom, and she hurried on upstairs. "I'm sure any lady would be comfortable here," said Dolores, throwing open the door.

Miss Joyce admitted it freely. The comforts displayed—the big double bed, the commodious dressing-table, the long mirror centring the commodious wardrobe — were unexpected. "It's certainly very nice indeed," said Miss Joyce. "Perhaps I'll come back later."

"The bathroom's just across the landing. With lavatory separate," persuaded King Hal's Spanish rose.

"Perhaps I'll come back later," repeated Miss Joyce.

Dolores recognised defeat. Even her own beautiful room, her ultimate sacrifice, hadn't availed. Sadly she stood aside at the door.

"Thank you for letting me look," added Miranda kindly.

She was actually half across the threshold, when her eye fell on the photograph beside the bed.

Miranda paused.

It was unmistakably a photograph of Harry Gibson — younger, in uniform, but unmistakably; on the table by the bed.

At the same moment, Miss Diver remembered the duster about her head and pushed it back. Her night-colored hair had always been her chief beauty; she still dressed it with care. Now a ray of sunlight between the pink curtains burnished it black and sleek and Spanish. All it lacked was a butterfly-shaped tortoiseshell comb.

Miranda paused.

"I'll write to you," she said abruptly. "What's your name?"

"Diver," said Dolores. "Miss."

"I'll write to you," repeated Miranda Joyce.

She believed it only out of inherited instinct. If the facts were incontrovertible, one had to credit them. (So old man Joyce, buying another business than Gibson's, had once been forced to cut a loss: the facts proving incontrovertible, he let the firm go bankrupt and got out.) Miranda was luckier. The incontrovertible facts, however immediately painful, could be made use of.

For she couldn't imagine Harry ever again regarding his Past with the eye of love.

"Arn."

"Well, what is it?" asked Mr. Phillips, frowning over his crossword.

"There's been a lady to look at a room."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 23, 1958



As Dolores and Harry gazed mutely at each other Miranda whispered to her father, "Look, Dadda, over there. She's here. I invited her."

Dolores had meant to give this piece of news boldly, as a bold reminder, so to speak, that he wasn't the only pebble on the beach. But even to her own ears the effort was unsuccessful, and Mr. Phillips snubbed it at once.

"They're no good, more trouble than they're worth. Besides, what room would you put her in, with Martha still here?"

"I showed her mine . . ."

"Oh ho! There'll be other uses for that," said Mr. Phillips, with pleasant meaning. "She didn't take it?"

"She said she'd write . . ."

"There you are: shilly-shally," said Mr. Phillips. "Find me a word of six letters, first w, last t—and not too fancy."

Dolores turned obediently back to the dictionary. She hadn't really hoped. Even at the time of the morning's encounter she hadn't really hoped anything would come of it.

"Another party," groaned Mr. Joyce. "A fortnight only to the wedding, and Miranda wants to give another party! I ask you!"

But it was no use asking Harry; for once Harry had no advice, no sympathy even, to offer. To avoid thinking of the dreadful event so swiftly rushing towards him, he had to keep his mind, except for matters of business, as much as possible in a coma. He asked, "Why?" but it was simply an opening and closing of the lips.

"She says it will be nice to ask your girls, also some of our staff from Bond Street." Mr. Joyce groaned again. "Very nice I say, too, let them come to the reception, drink all the champagne they want, I shall be pleased to see them. But no, Miranda says, they must come to a cocktail-party as well, if not they will be disappointed. Is that right, Harry boy?"

"I dare say," said Harry Gibson.

"Well, would La Harris be disappointed?" argued Mr. Joyce. "Mind you, there is no one I like better! But how can she be disappointed not coming to a party she doesn't know to expect?"

"I don't know," said Harry Gibson.

"I don't either!" said Mr. Joyce fiercely. "And so I shall tell Miranda!"

Miranda nonetheless got her way. The superabundant festivity was essential to her new-laid scheme; though inviting the staff was merely an excuse, for she intended it to be a very smart party indeed, it was an excuse she could lean on, and she did. Within twenty-four hours her parent had given in; and the invitations were sent out for Wednesday week.

One went to Miss Diver at 5, Alcock Road. Since Miranda had no doubt but that Harry needed only to set eyes on her again, to be finally released from amorous bondage, obviously the best and kindest thing was to bring this, if possible, about. Actually Miranda was confident of Miss Diver's acceptance.

Judging the feelings of Harry's Past by her own, she relied equally on curiosity and jealousy to bring Miss Diver to Knightsbridge.

Then she and Harry could have a good laugh together afterwards—for what Miss Diver would look like, in the Joyce drawing-room, among all the smart people, was something Miranda could easily and pleasurable imagine.

Jealousy and curiosity are among the more vigorous emotions. Both curious and jealous was Dolores indeed—in the earlier days of her loss. Receiving Miss Joyce's invitation, she spent all the energy in suffering. Luckily it arrived, the gay little card, (Miranda went in for little cocks embossed in color, cherries brightly embossed on crossed cherry-sticks), after Mr. Phillips had left; Dolores needed an hour even to stop crying.

For to Dolores, it seemed that Miss Joyce could have no possible way of knowing her address, unless Harry gave it; therefore Harry joined in the bidding. He was willing to display himself before her in his quality as Miss Joyce's betrothed.—She did him bitter justice; most probably this aspect of the situation hadn't even occurred to him; on the contrary, love, and with it memory, thought Dolores, between fresh bouts of tears, had so thoroughly withered from his heart that a little indifferent good-will could spring there instead: he'd thought perhaps she'd like to come to a party—and why not? In its indifferent kindness, it was as hard a blow as the return of her Spanish comb.

Of course she would not go.

By evening she was dry-eyed; but no amount of make-up could restore even her usual looks.

"Have you been upsetting your aunt again?" inquired Mr. Phillips gravely.

"No," said Martha.

"Well, I think you have," said Mr. Phillips.

"Well I haven't," said rude Martha.

How rude she had grown!

"Do you know what happens to little girls who contradict? They get whipped," said Mr. Phillips, "as I dare say you'll soon find out."

Martha stamped from the kitchen, where they now ate their evening meal all together, before she could be told to leave the room, thus frustrating Mr. Phillips' next intention.—Dolores took no notice. She didn't even glance, as she usually did, during such all-too-frequent scenes, to see whether the child had emptied her plate. Dolores' fingers inside her apron-pocket were still twisting and tormenting a square of pasteboard gay with cherry-sticks—now not so, gay, having been so wept upon.

Of course she would not go.

Even to show herself equally indifferent, she would not. Even out of curiosity to behold her supplanter—slightly the emotion revived!—she would not.

There was only one possible reason why she might consider going.

To see Harry again.

To see her Big Harry again, just once more, to feast her eyes on King Hal for the last time, Dolores would have walked, like the Little Mermaid in the tale, on knives.

She'd known from the first moment that she would go.

In the morning, after a night of so little sleep that she rose sick and faint, Miss Diver penned a note of acceptance—is formal as the invitation, in the third person, and herself went out to post it. Then she took a pair of scissors and laid them to her Spanish shawl.

At the pillar-box, she unexpectedly encountered Martha, engaged in tracing out the VR monogram with a careful forefinger.

"Whatever are you doing now?" scolded Dolores automatically.

"It's lucky," mumbled Martha. "If you like, I'll show you the way . . ."

Dolores laughed harshly and went back to the house, and cut up her Spanish shawl.

This was actually an offer of sympathy on Martha's part, in their common predicament. How critical that predicament was she didn't exactly know, but she was very uneasy. Her plan to become self-supporting she recognised a failure; even in her best week, after the first, her earnings fell to sadly below the pound she ate.—Actually for whole days at a time Martha had tried to eat less, but though her strength of mind was great her appetite was greater. Her savings would have been greater, too, but for her appetite; sad to relate, she often blew as much as fourpence at a go on coconut-ice. In short, Martha was by now only too well aware that if Mr. Phillips stopped hinting and came out with a plain eviction order, she hadn't an economic leg to stand on.

How mad the dreams of youth! It must be revealed that Martha once actually dreamed of earning enough to evict Mr. Phillips—heard, in rosy dreams, Dolores giving him his notice, as she herself, in true Ma Battleaxe style, hurled his bags over the banisters. Now she was both wiser and sadder; and at the same time, as for the first time, saw her aunt equally involved and equally unhappy, in her economic defeat.

"Do you like Mr. Phillips?" asked Martha, suddenly in the middle of lunch.

"No," said Dolores.

"I don't either," said Martha.

Across the kitchen-table Dolores raised her head. Her long

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**She came, she saw, she bought, and in no time she had moved in,
because she thought that it would be paradise, her . . .**

Quiet Country Cottage

By MARJORIE CLEINE

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERTSON

NURSING is a noble profession, Robina kept telling herself of late, adding with a wry smile, but if I don't get away from it now and then I'll go crazy.

That was why, this dancing spring morning, she was lugging her little car out of the driveway of the suburban hospital of which she was matron.

She left behind for a few hours the sick who always touched her with compassion; the merely complaining; the personal antipathies of the German cook and the Russian wardmaid; and the infuriating carefree idiocy of the laundry which had left her the hotel table linen instead of her theatre sheets.

She took the road to the hills.

After an hour or so she turned off the highway on to a busily climbing gravelled track, where the wind ruffled her dark curls, and smoothed away the tired tension lines from her pretty square face—lines etched there by too many hours of overtime when staff was short; too many emergency operations under the glaring theatre lights.

Robina was no typical hospital matron. She was small and dainty with dreamy wide-set pansy-brown eyes, which could, however, snap fire on occasions, a tender full mouth over a shapely moulded chin, and an air of expecting something wonderful to happen.

Her hands on the wheel were the capable well-kept hands of her profession, small and finely boned.

She took a deep, exhilarating breath of the sweet, crisp air. How quiet everything was after the clamor of trams and the urgent summons of hospital bells.

It was then that she saw the cottage. Cosily blanketed with trees, it squatted well back from the road. It wore a For Sale notice like a plaster on its weather-silvered face and a forbidding Trespassers Prosecuted like a nameplate on its out-of-plumb gate. It looked, however, snug and habitable with a mellow stone chimney.

But it was the cherry orchard that made Robina catch her breath in wonder, and ease the car in to the roadside. It was in full bloom. It flowed down the hillside like a wonderful waterfall, incredibly light, incredibly white, against the chocolate-red earth. It mounted up the next hill, foaming round the island of a distant red-roofed house, to fade in a bluish mist on the horizon.

Robina's gaze came at last with reluctance back to the cottage and the For Sale notice. She got out of the car, a sudden wild idea making her heart dance.

What if she were to buy it? How lovely to come here on her days off! To bask in the stillness of this enchanted spot. On her annual leave, and in the uncharted future when she retired. Here on this quiet country hillside she could indulge her longing to write—a hobby that had little hope of expression in the hospital, though she had actually had three stories published with her name, Robina Marsh, in satisfying large capitals.

She opened the gate with its threat of prosecution, dragging a rutted arc in the yellow gravel, and walked between the white and golden jonquils that always seem to flourish best in neglected gardens, up to the front door with its little peaked cap of porch.

No one answered her knock. She had not expected anyone to. Everything had a Sleeping Beauty air of desuetude.

She walked round to the back door and there again was the dazzling white cherry orchard shining in the sun.

She could imagine working at her typewriter set up on a table against the back window. With the inspiration of that view she could instil beauty and power into her writing. The quiet trees would be her only companions; bridal white as she saw them now; glistening green, jewelled with fruit in summer; warm gold in autumn; pewter-grey in winter, and always beautiful.

That window, tantalisingly overhead, what sort of room did it belong to? She looked about. Ah, the very thing, an ancient packing-case growing lichens under a huge fuchsia bush. She dragged it under the window, and, standing on it, her five feet two just cleared the sill. She looked into a large, bare room with a wide, soot-speckled fireplace . . .

Then the packing-case creaked protestingly, and folded up beneath her like a card house, leaving Robina hanging des-

perately to the narrow sill, like a puppet in a yellow frock, her small brogue-shod feet treading air.

Not the moment she would have chosen to hear a pleasant deep male voice with a decided overlay of amusement saying, "Didn't you read the notice on the gate?"

"I'm not a trespasser," snapped Robina, clutching the sill and feeling down with one foot. "I'm a prospective buyer."

Which surprised her, hearing her vague dream given the substance of words.

"You'd better come down, then. It would be easier to get the key than try to burgle the place."

Two hands took her firmly by the waist and set her feet on the ground. To be caught peering in the window was bad enough; to be dangling like a helpless idiot was equally infuriating; but to be accused of trespassing and lifted down like a naughty child . . .

Robina whirled, flushing, her brown eyes snapping sparks, to face her very tall tanned accuser.

"I wasn't thinking of breaking in. I was thinking how heavenly calm and peaceful it was here all by myself."

Laughter lit the man's very blue eyes. He had the willowy grace of youth, and the mature charm and poise of thirtyish—a highly effective combination.

"And not a word of thanks to her gallant rescuer," he mocked.

"I could have dropped down."

"Well, if there's nothing I can do I'll leave you in your solitary bliss. I just happened to see the gate open as I was passing and thought someone might be wanting to ask the way."

Robina decided that although she couldn't stand the fellow with his mocking blue eyes she had been rather ungrateful. After all, it was not his fault that he had found her swinging from a window-sill.

"I'm sorry. I wasn't reflecting on you—it's just that there's so little quiet where I come from. Could you tell me about the owner, or is it an agent I have to deal with? Or are you the owner?"

He was already moving towards the gate. He stopped to answer shortly. "No, I live next door."

He indicated with an inclination of the head the house nearly half a mile away on the hill among the cherry trees.

"The agent's name is on the board. I'll remember not to call with an address of welcome when you move in."

What a nasty, unfriendly person, thought Robina, strolling round to note the agent's name and phone number on the For Sale notice.

She moved into the cottage in early December, with three weeks' leave before her like an exciting unopened parcel.

Her little car was piled high with bedding and cooking gear, so that the tall young man with a rifle beneath his arm and a red setter at his heels said, as he stopped his long stride to let the car in to the gateway, "Camping?"

Then he added with a chuckle of recognition. "Why, it's the trespasser girl that I found on the window-sill."

Robina ignored that and said solemnly, "I shall be in residence in a few minutes."

All the happiness of her long-awaited moving day gave a radiance to her face, at which the young man looked appreciatively.

He said, swinging the gate open before she could alight, "Then you'd better meet your neighbors. My name's David Randall."

"You did promise not to call, but I'll overlook that. I'm Robina Marsh."

He inclined his head and his hair shone in the afternoon sunlight.

"If I can help shift the furniture or drive in nails for the pictures just let me know."

"The carrier's men brought the only heavy things, and I don't suppose I'll get up to pictures for ages, but thanks all the same," said Robina, nosing the car through the gate. "At present I'm just going to relax."

"In other words, you don't want any disturbing serpents in your Eden. O.K. I am rather busy with my cherry harvest for hanging pictures, specially as the pickers I've engaged can't come till next week."

He swung the gate shut and waved as he strode away.

Robina thought how good-looking he was—and how irritating.

She awoke before daylight. Her first day at the cottage. She leaned from the window overlooking the cherry orchard. The leaves hung down motionless. The air was crisp and sparkling with the promise of heat.

She made a quick breakfast. Ideas crowded her brain. Now she could get them on to paper—all the things she had thought of during a fortnight's night duty, in between her torchlight rounds of the wards.

She put the little grey portable on the table by the window, just as she had dreamed of doing. She fitted a sheet of paper in to it. Now . . .

And then the shot rang out, shattering loudly, making her pulse race and her poised fingers jump; making a flock of birds rise chattering out of the cherry orchard, circling like brown leaves overhead.

Robina relaxed after a minute, and told herself sensibly, Only someone shooting. In the country people are always shooting—foxes or rabbits or something.

She returned to her story, erased the sputter her startled hands had made, and typed the opening paragraph.

It read well. A good arresting opening. She paused to grope for an adjective, and to admire the glint of sun on the rich summer green of the cherry trees, and then came another deafening explosion.

Again she jumped, calmed down a little, and told herself it was nothing to worry about. At that stage she was not to know that the sudden shattering noises were to continue all day from David Randall's orchard.

After another hour she felt a perfect wreck, tautly awaiting the next shock, her concentration in tatters. She gave up trying to write, recased the typewriter, and went into the garden.

Just through the fence she could see dark, shining cherries gleaming among the hanging leaves. Close at hand came again the horrible nerve-racking explosion, and a flock of pretty little silver-eyes whirred past, twittering their alarm.

I believe they're shooting the birds—the poor pretty little things. Fancy grudging them a few cherries, thought Robina angrily.

All the brilliant summer afternoon the sound of shooting continued. Robina felt her anger mounting. It was so unfair. Her peaceful sylvan cottage, the stories she had been going to rattle off so easily in the country quiet, her needed relaxation, all her plans—ruined by the continual din. Her head ached, the cottage felt hot and airless, the waste-paper basket piled with crumpled sheets of paper, and still David Randall had the nerve to go on blazing away. At least she supposed it was he, or, anyway, someone acting on his orders.

It was unthinkable that one person should have the power to lay waste her plans so completely. She would have to see him and ask, no, demand, that he stop shooting.

She had just reached this decision, and climbed through the fence into the orchard, when he came striding up the track that ran beside the fence.

"Hello," he greeted her with a friendly grin, "how's the relaxing going?"

Robina couldn't help it. She exploded. "Relaxing!" she

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Robina loved the birds, pretty little things, and she didn't care if they did eat the cherries.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 23, 1958



CROSSROAD

A short short story by HAL and BARBARA BORLAND

"TOAST?" Felicia asked, thinking how much John looked like his father at 25. The same square face, high brow, dark hair, the same lithe build. He had a tan already from these first four days of his vacation.

Johnny said, "Plenty, thanks. But I'll have more coffee."

She started to get up to pour it, then checked herself. "You can reach it, son." And as he put out a long arm she thought, I must let him go. I mustn't bind him to me, even with the little things, the woman things, the mothering. I must hand him on to Lucy to do the woman things for him.

"About that car," he said, "you said—"

"I was just talking, son. I don't really need a new car. Besides, it's flashy!" She laughed. "Just a whimsical notion."

Johnny grinned. "Whimsical? You're a most practical person."

She smiled. "You're practical, too. You know what your father would say about that car. If you really want it, get it, leaving it to me, knowing how I'd decide. Just as you'll do with Lucy."

Johnny sipped his coffee and looked up with a smile.

His father's smile. "That car," he said, "reminds me of Meg." She knew what he meant. Exuberant, gay, almost flamboyant. "By the way," he went on, "did I tell you Meg's here?"

"I thought she wasn't coming this summer."

Johnny shrugged. "Have to shove off. I told Ben I'd meet him at the dock. Bass are biting down at the cove." He stood up. "I'll be back around four o'clock."

Felicia watched him out of sight among the pines, wishing his father could see him. She'd done well by Johnny. Of course, she had the means to do with. When he died ten years ago, John left her well provided for. And she'd been sensible, sent Johnny through high school, then to the best engineering school despite Johnny's artistic bent.

John had that bent, too, but he went into business. And now Johnny had a good job, an electronic engineer, second in charge in his department.

She thought of Lucy Coleman. Calm, poised, sensible Lucy. Her kind of girl.

She finished the dishes and went upstairs to make the beds.

Johnny's room represented his holiday summers. Birds' nests, a rock collection, pressed wildflowers, aeroplane models. And the drawings and paintings.

She made the bed and was about to leave the room when she saw the house sketches on the drawing-table. Johnny had said he was fooling with house plans. He had sketched a floor plan and an elevation, a chaste colonial. Lucy's kind of house.

Then her eyes caught something

in an upper corner. Just a sketch, quickly drawn, of a beach house, the lake in the background, waves dancing. And a figure done in a dozen lines, a girl with a hint of windblown hair and skirt. Meg Caldwell.

Felicia turned away feeling vaguely guilty. She didn't have to make decisions for Johnny. He made the right decisions for himself. She could trust Johnny's judgment, just as John had always trusted hers. She went downstairs, made a market list, threw her cardigan over her shoulders, and drove to the shopping centre.

She found a parking place between a grey-and-lilac convertible and a black-and-chartreuse hardtop. Hers was the only dark blue car in the block, and as she walked along the street hers was the only dark blue dress in sight. She turned in at the market and saw another navy skirt, denim, topped by a white blouse. Lucy Coleman.

Lucy smiled and nodded a greeting. She pushed her cart over to Felicia's and said, "It's a lovely morning, Mrs. Perry." Felicia blessed her, thinking: With Lucy I feel we're almost of an age. Not 25, but 35, maybe. Lucy has the steadiness of 35. "What are the bargains?" she asked.

"Peas," Lucy said, "and strawberries. There's fresh corn, but it's too high. Daddy loves it, but he can wait till it's in season."

Felicia put her packages in the car and offered Lucy a lift home after she'd got a spool of black thread, but Lucy said she'd walk. So Felicia went alone to the store at the corner. Coming out, she paused to look again at the red-and-white car in the showroom just across the street.

"Come on, let's look!" A voice laughed, a hand caught hers in an eager, vital handclasp. Meg Caldwell, windblown hair, laughing face. "Hi, there, Mrs. Perry!" Meg was in red shorts, striped shirt, and sandals.

They crossed the street to the show window. "What a car!" Meg exclaimed. "It's just the car for you. I can see you in that car, in a bright cardigan, with a red scarf over your lovely hair!"

"You're joking, Meg!"

"No! It just makes sense. Red would do worlds for you. Blue just mouses you up. You know what? I'd love to see you in cute red shorts. You've got good legs, why hide them? You're awfully young to be Johnny's mother, you know." Her voice changed, hushed a little. "Johnny could do with some color, too. How is he?"

"He's fine. He's been working hard, but he's here for his vacation."

"Say hi to him for me. I've got to run!"

Felicia went back to her dark blue sedan. Practical, sensible blue which moused her up. She drove back up

the hill and put away the food, thinking of John.

The last summer he was here John urged her to get a red bathing suit. She said, "Blue is my color. Besides, it's serviceable."

John went back to the city, his vacation over, and she looked at red dresses down in the village, thinking to surprise him. But she'd put it off. And the first week in August John had died. After that she wore black a long time before she switched back to navy.

She remembered Johnny's words as he left this morning: "Can't the Perrys have some fun once in a

while?" She and John hadn't had much fun. They'd put it off, thinking there was time. Oh, there had been moments, but—she thought of Beth Adams. Beth had been the Meg Caldwell type and she had wanted John. When John married Felicia, Beth married that Franklin boy who seemed so dull, and turned out rather well.

She went up the stairs to Johnny's room. And she knew there comes a time when a mother's job is done.

"Oh, Johnny," she whispered, "if you really want her, get her. Meg, or Lucy, the one you really want."

She turned and saw herself in the mirror over Johnny's table.

There was a smile in her eyes. Yes she thought, a new cardigan. And a red scarf. Maybe a red dress.

She hurried downstairs to the phone, called the garage. She got herself a bite of lunch. Then she got in the old blue car and drove down the hill to the dress shop.

As she came out she thought, "In season or not, I'd like corn for supper." She went to the market. Then she drove back up the hill to change into the new clothes, to feel at home in them, before she picked up the new car at 3 o'clock to drive down and pick up Johnny at the dock.

(Copyright)

"That's just the one for you,"
Meg said gaily to Felicia as they
looked at the red-and-white car.



Illustrated by

Hedstrom





WOOL ..the key to value and fashion leadership

From sheer gossamer to thick coat material — the world's greatest fashion designers delight in using wool. Norman Hartnell says — "For casual wear, or for the grand occasion, wool provides the answer." Finest material of all for drape or tailoring, wool holds its fit, line and shape far longer than any other fashion fabric. For long life and fashion rightness, you get more value in wool.



Wool .. the key to
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In every weather hot or cold, wet or dry, wool protects you.

Wool .. the key to
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Non-inflammable wool is the safest fabric for clothing, furnishings.

Wool .. the key to
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Wool combines lightness with warmth and has a natural soft feel.



THERE IS
NO SUBSTITUTE FOR

wool



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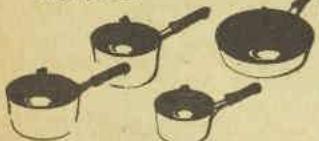
SIX FIRST PRIZES

To the winner in each State the choice of a Metters E75 Electric Range or an "Early Kooka" 88 Gas Range. Thermostatically controlled elevated models.



SIX SECOND PRIZES

Valued at £27 each, comprising exclusive sets of six soup bowls and six "Community Plate" silver soup spoons.



30 THIRD PRIZES

Of sets of five all-aluminium saucepans with various coloured lids. Each set valued at 14/-.

PLUS 120 CONSOLATION PRIZES

Comprising two dozen assorted Maggi Soups in carton, valued at 35/-.

Win a Range

ELECTRIC or GAS

OR ONE OF THE OTHER
156 PRIZES IN THE...



MAGGI MUSHROOM SOUP COMPETITION

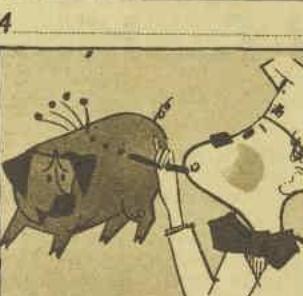
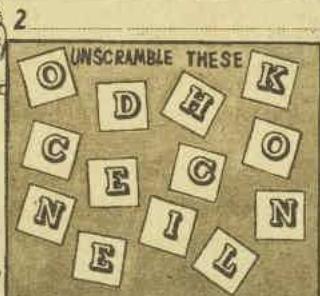
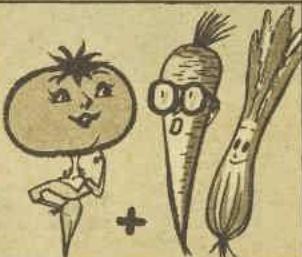
Here's a new and novel competition that offers you 162 chances to win a prize. As you prepare your entry (and it will take you only a few minutes) you'll be matching the picture-clues with the names of the nine Maggi Soup varieties, and what wonderful soups they are! Each packet of Maggi Soup offers you big man-size serves of delicious flavourful soup at a cost of mere pence per plate. Try them. In particular, try Maggi Mushroom Soup—now made to a wonderful new recipe from prime young mushrooms at their flavourful best.

HERE ARE THE 9 MAGGI SOUPS

- MUSHROOM • TOMATO
- MINESTRONE • PEA WITH HAM
- CHICKEN NOODLE • OXTAIL
- PEA WITH VEGETABLES
- CREAM OF CHICKEN
- TOMATO & VEGETABLE

WHICH CLUE IS WHICH SOUP?

Each picture-clue represents one of the nine Maggi Soup varieties. As you can see, the mushroom-shaped atomic explosion in "Clue 1" points to MUSHROOM Soup. Write in the name of the other eight soups under the eight remaining pictures. Then complete the rhyme at the bottom of this page, fill in your name and address in the coupon and mail your entry to Nestlé's. If you prefer not to tear out this page or if you want to submit more than one entry, your grocer has supplies of special entry forms which he'll be pleased to give you.



RULES AND CONDITIONS OF MAGGI SOUP COMPETITION

1. No limit to the number of entries, provided each is mailed separately. 2. The closing date is 10th May, 1958, and no entries received after will be considered. No entries will be returned. 3. Employees and their families of Nestlé's and their Advertising Agents are not eligible. 4. The results will be published in the Australian Women's Weekly on the 2nd July, 1958. 5. The Judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into. 6. Winning entries become the property of The Nestlé Company (Aust.) Limited, and may be used for advertising purposes.

When you have fitted Soups to the clues above,

Complete this RHYME!

Maggi Mushroom Soup is great!
Costs only pence per man-size plate.
Takes only minutes to prepare,
It's soup fit for a millionaire.
Four large serves in every pack,
Needs no cooking-skill or knack.
No wonder housewives say it's great!

As an example only, it might end:
"It's the best and no debate."
but you will easily find better last-line endings.

Now fill in this coupon and send the entire page with an empty Maggi Mushroom Soup pack to:

MAGGI,
Box 7064, G.P.O., SYDNEY, N.S.W.
to arrive not later than 10th May, 1958.

Your NAME
ADDRESS

STATE

Your GROCER'S NAME
ADDRESS

STATE

*Attachment of packet not required from States where such requirements contravene State laws.

Worth Reporting

WITH just about the whole Italian population in Sydney we went along to an Italian "Big Show" at the Stadium, and, though we hardly understood one sentence all evening, everyone had a wonderful time.

Our next-door neighbor was a black-eyed moppet all of eight weeks old; just in front was a venerable Roman of round 80. No one had been left at home for the Italian Festival of Song, given by three singers and a comedian all specially brought out from Italy.

Nat King Cole or Liberace couldn't have had better audiences.

Neither the singers — a neatly tailored gentleman called Giorgio Consolini and two women, Nilla Pizza and Alda Sileni — nor the fast and smooth-talking comedian, Sante Simeone, spoke one word of English.

As there were only four of us "foreigners" in their audience, this didn't really matter.

We kept up all right with the songs like "A rivederci Roma," decided that Mr. Simeone MUST be a good comedian, because we roared along with the rest, even if it was a little like seeing a Marx Brothers film dubbed in Spanish.

* * *

A MELBOURNE motor mechanic is having a fine time telling the boys this true woman-drivers story.

The smartly dressed woman had twice brought in her new 40-miles-to-the-gallon car for an engine check-up because it was doing only 20 miles to the gallon.

On her third visit with the same complaint, the mechanic again found nothing wrong with the engine, suggested she take him for a spin so he could check her driving.

They got into the car. She started the engine. Then she pulled out the little choke knob and hung her handbag on it.

She thought it was a special fitting for lady drivers' handbags.



Parking the garbage in "Parky"

AN Australian kangaroo called "Parky" was helping keep America's West Coast tidy. Melbourne taxi-driver Patrick Matthews told us when he returned home recently after a ten-week visit to the United States.

Los Angeles City Council has painted a black kangaroo standing with its pouch invitingly open to receive rubbish on each of its bright yellow street rubbish-bins.

"Be tidy. Follow Parky's example," says the notice.

Mr. Matthews explained that Parky was a real live kangaroo who went on exhibition at public functions to advertise a "tidiness drive." He saw Parky, alive and hopping, at the Los Angeles Trailers Fair in January.

Patrick Matthews, with his wife and ten-year-old son, Gill, went to America to pay a return visit to their Olympic house-guest, TV executive John Scholar, who lives in South Carolina.

* * *

WHEN there's nothing much you can do to alter the fact you're fast coming up to your fortieth birthday and the gay young things are looking prettier every day, here are a few cheering words from a Frenchwoman, fashion expert Pamela de Bayou.

"Pretty is a very important word in Britain. But it's death to elegance. In France we don't care about looking pretty. We want to look chic. And if it makes us look a bit older, we just don't care."

Dollars in the dust

IN America the Enda Laboratories pay from two to three dollars a pound — a pound per pound in Australian currency — for ordinary household dust.

The dust is then processed into a concentrate used by doctors for treatment of house-dust allergies.

Enda pays 1000 dollars for a 500lb. bale of dust to a vacuum-cleaning corporation, which originally gets paid to remove the dust from householders' upholstered furniture and mattresses.

SWEET and SOUR

Contributions are invited for our Sweet and Sour Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for The Nicest Compliment and The Best Backhander. Here are this week's winners.

THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

SOME years ago I cared for two children whose mother was called away because of family illness. On her return she asked her seven-year-old son if he had missed her, and he replied:

"Oh, yes, Mum, but, gee, Mrs. Edwards was a beaut second mother!"

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. E. Edwards, Crucis St., Coorparoo, Qld.

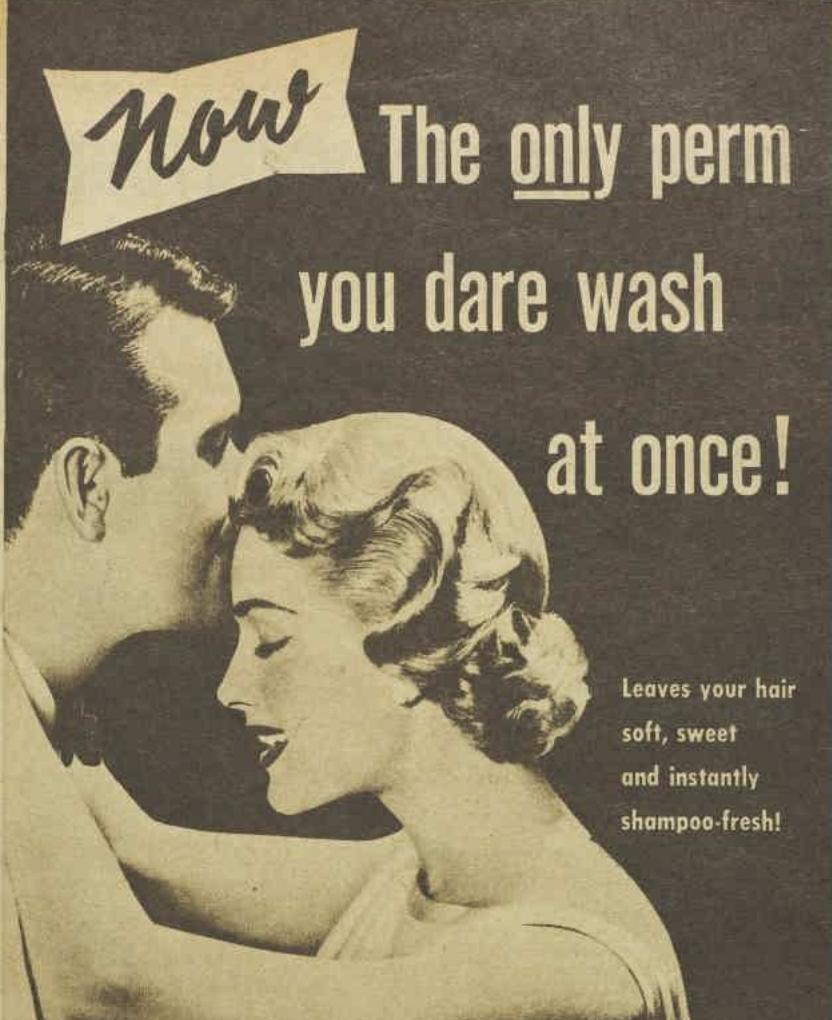
Send your entries to The Nicest Compliment or The Best Backhander, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

THE BEST BACKHANDER

AS I have never been a successful cake-maker, I made my first sponge somewhat apprehensively. After a lot of trouble I was very pleased with the result, especially since my husband seemed to like it so much. But when I asked his opinion he replied:

"Darling, it's the best damper I've ever tasted!"

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. M. Crawcourt, 50 Epsom Ave., Belmont, W.A.



RICHARD HUDNUT

NEW Quick HOME PERMANENT

GIVES YOU THE LOVELIEST,
MOST NATURAL-LOOKING CURLS OF ALL!



Only Richard Hudnut New Quick Home Perm has Crystal-Pure Lanolized Wave Lotion. A lotion so pure yet penetrating you can wave without washing first—and shampoo right after you wave! So easy! When your wave is finished, you shampoo instead of rinsing. No need to wait a week to wash away "new perm" frizz and odour. No fear you'll wash out or weaken your wave. It's locked in to last with exclusive Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion!

It's the quickest! Only Richard Hudnut's Crystal-Pure Lotion penetrates so fast it lets you wrap more hair on each curler and still get a firm curl to the tips. You get a complete new-style wave with just 20 curlers—half the winding time—half the work! Shampoo instead of rinsing and, from the first minute, your new Quick wave is lanolin soft, sweet to be near. Use Richard Hudnut today—be shampoo fresh tonight!

Choose the
RICHARD HUDNUT
Home Perm mode
specially for
your type of hair.



FOR EASY-TO-WAVE HAIR and for soft, natural curls in normal hair.
RED BOX.
FOR HARD-TO-WAVE HAIR and for tighter, firmer curls in normal hair.
GREEN BOX.
For bleached, tinted, brightened, colour-rinsed or lightened hair, use the "Easy-to-Wave Hair" kit.

13/-

A more natural-looking, stronger,
longer-lasting wave, whichever hair style you prefer!

New Miracle Shampoo

BEAUTY-WASHES YOUR HAIR
WITHOUT DRYING OUT THE
NATURAL OILS!



Softasilk GOLDEN SHAMPOO

leaves your hair shining clean
silken smooth and easy to manage

Whatever your hair type or colour, you will find it softer, brighter after using new Softasilk Golden Shampoo. Just pick up this elegant new bottle and see how the clear golden liquid moves with a slow, oil-rich movement. Its instant foam does not dry out the natural oils... in fact, it encourages the correct proportion. Start today and beautify with gentle, one-lather Softasilk Golden Shampoo. Perfect for all types of hair!



ONE lather gives
thorough cleansing

LARGE SIZE 5/3
REGULAR 3/3



Keep your hair gloriously soft and clean
wherever you go. Take this
handy travel bubble.

1/3

5144

How They
Live

IN PARIS . . .



MADAME SCHIAPARELLI in the sitting-room of her eccentric Paris home. This room is also her office, with coffee-table used as desk. The couch is draped in "shocking-pink," the color she made famous. "I was a self-taught dressmaker," she said. "I invented my own rules as I went along. They happened to work successfully."

● Famous fashion designer Madame Schiaparelli lives in a house that is remarkably like its owner—luxurious, successful, slightly irreverent, and very, very chic.

MADAME SCHIAPARELLI says she has been called everything from Chaporelli to Sarsaparilla, "but most people know me as the couturier who invented the boutique and shocking-pink."

In Paris, where she spends nine months each year, she is known affectionately as La Schiap—temperamental businesswoman, wearer of exotic turbans, and the owner of a

house off the Champs-Elysees which belonged to Napoleon's sister.

Number 22 Rue de Berri is a three-storied, 18-roomed mansion protected by massive walls overgrown with vine.

In front it has a cobbled yard; at the back a deep lush garden screened with overhanging trees and shrubbery.

"It is even quieter than my cottage in Tunisia," says Schiaparelli, "and twice as gay."

Elsa Schiaparelli is aged 60 and looks 50: she is handsome in a dark, Pavlova-like way, and her personal chic has the true simplicity of the grande Parisienne.

In fact, she is the French naturalized daughter of a distinguished Roman family. Her father was Dean at the University of Rome and Professor of Oriental Studies; her Uncle Giovanni discovered the "canals" on Mars.

By family standards her entry into dressmaking was something of a come-down.

She launched her career, unofficially, at the age of 17 with four yards of dark blue crepe-de-chine and two yards of orange silk. "I was visiting Paris," she explained, "and needed something to wear at an important ball."

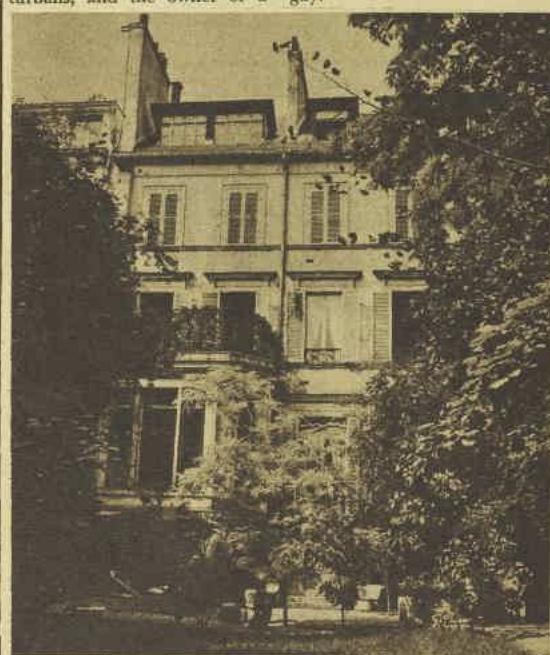
First creation

There was no time for sewing, so she draped and pinned the blue material into a trouser-like creation, and used the orange silk for a sash and turban. Paris society was impressed until the pins gave way during a tango.

It was her first couturier's failure, and is one of the few items not included in the vast "documentary" wardrobe lining the corridors at No. 22.

The wardrobe really started several years later (after an unsuccessful marriage and a few years in America) with a dramatic black-and-white sweater she designed and got "a little Armenian woman" to make up.

She wore it to a smart lunch and accepted her first order during coffee. "An



NO. 22 RUE DE BERRI is Schiaparelli's Paris home. It once belonged to Napoleon's sister, and was built when the Champs-Elysees, the famous Paris street, was a suburb. Tall trees and vine-clad walls shut out the city's noise.

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Schiaparelli's house

American buyer wanted 40 similar sweaters delivered within two weeks," she said.

"I bought the wool and my little woman scoured Paris for Armenian volunteers."

The order was successful and Schiap was in business. She engaged a nurse to look after her cherished daughter, Gogo, and opened premises in the Rue de la Paix; in 1933 she moved to the exclusive Place Vendome.

In spite of her daredevil approach to fashion, clients came and stayed with her. Mae West, who had no time for fittings, presented the fitters with a plaster cast of herself in the Venus de Milo pose.

"Now it decorates the cellars at home, together with posters by Toulouse-Lautrec."

The house at No. 22 is unorthodox, magnificently cluttered, and quite beautiful. It is also comfortable. When Schiaparelli bought it in 1937 she revolutionised the top floors by having eight of the 15 bedrooms converted into bathrooms.

"Bedrooms do not interest me," she said, "and I have a passion for bathrooms."

Her own first-floor suite consists of bath-lounge, dressing-room, and bedroom annexe in sunflower yellow. The bath-lounge, like most important rooms in the house, has a fine Georgian carpet and original paintings on the wall.

In no way planned, it contains a writing desk, easy chairs, a table to display her 24 pairs of spectacles, and an enormous shoe cupboard.

Gogo's suite

The second floor is reserved for Gogo—now married to an American and living in Switzerland—and the two granddaughters who come for holidays each year.

On the ground floor Madame Schiaparelli has devised three connecting and totally different reception-rooms. The library, with furnishing of plum-colored silk and turquoise velvet, is her masterpiece of organised chaos.

"This," she said, glancing towards a mobile step-ladder filled with bibelots and

guarded by a ferocious-looking sheep's head, "is the price you pay for being too acquisitive. But, confidentially, I love it.

"The paintings are getting a little out of hand. The walls are full and I have to prop them against the chairs." They include Picasso, Dalí, and a magnificent screen painted by Christian Berard.

Cellar meals

Her dining-room is formal and typically irreverent; but many guests prefer to eat in the comfortable dining-bar in the cellar downstairs.

"There is something psychologically tantalising about having good china, good linen, and good food in a cellar."

Madame does not encourage resident guests, but her Sunday night suppers for artists and writers are known all over Paris. She also has at least two dinner parties a week. As a hostess, she is original on all levels.

"A party is fun when there are plenty of jewels and maharajahs about, but I really prefer solitude."

La Schiap discontinued the "collection" side of her fashion work three years ago, but still designs 20 items for herself each year.

Simplicity for travel and color for evening wear are her only hard-and-fast rules. She believes true fashion never dates.

Today, business interests take her all over Europe and to America. She is an international fashion-adviser. Her Schiaparelli stockings have become world-famous. Never at a loss for ideas, she is launching "Si," her new perfume.

"Perfume is like music. It is just a question of striking a new note."

This particular "tune" in perfume represents more than 200 samples and two years' work. She uses it lavishly herself, and is most enthusiastic about its future.

"I hope to be the author of a smash hit," said La Schiap frankly, "and make a lot of money."

Next week: Artist Graham Sutherland's home in Kent.



ABOVE: This extravagant, elegant dining-room, with its huge crystal chandeliers hanging from the ceiling and animals decorating the tables, is used for Madame's formal dinners, when evening dress is compulsory.

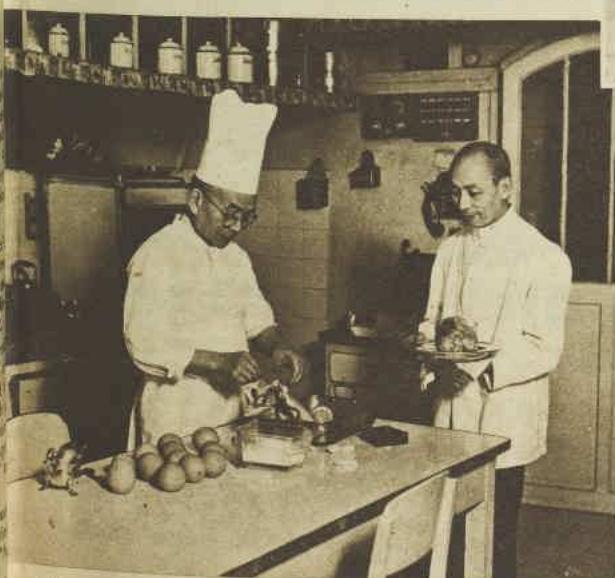
BELLOW: The hallstand is a stag's antler, mounted and reserved for dog-leads belonging to Madame's two pets, Gourru and Mr. Rix. On the staircase are Salvador Dali drawings and Schiaparelli fashion sketches.



SATAN (above) is life-size and welcomes guests on the doorstep. Cross his palm with silver and you will be asked to come again. Schiaparelli does not encourage resident guests, but her Sunday night supper parties are famous.



CHINESE COOK (left) is Mr. Doan, shown in the kitchen with Mr. Phong, who serves at table. These two men and an Italian maid and French concierge make up the domestic staff. Doan is usually asked to prepare a French lunch and Chinese dinner.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 23, 1958

Now! The first shampoo that conditions your hair while it cleans . . .

clean & sweet

—the pearly liquid cream shampoo by POND'S



Feel your hair with its silky new texture—as it falls beautifully into place after a Clean & Sweet shampoo.

The conditioner in Clean & Sweet makes a dazzling difference—it's miracle

P.V.P.—developed in America.

P.V.P. is precious! It's the conditioner in Pond's Clean & Sweet that makes this pearly liquid cream shampoo do more for your hair than any other shampoo.

- P.V.P. lingers after rinsing—counteracts the harsh effects of Australian weather. Clean & Sweet gives you healthy hair—brings out full natural colour. And fast-foaming Clean & Sweet does all this with one lather!

Fabulous Clean & Sweet comes in a graceful bottle—5/6 and 9/6. Also plastic bubble—1/3.

Available at all chemists, hairdressers and stores.



Another beauty product of Chesebrough-Pond's International Ltd.

C785

DRESS SENSE

by Betty Kepp

- The front-belted chemise can be a city outfit, a party dress, or a "casual," depending on the fabric used.

THIS fashion item answers a reader's query. Here is her letter and my reply.

"Would it be possible to obtain a paper pattern for a basic chemise dress? I thought if I had such a pattern I could make the dress in different fabrics for a variety of occasions. My size is SSW. If you think the idea practical, I would be grateful for a style."

I think your idea of a basic design suitable for a switch of materials and occasions is excellent. The design I have chosen is illustrated at right. Made in fine dark wool, the dress would be a chic city costume; in tweed, excellent for country or casual wear; and in brocade, a pretty party-goer.

A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Near the picture are further details and how to order.

"COULD you please suggest a suitable top to wear with a pleated skirt? The design is for a girl in her teens."

A middy blouse and an over-blouse finished with a self-material hip-band are two currently popular teenage fashions. Either design would be suitable to wear with an all-round pleated skirt.

"I HAVE a rather old-fashioned camel-hair coat, and I would like an idea for renovating it to wear with a slim plaid skirt. There is plenty of material in the coat, and I also have some plaid left over from the skirt."

Cut your coat to three-quarter length and finish it with a low-slung back-belt in self-material. Wear the plaid skirt and renovated coat with a scarf in the skirt material.

"TAILORED designs seem to suit me best, and I would like ideas for a navy-and-white dotted silk. I am tired of my present clothes, but I don't like the new sack dresses."



DS295. — One-piece basic dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yd. 36in. material or 2½yd. 54in. material. Price 4/- Patterns may be obtained from Betty Kepp, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"I AM being a bridesmaid to my sister, and my dress is dark green faille. Now the frock is finished it looks rather dull and uninteresting. Would you suggest something lighter for a head-dress to brighten it up?"

I suggest a flower circlet made in pink roses and green leaves and mounted on a dark green faille base. A further idea would be to wear pink shoes to match the roses, and to carry a bouquet of pink flowers.

Beauty in brief:

Make-up pointers for all

By CAROLYN EARLE

• Have you ever wondered how so many stage and movie stars with no real claim to beauty manage an illusion of glamor with make-up?

ACTUALLY, their rules of make-up are simple enough for anybody to follow. Here they are:

- Always apply make-up in a good, honest light.
- Use a lip brush.
- Apply powder generously with a clean puff, and brush it off (never rub) with cotton-wool or a soft complexion brush.
- Avoid pencil-thin eyebrows, which harden the face, and down-slanting.

heavily made-up brows and lips. Both are ageing.

• Be sure that eyes, brows, and mouth are compatible with the contours of your face.

Don't worry if your face happens to be round or square or heart-shaped or rectangular instead of a perfect oval.

Nowadays it's not so much the shape of your face that counts as your skill in making the most of its natural contours.

Just 14 steps to the U.S.A.



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U.S. welcome waiting for
you the second you step
aboard your giant
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"Strato" Clipper*



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Only Pan American offers you the luxury of the lower-deck club lounge... where you meet fellow-passengers, enjoy tangy appetisers with your favorite drink, relax in an atmosphere of friendliness and comfort.



Here is a sample menu of meals you will enjoy on your flight:
Champagne, martini, manhattan, sherry, beer or tomato juice;
Antipasto; roast chicken with mushroom sauce or Shrimp Newburg; buttered green peas, rice Pilaff, salad; French rolls;
French pastry; assorted cheeses; fruit; coffee, tea or milk;
mixed nuts; mint wafer.

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Choose **President** service and enjoy the finest in luxury travel. "Sleeperette"® Service seats that stretch w-a-y out to full bed length, champagne and other fine wines with gourmet meals, the unique comfort of the lower deck lounge.

Fly thrifty **Rainbow** service and relax in big, reclining seats. Enjoy meals prepared by international chefs—and cocktails brought to you for much, much less than you'd pay on land. On both services, fly in Pan-American's giant double-decked, super-powered "Strato" Clippers. They speed you to your destination in smooth, quiet comfort... you arrive rested and refreshed.

Extra! Extra! Visit up to 32 extra cities around the world at no extra fare! It's Pan American's wonderful new **SeeMore Way**, open to both President and Rainbow passengers.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 23, 1958

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NEW! CHOCOLATE OVALTINE

most delicious of all tonic food drinks...



*EXTRA GOODNESS of malt, milk and eggs

This matchless combination of vital health foods is Ovaltine's special secret. Every rich granule of this superlative product has greater food value. No wonder Ovaltine gives you the glow of good health faster.

*EXTRA VITAMINS A, B₁, D and Niacin

These are the vim and vigour vitamins that give you the power to get more out of life... that give you and your family more energy for work and play. Prove this to yourself by giving them Ovaltine every day.



2 GREAT FLAVOURS

Yes! As well as delicious Chocolate Ovaltine there's the ever-popular Malt flavour. Whichever you choose you get all the famous Ovaltine goodness.

*ONLY OVALTINE

GIVES YOU

ALL 3

FAMILY SIZE

5'3

REGULAR SIZE

3'3

KING
SIZE
VALUE



OVALTINE

Concluding: "Girls with the Billion-Dollar Smiles"

Make-up is a model's best friend

• "Models are so clever at make-up that the experts watch them," reveals former model, now business executive Anita Colby in the second instalment of her two-part feature "Girls with the Billion-Dollar Smiles." Miss Colby knows each of America's top ten models—the fortunate few who earn more than £26,000 a year. Now she has them tell their beauty secrets . . .

By fashion expert ANITA COLBY

MODELLING is a highly competitive business. A girl doesn't have to be pretty, but her face must be distinctive and expressive.

The "ideal" model changes with the years and fashion.

In 1937, the "ideal" was 5ft. 6in. tall, with a 36in. bust, 26in. waist, 36in. hips.

Today she is 5ft. 9in. (when the average American woman is 5ft. 4in.), with a 33in. bust, 22in. waist, 34in. hips.

Gaunt look

The model is lengthening and slimming; the tall, almost gaunt look is in — although it may be out tomorrow.

At present, although a girl doesn't have to be pretty in the conventional sense, she must have a long, beautiful neck, a face with high cheekbones, and a thin nose that will not cast shadows.

Her body must be supple. Not one of the "top 10" went to a model or charm school, but most take ballet or interpretive dancing lessons.

Her face must be expressive. The days when a girl said



EVELYN TRIPP, one of the "top 10," was a salesgirl.

"cheese" to simulate a smile died with the 'twenties.

She must know clothes. Even though supervised by fashion magazine editors and photographers, a model must know instinctively how a dress looks best when she is displaying it.

One example of clothes-sense involved a high-fashion dress photographed while the model wore it back to front. She insisted it would look better that way. It did, and saved the dress from a "no sales" death.

And a model, contrary to opinion, cannot afford to be a scatterbrain. The proof: Most agencies will not handle a girl who does not average a minimum of 250 dollars (£75) a week.

If she can't earn that she can't afford the basic wardrobe all models must have, the hairdresser, make-up, taxi fares, the model agency's 10 per cent. fee, rent, and food.

But if a girl can qualify on all these counts, and still look like a Southern belle with a Park Avenue wardrobe, she can expect 10 to 12 years of highly lucrative employment in a fascinating industry, but it is small wonder that only one in 12,000 qualify.

Only place in New York where you will find the "top 10" models together at the one time is the salon of hairstylist Enrico Caruso. The time is 9.30 a.m. each Monday, when the models have their hair sculptured into place for the busy week ahead.

Shop talk

Even at Caruso's the chatter is shop talk — clothes, hairstyles, beauty treatments, conditions of work.

These girls, who feel they are part of an industry, once went on strike for higher rates.

A top model has no vanity. Her face and figure are her livelihood. She discusses these assets and methods of maintaining or improving them as dispassionately as a mechanic talks the good and bad points of a car.

At Caruso's the idea that models are all in danger of starvation in trying to maintain the fashionable gaunt look is exploded.

Dovima, a slim brunette, says: "I eat anything I want, anytime I want."

Dovima is lucky, but even the girls who must watch their figures are not starving.

Jean Patchett stays at 8st. 3lb. by "never going on a diet, but never going off one either."

She says:

"I watch my food every day and prefer a high-protein menu. I eat a hearty breakfast, lunch is a sandwich between assignments, at night I have a good dinner."

LEFT: "On location" for photographs in the tropics. Ann St. Marie, one of the "top 10," has New York hairstylist Enrico Caruso set her hair.



FEW NEED TO DIET



Three stages to glamor

FROM A 10-YEAR-OLD to a "top 10," the camera shows the change in Jean Patchett. The centre picture is Jean, nine years ago, when she got her first modelling assignment. At right is Jean today, very different from the smiling 10-year-old and the sweet, college-girl type of 1949.

When Jean started modeling nine years ago, going to New York from the small town of Preston, Maryland, with 600 dollars (£270) borrowed from her father, she had to lose three pounds; nothing to ruin a girl's health.

Many people believe that models spend much of their time exercising. In fact, they get so much exercise in a normal working day they don't need to limber up.

Most, however, regularly do cat-like stretching exercises to keep their figures graceful and fluid. The favorite, because of its simplicity, is the "working girl's three-in-one," named because it reduces waist, hips, and thighs at once.

It's done like this: Lie on your back, knees bent, feet raised slightly off the floor, arms out in a "T" position. Swing the knees from left to right, rolling over so that the thigh comes down hard on the floor on each side, but keeping the arms and shoulders flat on the floor. Start with eight swings, work up to 15 a day.

Mix colors

It is equally untrue that the models' wonderful faces are products of the make-up man's art. Models are so clever at make-up that the experts watch them.

The girls mix their own make-up to get the colors that suit them. Jean Patchett combined turquoise and green for an eye-shadow so new and exciting it is now marketed commercially.

The same is true of models' hair. They go to Caruso to have their hair styled and learn his technique.

The "top 10" now use only brushes on their hair.

Said the good-natured Caruso: "This means that not only do they walk off with my brushes so they can work on their hair at the studios, they bring them back here and ask me to clean them."

But the girls do not rely entirely on Caruso. Mary Jane Russell, a New Jersey girl, is adept at new ideas, which she

explains to Caruso — and new styles are born.

Models lavish most care on their faces. Jean Patchett, known as the "model's model" because of her beauty, ability to work hard, and even-tempered adaptability, has a mole in the corner of her right eye. She did not try to hide it. She turned it into a beauty mark that is as much a part of her appeal as any of her features.

She is also so short-sighted that when she applies make-up her nose practically rubs against the mirror.

But it is a work of art.

"I learned by experiment," she said.

"First I cover my face with

a creamy liquid base, putting it on eyelids and lips as well. If there is the slightest shadow I put a white foundation under my eyes. Next I use cream rouge sparingly, placing it high on the cheekbones.

"I use eyeshadow heavily on the lower part of the upper lid, putting it on before powder so it stays in place all day without 'creasing.' I use lots of powder, covering eyelids and lips — to make a dry base for lipstick.

"I comb my eyebrows before pencilling them with brown, making light strokes to make my brows wider and higher arched. I draw the line along the upper lid with

a lipstick-type brush dipped in mascara; a line extending upwards beyond the eye. I use the same brush to darken my mole.

"Mascara, applied with a slightly dampened brush, is next. Warm water is best, and I put mascara only on the upper lashes, making my eyes look larger. Dark brown is my favorite color.

"Then I redden my lips and make sure they're dry enough for lipstick.

"I carefully outline my mouth with a lip brush.

Sometimes I use a darker color than the fill-in shade; sometimes it's all one color.

"After drawing the outline, I fill in with color from the stick. For pictures, I do not blot my lips, but renew the color every three hours."

When all this is done, Jean splashes ice-cold water over her make-up to set it.

Most girls learn these lessons of meticulous make-up as they gain modelling experience.

Sunny Harnett, of New York, reversed the procedure. In high school Sunny was a skinny, too tall girl who could hold her own in neighborhood sports, but was a complete loss in the boy-girl department at social events.

Broke rules

"I was known as that big, skinny Harnett girl," she said. "Then I started to experiment with make-up and bleached my hair. This made my friends notice me, so I started to notice myself."

Sunny, even after she had apparently broken the rules by becoming a model of any kind, proceeded to break more.

She was supposed to wear a dirndl-skirt type of costume to cover her skinny frame. One day she slipped into a sheath; now she is one of the highest paid models in the business.

Of all the things a model must learn, versatility is the most important. A girl who can be only one character in front of a camera has little future.

Jean Patchett began nine years ago as a sweet, college-

girl type. Today she is a seductive, sophisticated woman-of-the-world who sells beauty aids in advertisements throughout the United States.

Dovima started as the "sexy" type. Now she appears in more demure advertisements. Also, not content with this change, she was the leader in the "spooky look."

For this, she covered her face with a clown-like, dead-white cream. Over this she made sharp, dark lines to cover her eyebrows and lips.

While change is a necessary part of any successful model's life, the fear of failure is constant.

Not one of the "top 10" believed they could become models or wanted such a role. All were "discovered" by fashion editors or photographers as they worked as salesgirls, secretaries, or clothing models in stores.

When a modelling career was suggested to them they were terrified. Sunny Harnett said: "Me a model? Never!" Jean Patchett was so afraid during her first assignment that she cried.

Evelyn Tripp, who came from a farm in Flat River, Missouri, to work as a salesgirl in a New York department store, was "scared to death" when a photographer told her she would make a superb model.

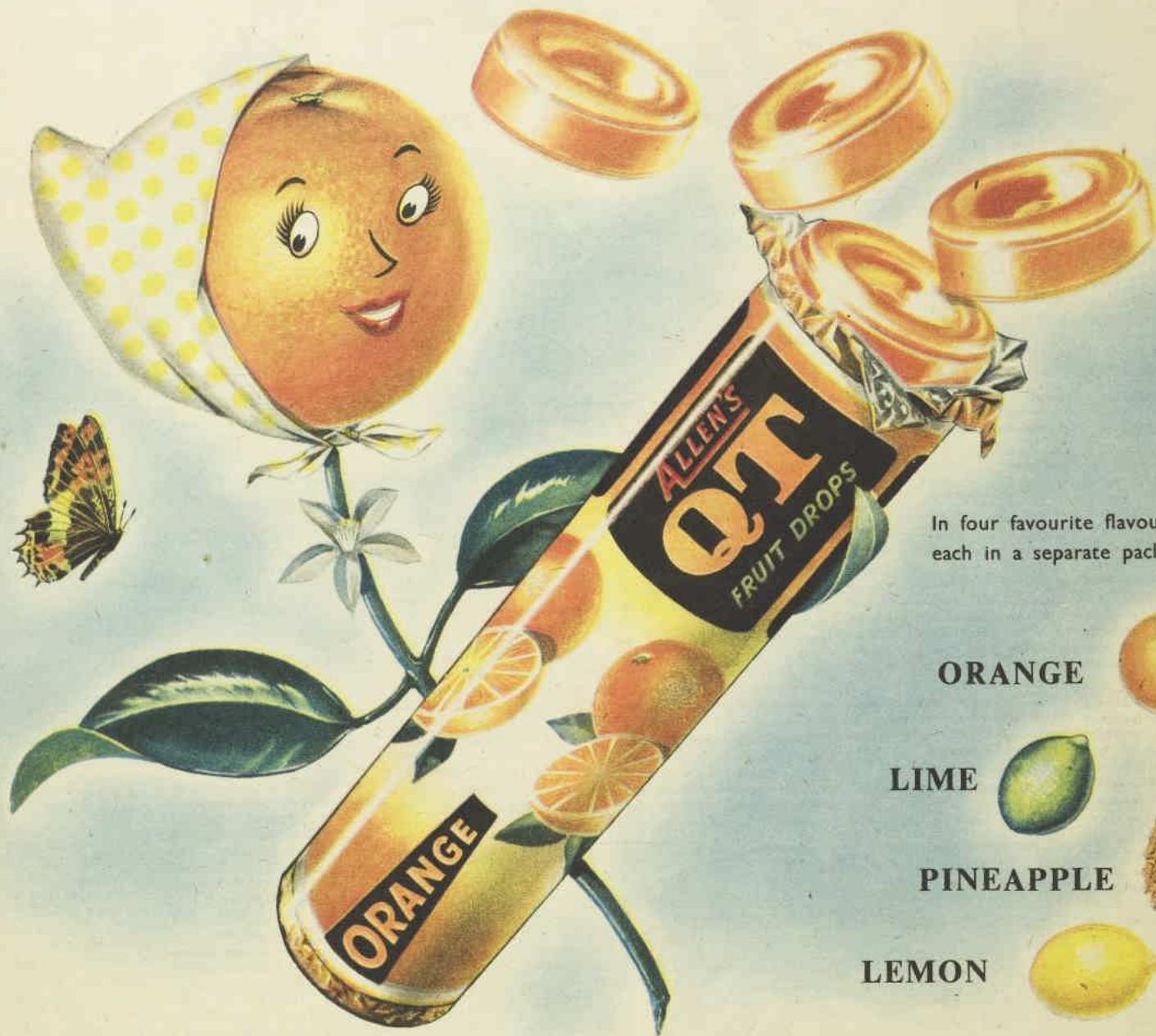
This inner doubt has never left the girls — just as they have never recovered from the surprise of becoming famous.



DOVIMA, who pioneered the "spooky look" in models, is meticulous as she applies a last touch of mascara before going in front of the camera. For the "spooky" look, she covers her face with dead-white cream. Dovima says: "I eat anything I want, anytime I want."

ORCHARD FRESH FLAVOURS...

You can really *taste* the Fruit!



In four favourite flavours—
each in a separate pack—

4d.

ORANGE



LIME



PINEAPPLE



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You'll enjoy these other famous Allen's sweets too...

STEAM ROLLERS 3d.
There's more real pepper-mint flavour in Steam Rollers
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a taste delight!



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sweet on
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JELLY BEANS 6d.
Like to dip and nibble?
Here's the answer! Ten
different flavours, all pure,
all good. In ever-fresh
cello-packs.

FRUIT TINGLES 3d.
Fizzy fruit flavours to tingle
your tongue. If you like
sherbet, you'll love Tingles!
Refreshingly different!

ALLEN'S

SWEETS ARE

Good sweets!

TELEVISION PARADE

• Sydney's three TV channels have done a magnificent job in bringing viewers as rich and varied a collection of shows as they could reasonably wish for, but a few lessons in "time-slot psychology" wouldn't be wasted on programme arrangers.

TOO often, three top-rating shows are screened in conflicting time-slots, only to be followed by a group of the dullest of TV fare, to which you'd happily close your viewing eyes.

This short-sighted programming is the easiest way I know for channels to lose friends and infuriate viewers.

After all, it wouldn't be difficult for the channels to stagger these shows.

And while the channels might have fun leaving it to viewers to "referee" between such topline comedy shows as "The Burns and Allen Show" (Channel 7, Tuesdays, 7.30 p.m.) and "The Bob Cummings Show" (Channel 2, same time-slot), or between "I Love Lucy" (Channel 9, Mondays, 8.30 p.m.) and "The Steve Allen Show" (Channel 7, 8 p.m., through the same time-slot), it's much less fun for the viewer.

It's the same problem deciding whether to view "Hour of Mystery" (Channel 9, Fridays, 8.30 p.m.) or "Alfred Hitchcock Presents" (Channel 7, Fridays, 9 p.m.). And so it goes on.

I know you can't see everything that's screened. But it's reasonable to suppose that if you like comedy or mystery or Westerns, you'd prefer to have the chance to see the top programmes of their type, and not have to choose between them.

The only alternative at the moment is to switch the shows you watch, week by week. This would help prevent you tiring of them, but is a bit hard when you've become a fan of a series.

ONE new—and promising—programme which must face the facts about sensible time-slottedting is "Face the People," a weekly panel programme on Channel 2 (Sundays, 8.30 p.m.).

I saw the first interview with Lord Mayor H. F. Jensen, and, though I found it an informative half-hour, I'm afraid the panel's guest will have to be someone as interesting as Peter Townsend or as fascinating as Yul Brynner before I turn the dial in that direction again.

The Lord Mayor and panel members should not take this as any reflection on their efforts. It's just that viewing the panel means missing both the "All-Star Feature Film" (Channel 9, Sundays, 7.30 p.m.) and "Caltex Theatre" (Channel 7, Sundays, 8 p.m.).

And, worse still, it means either switching off the set or turning to "Life With Elizabeth" (Channel 2, Sundays, 8 p.m.) while waiting for the panel to start.

The latter is a fate I would not wish my worst televi-viewing enemy.

If ABN switches the "Face the People" time-slot,



HIT PARADER Bernadette Russell (left) and Joan Billedeaux (centre) rehearse a number with Phillida Cooper, choreographer, for the popular "Hit Parade" (Channel 9, Tuesdays, 4.30 p.m., and Thursdays, 9 p.m.). In this clever show — produced by Phillida's husband, James Upshaw — best-selling numbers are mimed by singers and dancers while a record of the tune is played. So effective are the "singers" that many viewers try to buy recordings of them doing the number.

I'd like to see one more change before I become a regular viewer.

Amiable chairman Charles Buttrose and the guest of honor look fine sitting side by side on a settee, but I do feel the panel should take a clue from the popular "Meet the Press" (Channel 9, Sundays, 9.30 p.m.) and sit at a desk.

Lounged on another settee, they looked mighty uncomfortable and kept changing their poses and shifting their arms round in the rather nervous style of teenagers sitting out their first dance.

Still, it's a show with the right basic ideas, and, helped

Sundays, 9 p.m.). And no one would like him plugged full of lead because then there'd be no more episodes of what is first-class TV entertainment of its kind.

But if the "baddies" could just once in a while get in the first wounding shot, before being bumped off in Western tradition, it would all seem more true to life.

I say the two commercial channels, because Channel 2 is almost as free of cowboys as it is of baked-bean ads.

The nearest it has to a bullet-punched time-slot is "Range Rider" (Children's TV Club, Thursdays, 5 p.m.), and it isn't really blood-and-thunder stuff.

Now—when the commercial channels have many thousand shootings already on the board—Channel 2 is to launch "Wells Fargo," its first "adult" Western.

The first episode of this series, based on the history of the American stage-coach express, will be screened on May 16 at 8.30 p.m.

But if you're allergic to bullets and have clung to Channel 2 as the last line of defence against the increasing number of Westerns, never fear. I'm told ABN thinks that one "adult" Western is just about as much of a good thing as it wants in any one weekly programme.

★ ★ ★
MAYBE I leave my Christmas shopping too late every year, but I did think there were whiskers on the TV commercial which last week suggested a certain brand of electric gadget as "the ideal Christmas gift" for the men in viewers' lives.

After all—with about 215 shopping days still left till Christmas—the stores shouldn't be too crowded yet.

★ ★ ★
WOULDN'T it be nice—just once in a while—to see those heroes in the maze of Wild Westers now shooting it out happily on the two commercial channels SLOWER on the draw?

Everybody admires the shooting skill of the likes of Marshal Matt Dillon, of "Gunsmoke" (Channel 9,

Tact deodorant soap

safeguards your freshness,
all over, all day
all year round

as no ordinary soap can...



New miracle

Tact deodorant soap
actually keeps perspiration

Odour-Free

★ PROVED BY LABORATORY TESTS
to wash away up to 95% of the germs
which actually cause perspiration odour

Even in COOL weather, people perspire—but gentle, fragrant Tact makes perspiration odour a thing of the past!

Tact Deodorant Soap contains a great, new anti-odour discovery—miracle ingredient G.I.I., known to science as hexachlorophene.

G.I.I. HEXACHLOROPHENONE

Perspiration odour is caused by germs! Perspiration has no odour—at first—but the germs which live on everybody's skin quickly cause it to decompose, become offensive. Tact, with G.I.I., washes away up to 95% of these odour-causing germs and stands guard against new germs on your skin.

You can wash over and over with

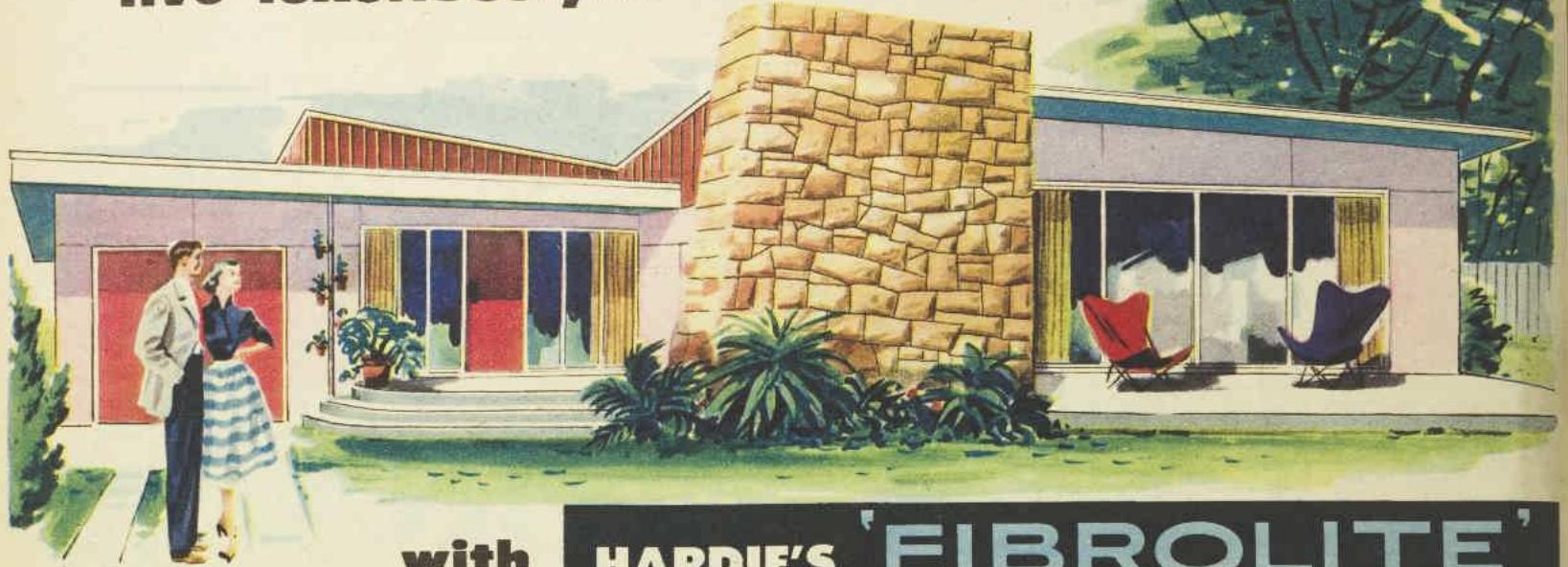
REGULAR SIZE 1/- BATH SIZE 1/5

NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT YOU LACKED TACT

SO91

Page 35

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with **HARDIE'S 'FIBROLITE'**

(Regd. Trade Mark)



today's best way of building !



Hardie's 'Fibrolite' is the most versatile building material of all. Conventional or contemporary, large home or small . . . lower costs mean more home . . . more luxury living area for your money when you build with easy-to-erect, economical 'Fibrolite' Asbestos Cement sheets. Fire retardant, white ant and borer proof, 'Fibrolite' will not warp or buckle, cannot rot or decay. You may paint 'Fibrolite' as colourfully as you wish—but you paint to decorate, not to preserve.

There's a large, labour-saving 'Fibrolite' sheet for every purpose . . . Flat sheets for exterior walls and smooth contemporary interior walls and ceilings, gable ends, eaves' soffits . . . textured Striated sheets for distinctive internal and external feature walls and panels . . . smooth-surfaced, colourful, marble-finished 'Tilux' panels bring charm and personality to kitchen and bathroom . . . rustproof New Contour Corrugated sheets for attractive, durable roofs, together with a complete range of accessories including gutters, downpipes, ridging, etc. Not only does a 'Fibrolite' home cost less to build, but less to maintain, less to insure.

HARDIE'S 'FIBROLITE'

(Regd. Trade Mark)

**FLAT, CORRUGATED & STRIATED
ASBESTOS CEMENT SHEETS
AND 'TILUX' WALL PANELS**

Sole Manufacturers:

JAMES HARDIE & COY. PTY. LTD.

SYDNEY: Cnr. York and Barrack Streets.
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Send coupon to-day for free and post-free illustrated book of contemporary home plans . . . learn how you can have a superior home . . . a new design for luxury living, when you plan and build with Hardie's 'Fibrolite.'

Free

Please send me free and post-free 36 PAGE illustrated book of contemporary 'Fibrolite' home plans.

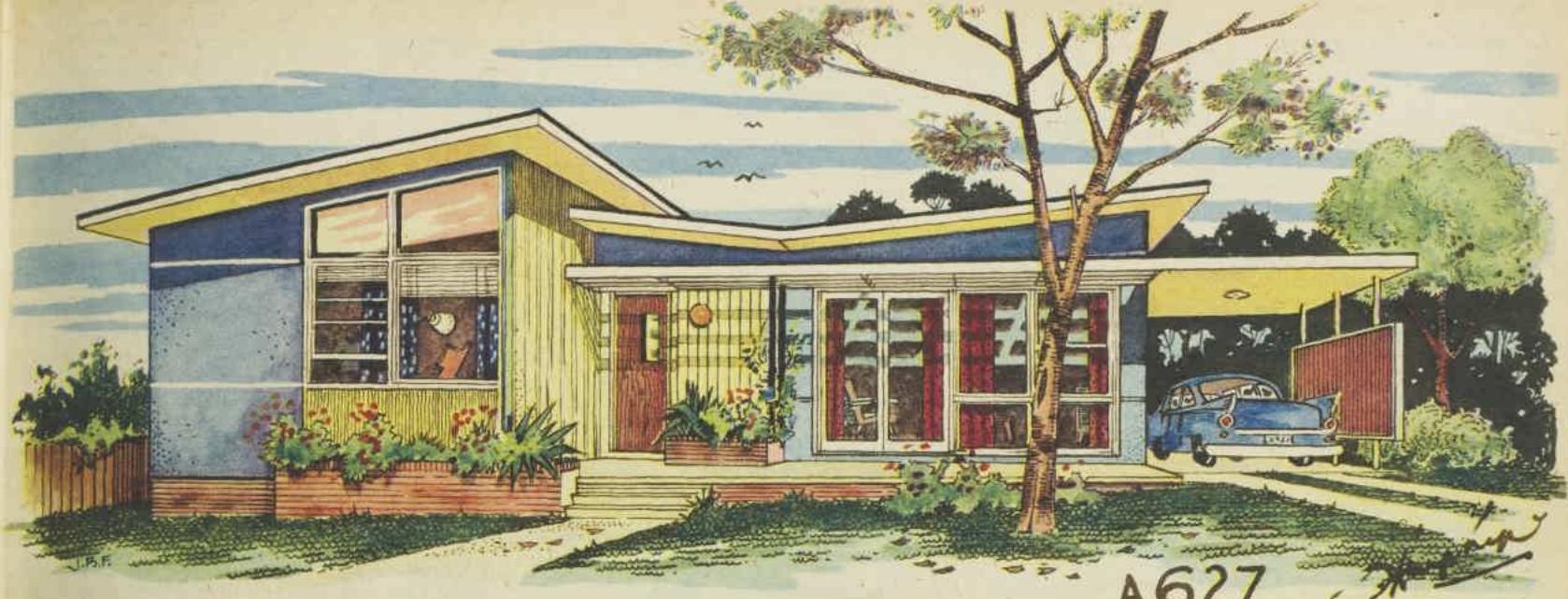
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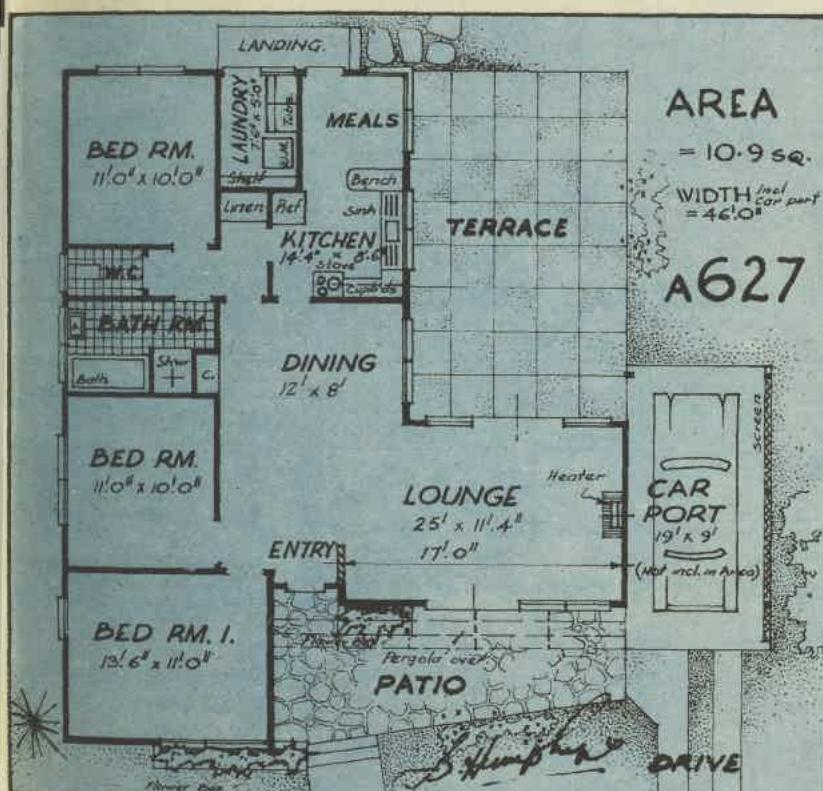
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 23, 1958



EASY TO BUILD IN ASBESTOS



A627



FLOOR PLAN of the house. It is well laid out, compact, and ideal for a family. The area is almost 11 squares, but open planning gives an impression of greater living space. This home would cost from £3250 to £3550 to build, depending on locality.

OUR HOME PLAN No. A 627 is shown above in perspective. Built in asbestos cement, it is an interesting design with unusual roof treatment, clean sweeping lines, and an attractive appearance. The pergola over front patio extends to form carport roof.

Attractive, practical house costs little to maintain

- This week our home plan is an attractive design built in asbestos cement — a material that is easy to erect, practical, versatile, and with a low maintenance cost.

A HOUSE of asbestos cement is easy to build because the construction is straightforward. The asbestos cement comes in sheets that have only to be attached to a timber frame. Thus there is no need for the skilled and expensive work of brick-laying.

The maintenance cost of asbestos cement is low because it does not need painting frequently. Painting will improve its appearance, but if left unpainted it will not deteriorate. The striated or grooved sheets of asbestos cement can be used for pleasing effects in both interiors and exteriors.

This week's home—one of

our signature plans—is by Melbourne architect F. T. Humphrys. It is a contemporary design with interesting roof treatment, clean, sweeping lines, and a most attractive appearance.

A full set of the plans for this home costs £7/7/- and can be bought at our Home-Planning Centres in Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide. See panel below for addresses.

The exterior walls of the house are of asbestos cement flat sheets placed horizontally.

At the front entry the sheets are set vertically on a timber frame, giving an interesting panel effect that can be highlighted with color.

The roof is of corrugated asbestos, and its line is broken to give variety and add to the appearance of the house. Over the main section it is butterfly-shaped. A skillion slopes down over the bedroom wing, with wide eaves shading the rooms from glare.

The carport is an extension of the pergola over the front patio and slopes slightly to the rear. It not only adds width, but it can be used also as a sheltered play area for children.

Asbestos sheets used vertically provide a louvered screen.

The plan is compact and well arranged. The area is almost 11 squares, but open planning in the living-room gives an impression of even greater size.

For privacy and convenience the bedrooms have been confined to one wing so that more than half the house

opens up into a very free living area.

Kitchen, dining-room, and lounge all have a pleasant outlook on to the terrace at the side of the house. Double doors open from the lounge on to both patio and terrace.

This extends the living space, and the terrace at the back and patio in front allow for outdoor living all the year.

Plenty of glass in the living-room has the effect of enlarging the interior. Cross-ventilation allows the air to circulate freely, giving coolness and comfort in summer.

One end of the lounge is treated most effectively with striated asbestos.

At today's building costs this asbestos-cement home could be built for £3250 to £3550, depending on the locality.

Therefore it is not only an economical home, but with its area of 10.9 squares, is one that allows full scope for family life.

Approximate costs of building this home in asbestos cement would be:

In New South Wales: £3550.

In Queensland: £3300.

In Victoria: £3300.

In South Australia: £3250.

This plan is also available for timber or brick.

- A list of the quantities of material required to build this home is available free to our readers at all our Home Planning Centres. This service usually costs £3/3/-.

OUR HOME-PLANNING CENTRES

OUR Home-Planning Centres, established in conjunction with leading stores in Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide, offer a comprehensive service to intending home-builders.

All standard plans published in The Australian Women's Weekly are available at the Centres simultaneously with publication.

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All standard plans cost £7/7/- per full set, complete with specifications and are guaranteed to conform to meet the requirements of your local council.

Plans will be prepared to any individual design, at a fee of £1/1/- per square, based on total area.

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A paint schedule is available for any plan, giving details of the quantity and type of paint required for exterior and interior painting.

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Plans can be ordered by mail from the Centres, enclosing fee.

When ordering by mail, please advise the building material for which the plan is required, the roofing material, and whether the land is serviced.

Addresses of the Centres are:

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd. (second floor), The Valley. Mail to Box 151, Broadway P.O.

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd. (third floor), Brickfield Hill.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium (sixth floor), Lonsdale St. Mail to Box 5038Y, G.P.O.

GEELONG: Our representative will be in attendance at the Myer Emporium in Geelong every Friday and Saturday to advise on home plans.

ADELAIDE: John Martin and Co. Ltd. (second floor), Rundle St. Mail to Box 629E, G.P.O.

flared. "With you blazing with that thing?"

She glared at the gun tucked under his arm, and he whistled a couple of bars of a popular tune with a slightly puzzled air.

She swept on.

"That terrible noise—it's driving me crazy."

"I'm sorry," he said, seriously now, "but what can I do? I've got to harvest my cherries."

"Surely you can spare a few for the birds, poor little things. You're nothing but a butcher. You oughtn't to be allowed to kill them, and make the day hideous, and drive your neighbors out of their minds. Please don't do it any more."

"I'm afraid I must," he said quietly. "But I don't—"

"You're infuriating," she fumed, "but I'll be interested to see how you react when I get a solicitor. You could be charged with making an unlawful disturbance. And I'm sure some of those birds are protected."

He laughed. He sounded nettled, though.

"Do you realise, Miss Marsh, that at this very moment you are trespassing on my property? That I could have you prosecuted? You city people are all alike. You think you can come up here and throw your weight about. What you ask is impossible, as any balanced person would realise. You would be wise to get off my land. Why don't you go back to town?"

To her horror she felt tears pricking her lids. She turned and fled into the cottage, and a shot rang out after her like a burst of mocking laughter.

The noises began again soon after daylight next day, and went on relentlessly all the blue summer day.

Fury that he had ignored her request burned hotter with

Continuing . . . Quiet Country Cottage

from page 23

each fresh explosion. She went for a long walk in the afternoon, but the sound from the orchard seemed to follow her across the hills.

On such a shining hot afternoon she had imagined relaxing with book and a cold drink beneath a tree in the cottage garden, and here she was walking blisters on her feet just to get away from it.

To add to her discomfort, a thunderstorm billowed across the ranges bursting in black and purple menace when she was still a mile from home, and drenching her to the skin.

By night she had decided to do what David Randall had so bluntly advised—to go back to town the next day. There would be no peace with the gun-happy David as her neighbor, and yet—there was something about him—

From sunrise Robina lay awake, tensely waiting for the shooting to begin, but after she had breakfasted, swept the cottage, and read the newspaper which the boy from the township had landed deftly on her front porch, there was still no shooting.

Perhaps, she thought, he's had time to think about what I said, and he's decided not to shoot any more. That would be nice of him! Yet somehow capitulation did not fit with David's firmly set chin.

The stillness was quite uncanny after the barrage of the past two days. She began to wonder if the birds were really eating many of David's cherries.

At last she climbed through the fence again. Her feet made little sound on the soft red earth, so she was quite close to the birds before they saw her and took flight.

There were hundreds of

them. Flocks of silver-eyes and other small birds swarmed over the trees like insects. There were blackbirds, greedy and darting; huge raucous, red parrots tearing with their powerful beaks, dropping and snapping more than they ate; great grey birds, and shining blue ones, savaging the trees, gorging and quarrelling, and snapping off the young shoots that stood in their way.

Robina was appalled. The

was gone. At the top of the hill, close to the road, stood David's neat fibro bungalow.

Before she had time to consider what she would say she reached the verandah, and was face to face with David.

He was lying on a cane lounge, a long, lean figure in khaki shorts and shirt.

He looked at her unbelievingly, and moved to stand up, but a flake of pain crossed his face, and he said dryly, "Good morning. Enjoying the country quiet today?"



trees were being stripped before her eyes. And where was David? Nowhere in the orchard could she see him, though a tall picking ladder was angled beneath a tree. I must find him, she thought, and tell him I was wrong. There will be no cherries left!

She set off up the slope, the birds rising in a cloud before her, screeching, circling, waiting to pounce as soon as she

You've hurt your knee," countered Robina, staring at the heavy bandage. "What happened?"

"My own fault. The ladder was wet and slippery after that thunderstorm yesterday, and I wasn't very careful. Slipped and wrenched my knee. I didn't take much notice of it at the time, but this morning it was up like a football, and I just can't walk on it."

"Let me look at it," said Robina in her best matron voice. "I'm a trained nurse."

The knee was certainly swollen, hot, and shiny.

"It needs fomenting to reduce the swelling before we can tell what you've done to it. It may be only a sprain, but you ought to see a doctor if it doesn't improve pretty soon."

"You'll do," said David.

He was lying back with his arms folded behind his head, frankly admiring her curly dark hair and sweeping, downcast lashes. He went on, "It's very good of you to be so solicitous about me after the way I've been disturbing your peace."

"It's my duty," said Robina primly, "to care for the sick and suffering." But her eyes were smiling.

"That was why I came, incidentally, to tell you I'm sorry about everything. I didn't realise how the birds would strip your trees. I don't like the idea of shooting birds, but what else can you do?"

"But I don't shoot them." Robina threw out her hands in a helpless gesture.

"But I hear you—I mean—the shooting goes on all day."

He laughed out loud.

"Do you imagine I've got time to sit from daylight till dark shooting birds, even if I wanted to? Which I don't. I rather like them, and they do an awful lot of good clearing up insects."

"Well, who is shooting? It sounds in your orchard, and you're carrying a gun every time I see you," said Robina accusingly.

"That's to settle an account with a fox who ran off with half a dozen of my pullets last week. I saw him once when I hadn't a gun, so I've carried it ever since."

"So I've been imagining the noise?" said Robina smiling.

"What you hear is an automatic device," said David, with unusual patience. "My cherry-growers have them. It goes on producing the noise you complain of till I turn it off at night. It doesn't hurt the birds—just scares the daylight out of them temporarily."

"Well, why didn't you tell me that before?"

"I tried once, but you didn't give me much chance."

"No, I'm sorry. I hadn't seen the birds then. Look, could I start this thing up? It seems awful to lose all those cherries while you can't walk."

"That's splendid of you, but I've rung a friend and he'll be over to start it any time."

"I'd better get on with it, mending your knee."

"And as you are my next-door neighbor I'd better offer you a cup of tea—if you make it yourself."

From there it was not long before Robina was wringing out hot fomentants and brewing tea in David's bachelor-bare kitchen and carrying it out on to the verandah. His knee, he told her, was miles better already.

And when presently the cherry "gun" exploded over the orchard they shook hands solemnly, and then burst into spontaneous laughter. If he held her hand a moment and covered it with his other one and if his eyes were warm and happy, Robina did not mind.

"It's only a week or two, he said. "I do hope you won't go back to town."

"I've risen above it," laughed Robina, and something sweet and deep flowed between them, so that they hardly noticed the next explosion.

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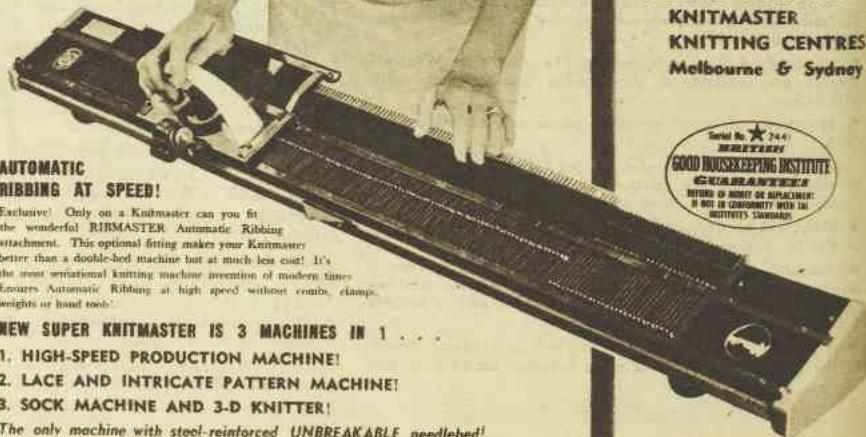
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 23, 1958

Agents for S. Aust. and W. Aust. — G. & R. Wills & Co. Ltd.

ALSO MAKERS OF FINE WOOLENS AND RUGS.

Is YOUR hand WORTH KISSING?

If Australian men adopted the morale-raising custom of hand-kissing, Australian women might lavish the same care on hands as on faces.

BUT even if such niceties of European gallantry are missing, hands are just as much in need of attention as faces.

It's time more women stopped regarding their hands merely as efficient washers of dishes, wielders of saucepans, or bashers of typewriters.

Hands respond quickly to kind treatment. If you follow a simple routine for even a few weeks your hands will acquire a smooth and well-groomed look.

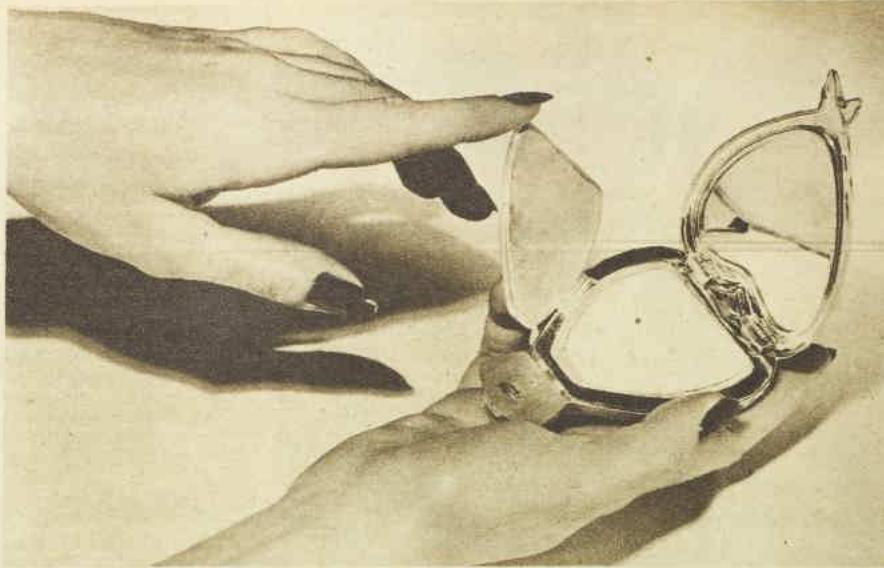
Rough, red paws undermine self-confidence and make gestures seem clumsy, but the appeal of pretty hands can be exploited at every opportunity.

To be beautiful, hands need:

• PROTECTION

The only efficient protection from dirt and harmful substances that hands encounter is one of the protective creams specially devised for the purpose.

Although such preparations are increasing in popularity, it's astonishing how many women neglect this inexpensive insurance against



coarsened skin and ingrained dirt.

These creams are unseen gloves coming between your hands and anything they touch. They protect agains wet and dry dirt.

They also protect against caustic substances and other solutions used in a day's work which sometimes irritate sensitive skins.

These special creams do not clog the pores. They can be removed only by thorough washing with soap and water.

The way to use a barrier cream is by applying it regularly every morning before

starting the day's chores, and replacing it after a few hours if you are engaged on some particularly dirty job.

• LUBRICATION.

Hard-working hands need constant lubrication to maintain their texture, and there are few better or cheaper substances for this than pure olive oil.

Keep a bottle in the bathroom and massage a little into your hands last thing at night after washing, using the same movements as you would to pull on gloves and paying particular attention to knuckles.

Then work a little oil round your cuticles with an orange stick, to keep them healthy and soft and prevent hang-nails.

Wipe off any surplus before going to bed, or if your hands are very rough and dry apply the oil more lavishly, and sleep in old cotton gloves.

Once a week, treat your hands to a bath in warm olive oil. Stand the bottle in a saucepan of hot water (be careful it doesn't get uncomfortably hot), pour it into a deep basin, and soak your hands in it up to the wrists for about 10 minutes.

You need quite a lot of oil for this treatment, but it is not extravagant, as the oil can be poured back into the bottle and used again and again for the same purpose.

• EXERCISE.

Just like the rest of your body, hands need the right sort of exercise to keep them young and supple.

You may say that exercise is one thing your poor, over-worked hands do not lack, but the movements recommended by hand-care specialists are different from those involved in a normal day's activities.

Relax your hands by raising them a little above your head; flip them backwards and forwards from the wrists as effortlessly as possible.

Follow this by twirling them round and round, again from the wrists. Then play an imaginary piano for a few minutes.

You will be surprised how these few simple exercises which you can do at any odd moment during the day, will limber up your hands and help to make them look graceful.

Remember that even a thorough manicure and the most glamorous varnish cannot camouflage neglected hands; but a few weeks of protection and care will give you the sort of hands that are an asset to a woman.

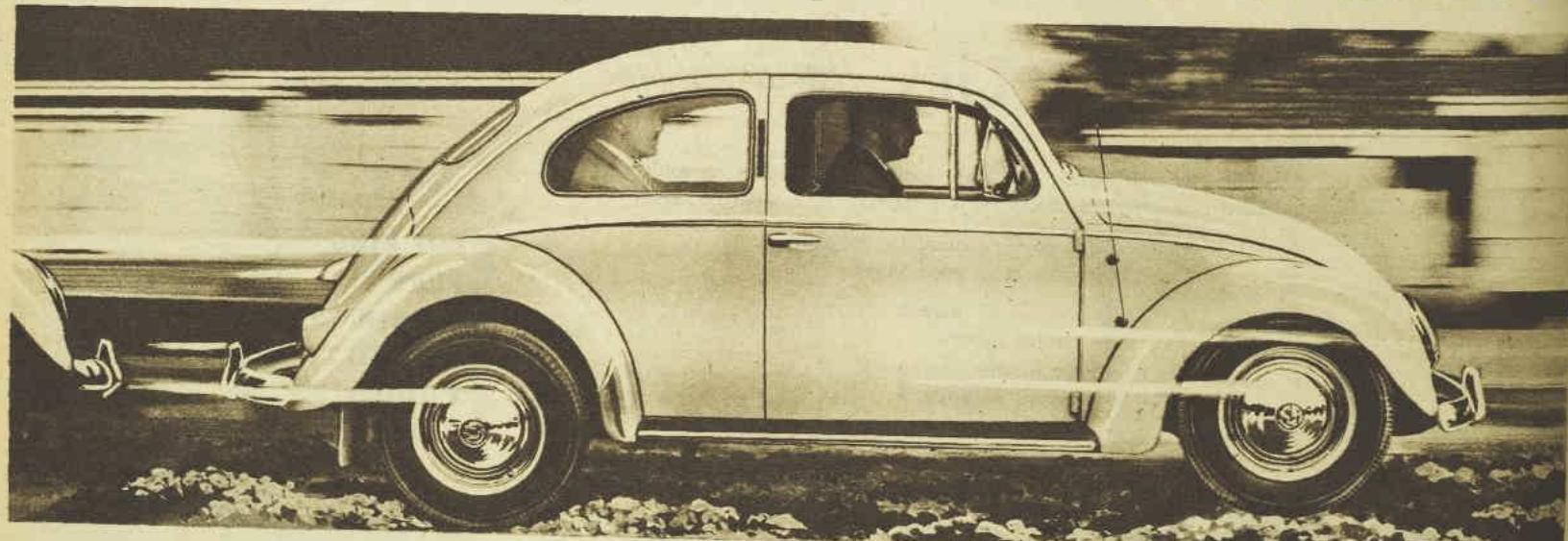
It goes without saying that your manicure must also be immaculate, and if you use varnish (pale shades, such as Italian pinks or discreet corals, are more fashionable just now than dark, strong reds) keep a bottle in your handbag to touch up any chips.

Finally, when you've made your hands something to be proud of, use them to advantage.

There's much to be learned from studying the graceful poised hands of famous actresses and ballerinas.

They will show you that a simple gesture—passing a teacup or reaching for a cigarette—can be an exercise in charm.

See how this Volkswagen sails over horror stretch . . .



Amazing  torsion-bar suspension on all four wheels absorbs every jar and jolt

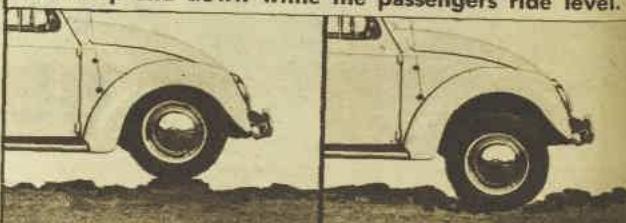
— it's exclusive to Volkswagen in its class.

Every day Volkswagens are meeting and beating "horror stretches" on Australian roads — even in suburban areas! You know the hazards of these sections — but watch how Volkswagen sails over them. With torsion-bar suspension, independent on all four wheels, VW runs in and out of potholes and ruts without sway or roll, floats over corrugations with no loss of traction or control.

Result! A smooth ride, free of jars and judders. The VW body is protected from damaging road shocks — no expensive body repairs develop later.

Longer life for your tyres, too. Because Volkswagen always keeps its track, there's no tyre scuffing. VW torsion-bar suspension gives you a smoother ride and saves you money year after year.

See how torsion-bar suspension works — the wheels move up and down while the passengers ride level.



Each wheel is independently sprung on torsion bars, which are designed to twist and withstand extreme stress. Each wheel

acts independently, absorbs the shocks it receives — never transmits them to the other wheels, or the body of the car.

VW457

THEY FOLLOW THE SUN—TO WORK

● Slim Dusty and his wife, Joy, follow the sun all the year round. In winter they go north to Queensland, as far as Cairns; when summer returns south again, they come back to New South Wales and Victoria.

MILLIONAIRES? Not yet, anyway. The sunshine tour is work for the principals of one of Australia's busiest travelling shows, who specialise in Australian country ballads.

Taking their home along with them—it's a bright blue "super-special" caravan called "Shiralee"—Slim and Joy are on the road with the Slim Dusty Show troupe for eleven months of the year.

"We love all the big shows—in Melbourne and in Brisbane—but Sydney's Royal is our favorite, because then we're really back home, even if it is only for three weeks," explained blue-eyed, sun-tanned Joy.

With the caravan parked in the backyard, Slim and Joy were briefly stationary at the home of her parents, school-teacher Mr. M. A. McLean and Mrs. McLean, in the Sydney suburb of West Epping.

Making the most of their short stay was their young daughter, Anne, a pigtailed five-year-old, who lives with her grandparents.

"Anne travelled with us from the time she was a tiny baby," said Joy. "But we decided she had better go to school in the one spot for a while."

"She was getting to know all the acts in the show far better than her ABC."

The Slim Dusty Show is billed as a "Super Western." The troupe of ten travel in caravans and trucks, taking with them their "big top"—a 50ft. frontage marquee with a giant boomerang pennant on top—two performing horses and four performing dogs.

They visit major cities in three States, and also country towns during the local agricultural shows.

Slim plays the guitar and sings Western "Aussie" ballads, many of them his own compositions. Joy, who plays the guitar and piano-accordion, sings as "Queen of the Aussie Cowgirls."

There are two other married couples in the troupe, the Fosters and the Hills.

Show manager Frank Foster, fourth generation member of a well-known show-business family, travels in a caravan with his 20-year-old wife, Merlene, who dances as "Princess Red Wing."

Allan and Alice Hill train the performing dogs, including Laddie, who rides a buck-jumper.

The show has been on the road for five years.

This year they've already been to Tasmania for the famous Hobart Regatta and to N.S.W.'s New England district for a short tour before coming to Sydney for the Royal Show.

Next they go west.

"We will play Dubbo, Bathurst, Wellington, Walgett, and Moree before hitting the road for the Queensland run," said Slim.

Somehow—in between the tours—Slim Dusty has managed to record nearly 100 songs, of which about 80 per cent. are his own compositions.

Last month he became the first Australian singer to receive a solid gold record from the company which handles his records. It commemorates the sale of his 250,000th disc in Australia.

The record is of his hit song, "The Pub With No Beer," a novelty bush ballad written by a friend, Gordon Parsons. Slim accompanies himself on the guitar for the song, which has already sold 40,000 records.

Joy, at 28, and Slim ("just a little worried because my nickname doesn't really suit

my shape any more"), at 30, have made quite a success of show business for young people.

"Joy and I both started young," said Slim, who was born Gordon Kirkpatrick and grew up on his father's 1000-acre farm in the Nulta Nulta Valley, outside Kempsey.

"Grandma was an Irish-woman—Sister Kirk—and she founded Kempsey's first maternity hospital. She and Dad brought me up singing Irish ballads."

Joy's childhood was also spent in the country as the family moved to different country towns with her schoolteacher father.

Slim and Joy met through their mutual interest in Australian ballads and were married in 1951.

This year's "sunshine run" has been carefully vetted by both Joy and Merlene Foster. They're both expecting babies, but, like traditional show people, plan to continue with the show until the last minute.

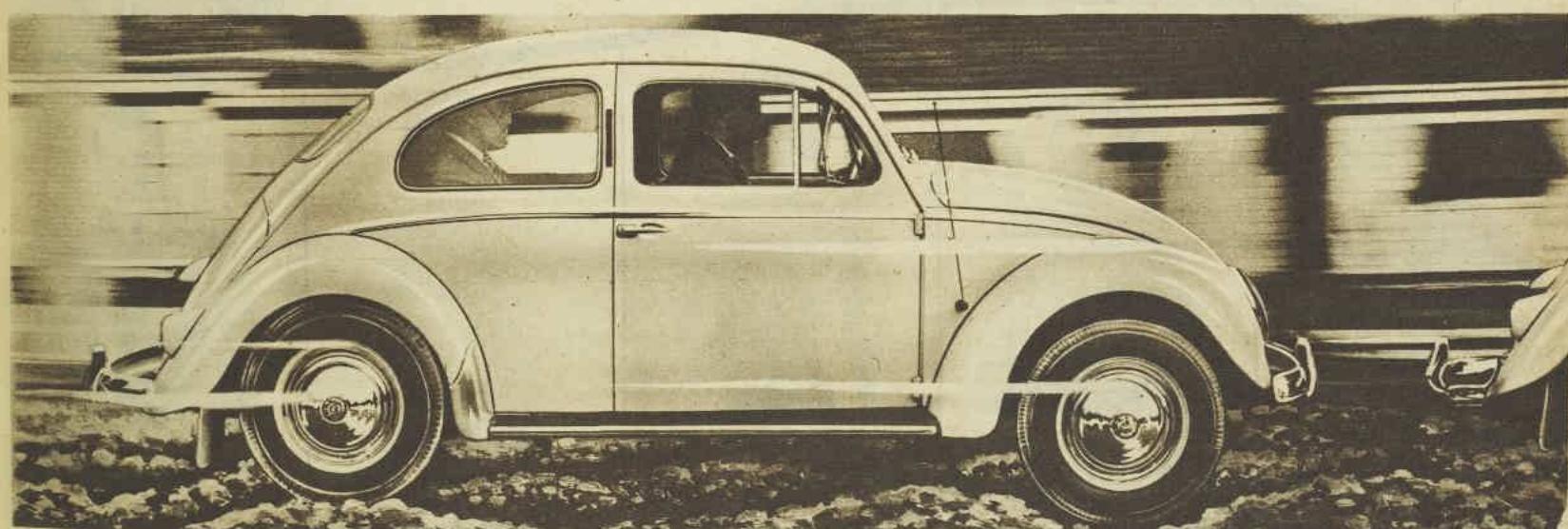
"My baby is due in June and I've worked out that we'll be in Bundaberg by then," said Joy. "That'll be good, because there's supposed to be a marvellous maternity hospital there—just look at the Lucke quads."

Merlene's baby is due in August, and we should be in Brisbane by then."



SLIM DUSTY, his wife, Joy, and their five-year-old daughter, Anne, at the door of their caravan. As the name of their moving home indicates, they are fans of D'Arcy McNamara, author of the novel "The Shiralee." The book tells the story of a swagman who took his small daughter on a long walkabout.

not a Round-Australia Trial track, but an unmade suburban road



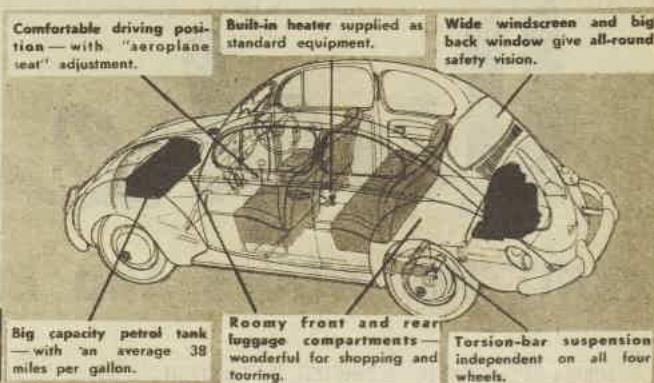
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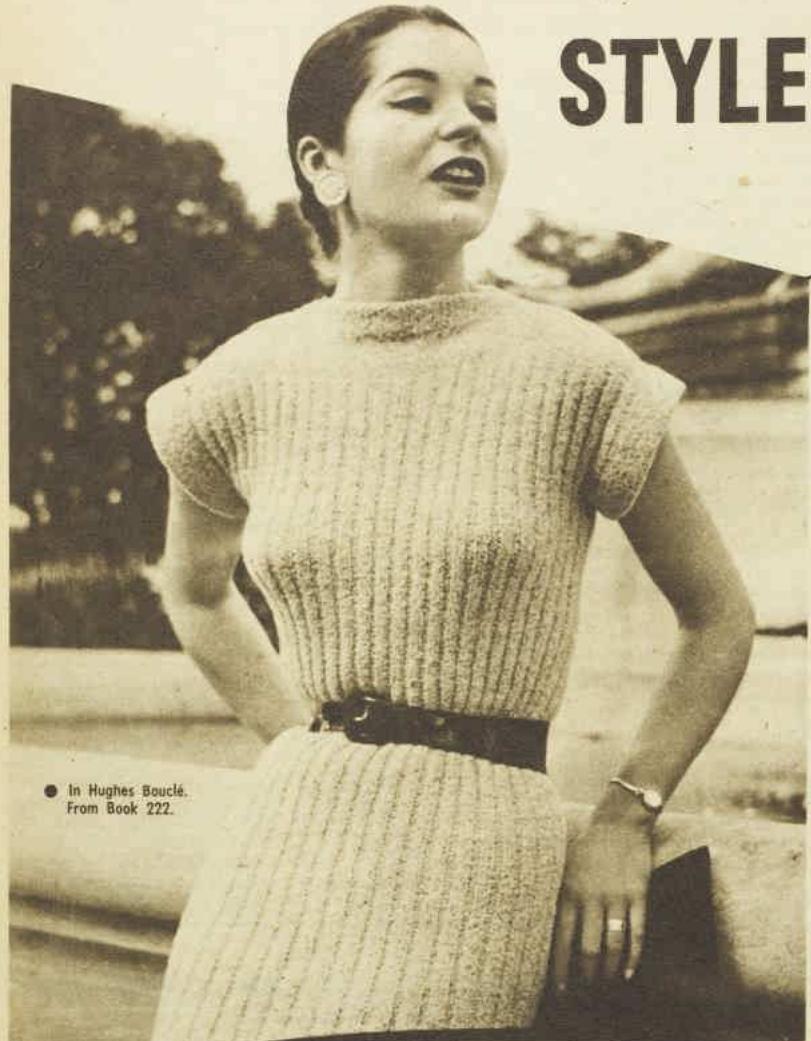


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(BLOCK LETTERS)

58.58



Here's your answer

● Reading my mail this week I have been amazed by the number of 13-year-old girls with problems of the heart. I cannot take seriously any youngster of this age who assures me that her feeling for a 14-year-old boy is the "real thing," not just "a crush."

I'll answer your letters collectively. Forget about love until you are older, and enjoy your early teens at school, sport, and with your family.

At your age you probably are influenced by romantic books and films, but I don't think you will find any modern make-believe heroine a mere 13-year-old.

You will be far happier

sharing the companionship and friendship of girls and boys your own age than worrying about your feelings for an individual 14 or 15-year-old boy.

Love will come later, so don't try to step out of your age group. Although you may be feeling very grown up, at 13 you are still a youngster with life ahead of you.

An 18-year-old also has a problem. She writes:

DISC DIGEST

ALTHOUGH I've always enjoyed watching Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire on the screen, their singing voices are well below their dancing standard. That's why I enjoyed "Mel Torme Sings Fred Astaire" (LTZA 15076).

This boy, who is called "the velvet fog," can put over a tune with taste and authority, and on this disc he has gathered the pick of songs from Astaire's films.

You'll recall Ginger Rogers, too, as you hear "A Fine Romance," "Top Hat," "Cheek to Cheek," "The Piccolino," and "Let's Call the Whole Thing Off."

Even if you didn't see Astaire and Rogers in their heyday, you'll enjoy these songs, in which Mel is supported by the Marty Paich Dek-tette, a stylish ensemble of 10 instrumentalists.

POLLS and check-ups on world record sales show that Tchaikovsky is the most popular classical composer.

His music has been given a severe punishing by the Tin Pan Alley boys, who have turned many of his lovely melodies into pops, but nearly everyone will enjoy "Familiar Themes from Tchaikovsky" (T.397) played by the Lamoureux Orchestra of Paris.

It introduces the best-known sections of the Piano Concerto No. 1, four dances from the Nutcracker Suite, the Romeo and Juliet Overture, and highlights from the Fifth and Sixth Symphonies, making a very economical buy.

The backing presents six Fritz Kreisler works, including "Caprice Viennais," "Schoen Rosmarin," and "Tambourin Chinois."

"I HAVE been going steady with a nice boy for several months, but he never introduces me to any friends he meets when I am with him. I am sure this is because he is very jealous and possessive, otherwise he is polite and thoughtful. Do you think I should speak to him about this, and, if so, how could I do it tactfully?"

"Wondering," N.S.W.

This young man should remember his manners. As long

AN adroit blend of sentiment and comedy assures a bright future for Gracie Fields' latest LP, "Our Gracie," on LKA 4182.

It's been a long while since we had a long-player from the Lancashire lass, and this is definitely the best selection she has given us.

There are 12 tracks, and her countless fans will be delighted to renew acquaintance with "classics" such as "The Biggest Aspidistra In The World," "I Took My Harp To a Party," and "Only a Glass of Champagne."

In direct contrast, Gracie sings "Bless This House," "Count Your Blessings," and "Now Is The Hour"—the song she has made peculiarly her own.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

By
LOUISE HUNTER

as you do not show too much interest in the boys he meets, there is no reason for his jealousy or failure to introduce you to his friends.

If, as you say, he is otherwise polite, he is as aware of his omission as you are. Ask him his reason, and from his answer you should find a tactful—but firm—way to tell him you expect to be introduced to his friends.

"I WOULD like to become a policewoman, and was wondering if you could give me any details on how I should apply for such a position?"

N.B., Mildura, Vic.

Conditions of entry for women into the Police Force vary between States. You should write to the Officer in Charge of Women Police, Police Headquarters, Russell St., Melbourne, who will supply the information you require.

"I AM nearly 16 and am very much attracted by an 18-year-old boy who is my brother's best friend. I have known him for some years, but when I open the door for him or answer him on the telephone he is very shy. I think he would ask me out except for his shyness and for fear of my brother's racking. Could you suggest some

THE cool, crisp feeling of autumn gives added zest to appetites, so here are recipes for savory dishes to add to the supper table when friends call.

Sausages are different if you cut a slit down the side of each, insert a piece of tasty cheese and a little pickle or chutney, then grill in the usual way.

Open-faced sandwiches are as good to look at as they are to eat. Try these two:

Butter a slice of brown bread, add three slices of tomato, arrange tinned anchovies on each tomato slice, and garnish with parsley.

On a piece of buttered white bread, place thin slices of cheese, arrange rows of shelled prawns and cucumber slices, and garnish with a small radish and a little parsley.

Before serving potato crisps, put them on a flat baking-tray, sprinkle generously with grated cheese, and bake in a hot oven for eight to ten minutes.

way in which he could be drawn out a little? He doesn't take out other girls."

"Jo-Anne," N.S.W.

I think you have suggested your own answer. When you meet him at the door or speak to him on the telephone, be natural and friendly. If he finds himself at ease as he talks to you, in time he will forget to be shy.

At present he seems to be at a stage where he is self-conscious when he is with any girl, but he will grow out of that.

Also, mightn't your brother help? If you tell him you like his friend, he could arrange a foursome at the pictures or at your home, when you could show the boy what pleasant company you can be and how much you enjoy his.

If you feel diffident about asking your brother, which I think is the best idea so that he will know not to tease, ask your parents to arrange the outing.

"WHILE visiting the home of my boy-friend's employer, his wife said she would prepare supper and left the room. My boy-friend thought I should have gone with her and helped her, but, as this was the first time I had met her, I did not think it necessary. What was the correct thing to have done?"

"Robina," Victoria.

Your best course would have been to have offered to help, which would have pleased your boy-friend and your hostess.

As this was your first visit, I can understand that you did not want to make yourself seem too much at home by following her to the kitchen.

An offer of help would have shown your consideration for your hostess' trouble, leaving her free to accept or refuse. Don't worry about it, however, as it wasn't really a social error.

NEW! A home-waving miracle CREST FOAM NEUTRALIZER



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CREST HOME PERMANENT
—the choice of lovely
Air Hostesses

C.47 WW66

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NEW DESIGNS TO MAKE from a PATTERN

● Here are six of the best-selling designs of the autumn-winter season, all of which can be made from a pattern. The patterns may be obtained, in stock sizes, from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. Address mail orders, including New Zealand and Tasmanian orders, to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.



4826

4826.—Straight-cut from shoulder to hemline, the design features a round, high, collarless neckline, a straight shoulder yoke, and twin slit pockets below waist-length. The sleeves are the new below-elbow length and uncuffed. Sizes 30 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 54in. material. Price 4/-.



4827.—Two-piece suit designed with a single-breasted hip-length jacket. The waistline is bypassed; the neckline finished with a fringed scarf-collar of soft material. The skirt is straight. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

4827



4824

4824.—Unwaisted and perfectly tailored one-piece has a bodice-top finished with a round collar and two patch pockets. The design is front-buttoned to the waist. Sizes 30 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 5½in. material. Price 4/-.



4828

4828.—One-piece dress belted high under bosom to achieve the Empire line. The bodice-top has a bateau neckline. Sizes 30 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 5¼in. material. Price 4/-.



4829

4829.—Chemise suit in the season's favorite silhouette is casual and easy fitting. The jacket is front-belted; the skirt is slim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 5¼in. material. Price 4/6.



4825

4825.—Classic chemise dress designed with a double-breasted fastening from neck to hemline. Perfect design to dress up or down with accessories. Sizes 30 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 5¼in. material. Price 4/-.

secure and safe all your life—not the way I was with your father."

Lisa remembered life with her father only too well. He had been all charm and gypsying instability like a bright-colored top. Safety had a strong appeal.

She was growing very weary of the pressure, so she stood silent and waited, as though the impulse to action must come from him.

"Lisa," he said impatiently. "I've put my cards on the table. As my wife, anything you want you can have, and all your life will be comfortable, orderly and sensible. Is that bad?" He spread out his broad hands in question. "I know you're not in love with me, but don't worry about that—I've got more than enough for both of us."

She might have said yes, because she had been close to it, if he hadn't managed to look so smug when he talked about his love. But the thought of Wallace advancing upon her with an overwhelming affection sufficient apparently for an entire harem daunted her.

"Wallace," she said. "I promise I'll think it over all day and tomorrow I'll tell you. My word of honor."

"Think over what?" he said indignantly. "It's so simple!" He stood looking at her with a bristling truculence, as though he would like to shake or slap her. Then he said, "Oh, all right, have it your own way. I'll wait one more day." He glanced at his watch. "I have to see Mrs. Burns and go over to Riverview House. But I'll be here tomorrow morning. And then no more dodging."

"No more dodging," she said, and he went out, his back stiffly offended with her.

Well, she thought, he has a right to be angry. She would have to wrestle her way to a conclusion today, for her own sake as well as his; lately she had been suffering the frayed nerves and taut temper of prolonged indecision. She looked about her.

There was a pile of letters to be answered, the staff sched-

Continuing . . .

Marry Me, Lisa

from page 19

ule had to be made up, the week's menu checked; and the newspaper should be mailed out to the patients' relatives. There was always plenty for a secretary to do at a plush nursing home such as Hilltop House.

The bright little office was like a wide-open tiger's mouth, demanding work. She stared at it a moment longer, and then unexpectedly, almost without meaning to, she walked through the open glass doors on to the terrace.

The expensive, comfortable summer furniture had already been put in place, but it was empty; most of the patients were at occupational therapy, and those who weren't were probably still in their steam-heated rooms. The old, with winter deep in their bones, advanced timidly upon the spring. As though she had been beckoned, Lisa went to the edge of the terrace.

The hill fell away below into the sunny depths of the next field, and there, thriving and stirring, like a little geyser about to gush up, was the carnival. Pennants danced from the tops of the tents and booths; the riderless rides were moving with chattering, steely noises as their machinery was tried out; men ran about with a look of finishing things; and the steady hammering had dropped to sporadic peckings of completion.

The merry-go-round started turning and "The Blue Danube" began. What's got into me, with all I have to do? Lisa wondered. But she remained standing there on the terrace.

Footsteps came slowly across the flagged terrace and someone said behind her, "Voices of spring. They do call you, don't they?"

She turned. As usual, Cartotta Hastings was immaculately dressed and straight as a sash. "Call me!" Lisa said, smiling. "Maul me, more likely—I haven't been able to get a lick of work done!"

She looked at the other woman with an unspoken ques-

tion; Mrs. Hastings should have been at occupational therapy. "I know I'm out of order, but I just couldn't face another potholder. You know what I should love to do?" She stood beside Lisa, staring down at the little carnival sparkling with life and music; the old, well-cared-for face was so alert with curiosity and eagerness than it seemed for a moment young again.

"I'd like to go down there for a last ride on a merry-go-round. To look at people having fun. To get my fortune told—and I hope they'd be tactful enough not to say I was about to go on a long journey."

Lisa felt a tremor of alarm; a merry-go-round was hardly the prescription for an eighty-year-old. "Don't even consider it," she said firmly. "It would be most unwise."

"Well, I ought to," she said, regaining her poise with difficulty. "I just discovered that for one entire night I didn't have a single staff member on the premises. The old folks were running the place themselves."

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



It's your lunch-hour, anyway, and I don't have to get back to the office for a while." He glanced at his watch and then resumed his intent, unnerving scrutiny. "Why don't you relax? Let's go down to the carnival—let's make friends."

She stared at him. She didn't believe he ever thought at all along ordinary, well-travelled, Wallace Corbett paths. And why did he want to make friends? If he was sailing next week, it was too late in the day for that.

She couldn't deny that once again she felt curiously drawn to him, as though he were beckoning her. To discourage that feeling, she pulled a fresh sheet of paper toward her and said, "Oh, I couldn't possibly do that."

"What nonsense," he said calmly. "What are you so scared of me for?"

"Scared of you?" she said with indignation. Something—perhaps his certainty that she would not go, or perhaps nothing more definite than the heady, reeling music of the carousel—suddenly impelled her in an entirely different direction. "All right. I suppose I can get coffee and a sandwich down there."

Looking pleased, he said, "Who knows what we can get down there? Come along."

It was a small, neat, well-run carnival. They sampled the rides, the games of skill, which he was amazingly good at, and as a result her arms were full of large boxes of chocolates and other prizes. They talked a great deal with a freedom and ease that astonished her; they had coffee and sandwiches under a green-and-white-striped awning; and the hour flashed by like a bolt of lightning.

As they were leaving they passed a tent on whose sign a bright, rayed eye peered sharply at a crystal ball. "Oh!" she said. "We have to get back, but we should have had our fortunes told."

She had had a wonderful time with him—so good a time that it confused her pic-

complex or difficult or tiring; he had been a young man taking a girl around, in high spirits and fine humor.

"There's no need to," he said. "I could tell you your fortune, but you wouldn't like it."

"I might," she said. She looked up at him, half charmed with him and the spring day, her head still hazy with merry-go-round music.

He wasn't looking at her. The field through which they were walking climbed before them to where Hilltop House loomed with its dark stone turrets and glittering windows. The terrace was occupied now by old people in lounges and wheel chairs, and a nurse went about like a moving patch of snow. Hilltop House was what he was looking at, his face deadly serious.

"I shall only get blasted, and I've been telling myself it's none of my business. It isn't. But you asked for it, so here's your fortune. There's a short, dark man in your life. He runs nursing homes. He is already rich and will get richer. He is dull, crazy about himself, absolutely unimaginative. You don't love him at all, but you do love a safe life and a safe bank account, so you're going to marry him, and in five years you'll wish that you were dead," he said.

She went on walking automatically, but the spring haze had been shocked out of her. She was angry and hurt. "You're cruel and you're rude," she said after a moment.

"Truthful, you mean," he said pleasantly. Don't misunderstand me; I'm not for madcap Bohemianism. That's nuts. But locking yourself into a gaol just because it's secure—that's dying too soon." He looked at her, his dark eyes sober.

"And don't misunderstand me about something else; I'm not trying to upset Corbett's apple-cart for personal reasons. I'm ambitious—if a good job called me that was five thousand miles away, I'd go. And what would I do with

To page 49

"TELL ME ANOTHER"

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Nurse's "rival" drew out evil spirits

By HELEN FRIZZELL, staff reporter

When Sydney girl Beth Symonds went to the outback town of Oodnadatta two years ago to work as a nurse, she packed dozens of books because she thought she'd have plenty of time to read. But she didn't open one of them.

As nursing sister at the Australian Inland Mission's hospital-hostel, Beth was kept busy with work, and also with bush hospitality.

Oodnadatta's a long way away—690 miles from Adelaide on the railway line to Alice Springs.

Beth went there in 1956 to become the sole medical authority within 300 miles. She'd never seen the outback before.

However, the ex-city typist-turned-nurse settled down happily in the wire-screened building, in country where the horizon runs away to nothingness and the only verticals are a few buildings, an

old steam engine, and some gum trees.

Pint-sized Beth, now back with her family in Sydney after finishing her tour of duty in Oodnadatta, loved the winter climate. And the summer heat didn't worry her.

"Beth caused consternation," said Catherine Loftis, who worked as a nurse's aid with Beth. "She never wore a hat or dark glasses, and she never burned."

The hospital had six beds for white and aboriginal patients, but Beth soon found that a major job was treating patients over the transceiver.

Twice a day Beth sent out the call sign 8OL (8 Oboe Love), heard reports of sickness or accidents from far-



BUSH NURSES Sister Beth Symonds, right, and Catherine Loftis, who worked at the Australian Inland Mission's hospital at Oodnadatta, Central Australia.

off properties, diagnosed over the air, prescribed treatment, and sent her patients to their identically equipped medical kits.

In cases of grave emergency, Beth could contact the Port Augusta Base Hospital and consult the Flying Doctor, who would come if necessary.

(The Royal Flying Doctor Service, pioneered by the Australian Inland Mission, is now a separate organisation receiving a Government subsidy.)

Sometimes Beth went herself.

She was called out one night to see a young woman and her new-born baby who lived on a property 120 miles away. A man in a Land Rover was waiting outside the hospital to drive her to the patient.

Aborigine patient

Beth bathed the baby, helped the new mother, and then travelled back to Oodnadatta across the gibber plains through the stunted trees.

Understanding as usual, Sister Symonds said: "The temperature? About 105, but I don't feel the heat. I did get a bit dusty, though."

Beth cared for sick aborigines passing through Oodnadatta, using "sign language" if they couldn't understand English.

She handed out "coughing medikin (medicine)" and "rubbing medikin," sewed up wounds brought on by fights, Oodnadatta.

Three times a year Beth went to church services held when the patrol padre visited Oodnadatta.

Some time ago, Beth Symonds had a particularly pleasant task to perform.

She announced Catherine Loftis' engagement to Ronald Wheatley, of Northbridge, N.S.W., over the Oodnadatta transceiver. Messages of congratulation poured in.

"In a way, it's due to The Australian Women's Weekly, which printed a Worth Reporting story about my return from Oodnadatta," said Catherine.

"Ronald didn't know I was down. He came to see me, and, well, we're being married at my home on May 3.

"Padre Fred Mackay, head of the Australian Inland Mission, will marry us. And Beth is going to be my bridesmaid."

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- 5 reasons why LAXETTES are the best laxative for children
- Safest
- No tummy upsets
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- Nicest to take

LAXETTES
the laxative for children



ABORIGINAL woman brings her baby in for treatment by Beth at the hospital.



Headaches go

You will find "Disprin" a much improved form of aspirin:

DISPRIN DISSOLVES. Disprin tablets dissolve quickly in water. This soluble form of aspirin naturally passes more rapidly into the bloodstream to relieve pain.

FAR LESS ACID. Disprin, being soluble and far less acid than ordinary aspirin and a.p.c., is far less likely to cause stomach upset.

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These are the reasons why Disprin is now recommended for the safe and rapid relief of headaches, feverishness, toothache, "flu" and rheumatic pains.

Period pains. Disprin at such times is a real blessing to women. Pain is relieved and the nerves are rapidly soothed. Keep the flat pack of Disprin in your handbag.

Ask your Chemist for Disprin



DISPRIN
dissolves pain
quickly and safely

How to get a job on the Continent

• Every year thousands of Australian girls set off to try their luck on a working holiday overseas. Here, Elizabeth Shaw, a Sydney secretary who has just returned home after working in Italy, France, and Monaco for two years, gives sound advice to "job-seekers that will help them to rely more on themselves and less on luck."

IT'S not too difficult to get a job in London because of the wide variety

of positions, but finding work in the other glamor capitals of Europe—Paris, Rome, Madrid, Vienna—can be a tricky business.

However, in the two years I was away I met Australian girls working all over the Continent—for millionaires on the Riviera, for diplomats in Rome, for businessmen in Paris, for film companies in Spain.

I met secretaries, nurses, teachers, salesgirls, and models who'd all succeeded in finding interesting jobs in exciting surroundings—and on good salaries, too.

There are one or two golden rules for Australian girls job-hunting on the Continent.

One important thing to do before leaving home is to brush up the French or German you learned at school. With English, these are the most important languages in Europe.

Once you've arrived and are job-hunting, the next golden rule is never to pay anyone who promises a job and asks a fee in advance. Girls

tourists are a favorite mark for European tricksters; you'll never get the job, or your money back.

The best sources of employment can be divided roughly into three types—international organisations and diplomatic offices, foreign companies, and what might be called "educational" jobs.

In cities like Geneva, Rome, Paris, Vienna, Bonn, and Madrid, there are branches of international organisations such as the United Nations, which employ large staffs of English-speaking secretaries and office workers.

At NATO headquarters in Naples, FAO offices in Rome, the ILO office in Geneva, and UNESCO and SHAPE headquarters in Paris, there are Australian girls working in all types of well-paid, interesting jobs—girls who, perhaps, used to catch the 8.30 tram to Smith & Smith Ltd.

Vacancies in these organisations are always occurring for good secretaries and efficient office workers.

A few months ago the FAO

office in Rome, for instance, had 30 vacancies for stenographers.

A high standard of efficiency, proof of training, and office tests are demanded by these organisations.

In return, they pay well—£25 to £30 sterling a week for a stenographer is quite common—and provide excellent working conditions, which often include luxurious staff canteens, swimming pools, and tennis courts.

By "high standard of efficiency" I mean a good shorthand speed (about 100-120 words per minute) and good typing (60 w.p.m.).

Casual work

On the diplomatic level, each large city has embassies, legations, or consultates representing a score of countries, which are constantly in the market for good secretaries, either for full-time or casual work.

In diplomatic offices, a good knowledge of French is a big advantage.

A Sydney girl I met in Rome, who had worked there

OFF TO EUROPE. Thousands of Australian girls go abroad each year by ship and air to try to have a working holiday in Europe. Many are successful, as this article reveals.

American airline to escort sick passengers.

She had travelled to India, South America, the U.S., and all over Europe with invalids.

The Riviera is the mecca for many Australian girls job-hunting in Europe. Monte Carlo, Nice, and Cannes, in that order, are the best places to go if you want work.

Nurses, secretaries, and salesgirls have the best chances of finding a job in the sunshine playground—with Monte Carlo probably their best bet.

Monaco has hundreds of foreign company offices taking advantage of the no-tax laws.

Monte Carlo probably has a bigger demand for nurses than any other place in Europe; the invalid population, mainly English and American, is amazing.

Australian working girls have a deservedly high reputation for efficiency, and, for the new arrivals, that's half the battle.

NEW EXCITING WAYS TO SERVE

Foster Clark's creamy custard

Quick . . . delicious . . . economical!



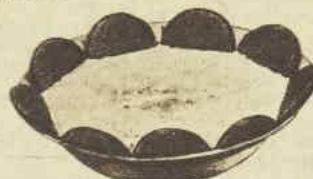
Serve thick and creamy topped with ice-cream

for a luscious-looking, economical sweet.

STRAWBERRY CRUNCH

1 level tbsp. Foster Clark's Custard Powder, ½ pt. milk, 1 oz. sugar, 2 lbs. strawberries, 1 lb. honey topping, few drops cochineal, ½ lb. honey biscuits.

Make custard as packet directs. Cool and stir in topping and cochineal. Place biscuits in dish in layers and pour custard over. Chill.



PARADISE PEACH PIE

It's the Custard that makes it heavenly!

2 level tbsps. Foster Clark's Custard Powder, ½ pt. milk, 1 oz. sugar, ¼ lb. dried peaches or apricots, stewed, sweetened and drained (or 8-oz. can of fruit halves), 4 oz. biscuit pastry.

Make custard as packet directs, return to saucepan and cook 2-3 minutes, stirring vigorously. Chill. Line 7" pie plate with pastry and bake in hot oven till golden brown. When cool, fill with alternate layers of fruit and custard until ingredients are used, finishing with custard. Decorate with fruit and serve cold with juice to taste.

SERVE HOT! SERVE COLD! SERVE FOSTER CLARK'S CREAMY CUSTARD IN SO MANY WAYS!

"A wife who'd howl about that?"
"You're the last man I'd ever consider as a husband," she said with an angry bitterness.

They had reached his car, parked in the driveway, and his hand caught her wrist. "All right," he said. "But don't waste yourself on that frog—you're such a pretty thing."

She was suddenly caught up in a boiling chaos of mixed feelings so confused that all she could do was run up the steps of Hilltop House. She could hear them still rolling and tumbling on the ground, like bits of a falling world.

It was a miserable afternoon. All the work she tackled she had to do over and over, because between her and it kept coming, no longer Wallace's face, but Bill Stuart's.

His voice, saying with casual cruelty, "... love a safe life and a safe bank account ... in five years you'll wish you were dead ... not trying to upset Corbett's apple-cart for personal reasons ..." accompanied the tapping of her typewriter, blurred the words she tried to write. And all afternoon long, down in the field, the carnival jingled and sang and vibrated like something sent to drive her mad.

It was beginning to grow dark when she drew the cover over her typewriter with a sigh that was more like a groan. She switched on the desk-lamp and glanced at the clock. She did not want to go home. Almost as soon as she got in the door her mother would begin nagging about marrying Wallace.

But she certainly did not want to stay here. The clock's bland face turned into Bill Stuart's, and she heard him saying, "You're such a pretty thing."

She jumped up, angry at herself, as the office door opened.

"Have you seen Carlotta Hastings?" Mrs. Burns seemed anxious. "She didn't come down to the dining-room, and we've been hunting all over for her. Nobody's seen her for a couple of hours."

"She hasn't been here," Lisa

Continuing . . .

Marry Me, Lisa

from page 46

said wearily. "She's just some place you haven't looked."

"There's no place I haven't looked." The friction of worry was in the woman's voice, charge nurses were not supposed to mislay their patients. You'd better call her people—she might have gone there."

"If she hasn't they'll get into a sweet panic." Trying to shove aside her own confusions, Lisa stood there, thinking into the quiet of the small room the sound of the carnival insinuated itself: it was not so noisy now because the afternoon crowd had gone home to dinner, and the evening crowd had not yet arrived. It was hardly more than a faint pulsing of music and scattered laughter down there in the darkening meadow.

Suddenly she remembered Mrs. Hastings standing beside her on the terrace, and the look in her eyes. "I can guess where she is—she was full of it this morning. Down at the carnival—I couldn't be more certain."

"Oh, gosh!" Mrs. Burns cried. "Eighty years old, with a weak heart. But I bet you're right—she said something to me, too, about wanting to see it." She hesitated, as though she couldn't quite get her feet going. "The night boy's just arrived. I'll take him and my car and go by the road, so if she's there she won't have to walk up the hill. Mr. Corbett had better be told she's missing," she added gloomily. "Will you call him? And hold the fort?"

"Of course," Lisa said. "Don't worry."

In a few moments, gears scrambling and screaming Mrs. Burns' car had churned away. I'd better call mother, as well as Wallace, and tell her not to wait dinner, Lisa thought. She heard the clatter of silverware on china from the dining-room, the bird-flock voices of old people, the dumb-waiter humming as it carried trays to the upper floors. Hilltop House was going on about its orderly business.

I wonder if Carlotta got her

fortune told? she asked herself unhappily as she went to the telephone.

When they brought Mrs. Hastings back, she was trembling, exhausted and so precariously alive that Lisa had no appetite for the good dinner the cook served her. She ate as much as she could and went upstairs again. The house was settling down for the night.

Mrs. Burns' broad white back was turned as she busied herself at the table. Beside the old woman's bed, her hand held tenaciously, securely in his, Dr. Stuart sat watching her. It was the look on his face that Lisa carried away with her. How could a man she had thought cruel look as tender and gentle as that?

When she reached the office Wallace was there. "How is she?" he said. He had been called away from a dinner at which he was to have been the

way!" Wallace walked up and down, his short, nervous body almost hopping with annoyance. "What came over her?"

After the quiet of the dinner hour the carnival had started up again and was now operating at the top of its brassies lungs. Lisa went over to the french doors and looked at it. It was like a bowl of bright stars set down in the spring meadow. She could see the horses rising and falling as they circled their endless track; she could see the Ferris wheel revolving in its spangle of lights; she heard laughter and the merry young music of the carousel.

"She wanted to have her fortune told," she said slowly, "and take one last ride on a merry-go-round."

"At her age?" he said contemptuously. "It may well be her last ride. People should behave with common sense—at any age." He went over and slammed the french doors shut.

Suddenly it seemed to Lisa that she could hear doors being shut for the rest of her life—a lifetime of doors being closed against anything that didn't wear the blue ribbon of common sense.

"Wallace," she said. "I'm sorry, but I've made up my mind. I'm not going to marry you."

For a moment she saw that he was still too preoccupied with the annoying carnival and the reckless Mrs. Hastings to take in what she had said. Then he turned around and stared at her with an air of shocked affront.

"Now, Lisa—" he began.

"There's no use talking," she said. "I'm absolutely certain. I will not change. Wallace, I won't marry you."

Knuckles tattooed discreetly against the frame of the open office door. "I beg your pardon," Dr. Stuart said, his face bland and expressionless.

"I gave Mrs. Hastings a shot of coramine and she rallied beautifully." He tucked his stethoscope back into his pocket. "A day or so of rest from her high

jinks and she'll be fine. She said it was worth it."

"Worth it!" Wallace said. He looked at Lisa with a glare of frustration, but Bill Stuart was sitting down at the desk, uncapping his fountain pen and taking Mrs. Hastings' chart from the rack with the leisurely air of a man who had all evening.

Wallace hesitated doggedly for a moment before he picked up his coat, hat, and gloves. "If I'm needed, I'll be at the dinner, then home. Good night." He went out.

Dr. Stuart continued to say nothing; he began to write without looking at Lisa, his only comment, if it was one, a slight smile.

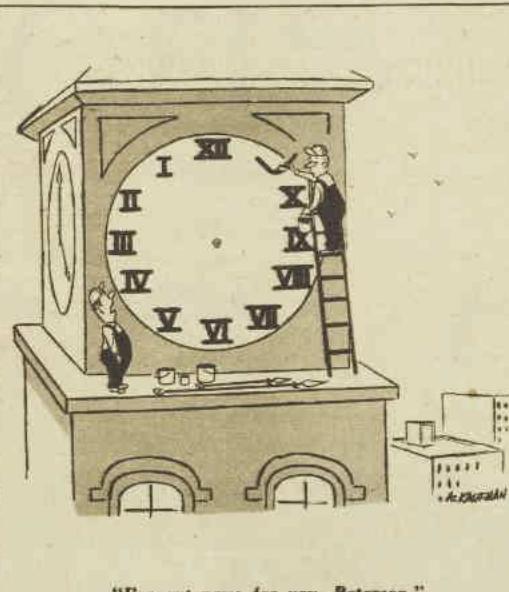
Lisa went over to the doors that had been slammed so firmly a few minutes ago, flung them open with a feeling of complete and enormous relief, and walked out on to the terrace. The warm, soft darkness rang and jingled and sang; spread out on the meadow below were lights and romping noises, like a merry invitation to live. She heard Bill Stuart's footsteps behind her.

"I couldn't help noticing you'd turned down Mr. Corbett," he said quietly. "It was noticeable." He stood beside her, close enough for her to feel the rough tweed of his coat against her arm. "I don't say you'd get as much money with me, but you'd be really happy, Lisa." His hand closed hard around hers. "I hear they're going to have a display of fireworks very soon. Shall I stay?"

As though his touch had triggered it, a rocket roared up out of the little lighted bowl below them, higher and higher, to burst suddenly into a rain of colors—blue, red, green—until the whole dark night seemed to be exploding in that colored rain.

With a feeling of joy that rose like the rocket, she abandoned Wallace's platitudes and bank accounts for a lifetime of fireworks. "Yes," she said. "Stay."

(Copyright)



"I've got news for you, Peterson."

Lisa had not expected Mrs. Hastings' door to be open, which was probably what made her look in as she walked past. It took her only a moment to go by that open door, but what she saw went with her down the length of the long hall.

Carlotta Hastings was propped up in bed, her face a faded grey, her eyes closed.

principal speaker and he was not pleased; even his topcoat, gloves, and hat flung on a chair had an ill-tempered look. "The old fool," he added.

That angered Lisa: Mrs. Hastings had certainly been foolish, but she wasn't a fool.

"I don't know," she said shortly. "Dr. Stuart is still with her."

"Blast that carnival, any-

New Tact stick deodorant

Exclusive twist action
propels Tact stick
as you use it

Contains G11
(hexachlorophene)
for all day protection

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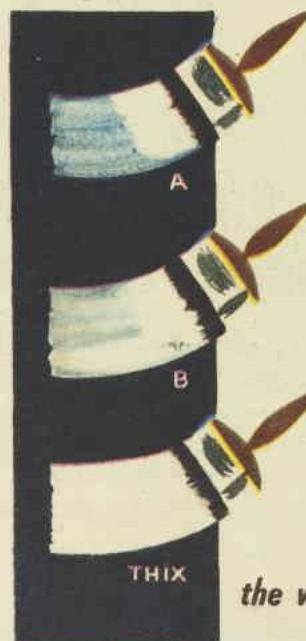
TO81A

Page 49

one coat is enough with THIX easy to apply on any surface



19 new colors! On sale everywhere!



The only true one coat paint!
We'll prove it!

There are several other big-selling, flat-finish wall paints for interiors that claim to give "one coat" cover. Come into any Taubmans showroom and we'll put these other paints in front of you together with a can of Thix. We suggest using white paint on any dark wallboard, because that's the best test of a thorough one coat cover.

You can put the paints on the wallboard yourself — or we'll do it for you.

The different results will be no more exaggerated than the graph we show at left. Paints A and B give a "one coat" cover with varying degrees of success.

You'll see that Thix gives a completely satisfactory one coat cover in any color with brush or roller.

THIX

the velvet paint for interior walls and ceilings

Continuing . . . The Eye Of Love

from page 21

thin neck, wasted like all the rest of her person, reared scraggier than ever; her fine dark eyes, sunken from sleeplessness, made charcoal holes in the pallid mask of her face. Martha—again for the first time—regarded her aunt appreciatively. At that moment, she would have liked to try to draw her. But it obviously wasn't the right time to get a chalk.

"When things are too much for you," said Dolores deliberately, "you have to give way and take your best chance. Try to remember that."

"Am I going somewhere?" asked Martha uneasily.

"I expect so," said Dolores. "I can't help it. Remember that, too."

Extraordinarily, her mouth full of kipper, Martha choked. More extraordinarily still, she thrust back her chair, and stamped round the table, and pushed her head into her aunt's lap.

"I can earn half-a-crown a week regularly," muttered Martha, "for writing cards in shops. Or nearly half-a-crown, anyway one-and-nine. I've been doing it. I have tried

"Have you? Harry always told me you'd be a comfort," said Miss Diver sadly. "Really a whole one-and-nine?"

"I know it isn't enough," muttered Martha.

Dolores didn't pretend. They were both of them past pretending.

"Just remember we've been fond of each other," said Dolores, sadly.

Miss Diver posted her letter on the Friday. During the next five days, except for the weekend period when Mr. Phillips required her attendance, she kept almost entirely to her bedroom; and when Martha tried to come in sent her off on an errand. (To buy a reel of silk at the Praed Street draper's. Martha was feeling so depressed she didn't even turn from the Haberdashery into the Vellings, where she still kept up good relations.) Though no time had been happy for her, of late, in Alcock Road, this was by far

the unhappiest. —Mr. Phillips, however, as Martha grew daily more subdued, appeared to notice nothing save a welcome, halcyon calm.

"Mind you, it's too late now," he warned.

"What is?" asked Dolores.

"Martha behaving as though butter wouldn't melt in her mouth."

"Everything's too late," said Dolores.

"And may I ask what you mean by that?" inquired Mr. Phillips sharply.

"Nothing," said Dolores. (Only that roses withered, only that the tide of love ebbed, only that a mistress too un-demanding must look to be discarded . . . nothing.) "Nothing," repeated Dolores; and opened the dictionary where he'd just told her to, at L for love, with placative haste.

"Did you say a word of six letters or seven, Arn?"

It took her a long time to get ready, when Wednesday arrived, for she wished to look her best; even so she was out of the house before six, before Mr. Phillips returned. She should thus have reached Knightsbridge in very good time, and in fact did so.

At the entrance to the block of flats, however, her courage failed, and she walked away again. It wasn't only that the uniformed commissionaire intimidated her—guarding the portals to a world of such evident wealth and luxury; now that she was so near to coming face to face with her King Hal again, she was overtaken by panic.

"I must be calm and dignified," thought Dolores—walking on while she mastered the hysteria of her nerves. "I must show how little I care . . ." She walked until she was tired out, gathering her courage and losing it again, summoning her poise and panicking again; and in the end was the last guest to arrive.

The first guests to arrive had been Miss Harris and

Miss Molyneux. They'd looked forward to the party immensely, and meant to crown the evening by going to a cinema together afterwards, unless Miss Molyneux clicked. (Miss Harris never clicked. As she recognised herself, she hadn't the figure.) "We won't stick together all evening, dear," murmured Miss Molyneux, as they entered, "we'll just meet downstairs afterwards, unless." Neither of them had any idea of not staying till the very end.

Someone has to be first, or how would any party start?—

Cheerfulness and content are great beautifiers, and famous preservers of youthful looks.

—Charles Dickens

and how graciously Miss Joyce received them! How well she looked! ("Blue's certainly your color, Miss Joyce," said Miss Harris admiringly. "If I may say so, it certainly is!") Mr. Gibson, too, they admired, in a handsome dark suit; his manner was slightly absent, which was not to be wondered at, so near the happy day, but perfectly kind, and as for Mr. Joyce, he greeted them like old friends.

"Here come my two young ladies from Kensington!" cried Mr. Joyce, introducing them to Miss Joyce's aunt. "Why ever must I be in Bond Street?" It was all as jolly as could be, and with further cordial exchanges, and all the lovely buffet to look at before it was spoilt, the time fairly flew until more people came.

Soon they were coming in a rush, the drawing-room filled. All the bridesmaids turned up, and their parents,

the Grandjeans and the Conrads, and old Mr. Demetrios, and a sufficiency of unattached men, and several of the staff from Joyce's, democratically mingling.

The noise was like the noise in a swimming-bath, the atmosphere, as each lady added her quota of scent, like that of a high-class florist's. Mr. Joyce, as the champagne-cocktails resolved into neat champagne, developed a tendency to make speeches. "Do I know why we're putting on this party? I don't," proclaimed Mr. Joyce, amid universal plaudits. "In one week, it will be put on again. All fathers with daughters going to marry I warn here and now—not one wedding-party they'll want, but two or three! So they push around their old Papas!"

Miranda, again to applause, hid behind her fiance. No one took Harry's lesser vivacity amiss, he was by now accepted as a bit of a dull dog, and it was famous that he spent every evening at Knightsbridge. "A son-in-law in a thousand" people told Mr. Joyce; who from time to time nipped behind the buffet to open more champagne himself.

It was very late when Miss Diver entered; but when she did, nothing could have given Miranda greater satisfaction than, in every sense, her appearance.

It was to a certain degree fashionable. Gay jumpers were in fashion, and Dolores was gay as a Spanish shawl. In fact it was made from a Spanish shawl; she had made it herself. Tiny tilted hats were in fashion, and she had bought a new one. Black fox was still fashionable fur, all women were wearing a good deal of make-up: Miranda was still well satisfied by Miss Diver's appearance.

She caught sight of her at once, across the length of the room; not for an instant, in the thickest of the party, had she forgotten to watch the

door. Dolores paused just within, as it happened beside Miss Harris and Miss Molyneux, momentarily converging to compare notes. ("I believe it will be the movies, dear," murmured the latter philosophically. "So far I've just given my telephone number . . .") They eyed the newcomer curiously—Miss Molyneux with a lift of the brows. "Are you from Joyce's?" asked Miss Harris kindly. Dolores shook her head—and continued to stare round the room at where Harry Gibson stood.

To feast her eyes on him, for the last time, was her only admitted motive in coming; and if there had been foolish hopes, hopeless dreams, un-admitted, they died now, killed by the brilliance of the company and the luxury of the room. She didn't distinguish, to recognise, Miss Joyce; it was a scene, to Dolores, simply overpowering—and Mr. Gibson stood at its centre. To this world of brilliance and luxury, it broke on her, rightly belonged. This was the moment when she finally surrendered him. Dolores feasted her eyes indeed, but did not, now, even want him to see her . . .

Harry didn't see her . . .

MIRANDA watched him impatiently—they were a little separated. He had actually been facing towards the door; now he turned, giving way before a cluster of guests. Miranda couldn't wait a moment longer. In a moment, she managed to regain his side.

"There's someone you know, Harry!" whispered Miranda playfully. "See, an old friend!"—and pointed Miss Diver out to him.

Thus to Miss Diver's moment of defeat succeeded Miranda's moment of triumph. Watching Harry's face, she saw her plan so successful, she almost laughed with pleasure. How appalled poor Harry looked! and what wonder! For it was hard to say which was most grotesque, the ill-cut garish jumper, or the ropy old black fox, or the fashionable hat perched uneasily on such coils

of ropy hair, or the long be-daubed countenance beneath. Perhaps the last: Miss Diver having indeed laid on her cosmetics with a liberal and shaking hand.

"Go and speak to her, Harry!" urged Miranda. "Go and say something nice!" She thought he would never move.

He moved then. Stiffly, one stiff step after the other, Mr. Gibson crossed the room; a stiffly Miss Diver stood and watched him come alone, for the girls beside her had drifted away. —Miranda glanced round for her parent, and edged through the crowd to slip behind the buffet.

"Look, Dadda, over there!" "Look at what?" asked Mr. Joyce, with his nose in a champagne bucket.

"At Harry's Past!" whispered Miranda. "She's here, I invited her! Haven't I been clever?"

From Mr. Joyce's expression, as he slowly straightened and turned, he was about to tell his daughter that on the contrary she had been a great fool—he looked as appalled as Harry. —But at that moment a shifting in the crowd gave him a clear view to the door and though of Harry he could see only the broad back, it was plain towards what person he advanced. No more than a yard or so now separated them and Miss Diver standing alone was in full view.

Mr. Joyce stared unbelievingly.

"Holy smoke!"

Miranda giggled.

"It is, Dadda! Harry's Past! I can't think what he's going to say to her! Come and hear!"

"Not on your life," said Mr. Joyce promptly—still staring in a trance of mingled amazement and compassion. "Poor old Harry!" he marvelled. "A skeleton! A bag-of-bones! A kiss of death! And you don't go either," he added swiftly. "Let Harry tell her good evening, and I'll send a boy to break it up . . .

But Miranda didn't want to miss the fun; she started away;

To page 54

MOTHER KNOWS BEST . . .

She buys PROTEX because it's best for the whole family

Reasons why Mother buys Protex

- * Medicated to guard against skin blemishes.
- * Banishes odour-causing bacteria from the skin
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Wilkins Servis has an entirely different kind of agitation . . . a real washing action. Scientifically designed fins sweep a w-i-d-e 225° arc—54 times a minute. Clothes stay tangle-free . . . washing is quicker, cleaner, surer.



Just look at that whiteness—that brightness. It's cleaner than copper-boiling because Wilkins Servis super washing action creates 20 times more suds turbulence.



Giant 12" rollers of the pressure cleanse wringer adjust automatically from blankets to hankies (note 1" wooden block with rollers still gripping flimsy paper). Wringing lifts dulling film, brightens clothes.

Behind the fashion-styled lines of the Wilkins Servis Console Cabinet is a handy storage cupboard. ▶

Page 52

*So fast...
So efficient*

* *So wonderful to own!*

**Wilkins
Servis**

Once again Wilkins Servis has come top in the latest series of washing machine tests conducted by Mrs. Kay Seton. Top for speed . . . top for efficiency and top for ease! Matched against other main types of washers, Wilkins Servis again and again proves itself the finest washing appliance in Australia.



Throw away that dipper—Wilkins Servis fills or empties automatically in seconds. Note Master Control on the top corner nearest you. All action can be stopped or started instantly by a touch of this control.



"Let me check the time," said Mrs. Seton. "Why, in 12 minutes you've completed a load of over two dozen items." Wilkins Servis has 18 wonderful high-speed features that "get-it-over-quickly"—leaving you fresh.



Mrs. Seton, noted Home Laundry Advisor says:

"Of all brands tested I found Wilkins Servis scored most points for ease of control, for speed and for efficiency. Tests revealed Wilkins Servis gets the ideal family load of 9 lb. of washing out on the line in only 12 minutes."

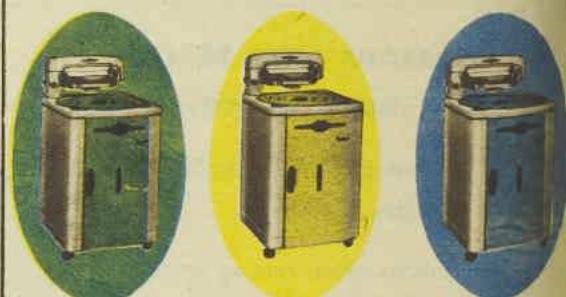
Wilkins Servis gives you finer appearance, greater efficiency and years-ahead features. Because Wilkins Servis offers you so much, you may think its price is far higher. Not at all! Compare it with ordinary washers.

* **GUARANTEED 5 YEARS**
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**Plus Complete
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 23, 1959

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Boys' "Stretchy-Seat" Briefs

Action-styled for comfort and fit

Form-fitting comfort with every movement • Made from finest suede interlock cotton fabric • Wash easily, dry quickly. Need no ironing • Elastic waistband lasts the life of the garment • Available in sizes 22"-32"

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Boys' Interlock T-shirts with nylon reinforced neck and cuffs 8/6
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Junior Athletics in Warm Interlock

- Give smooth and comfortable fit.
- Warm and highly absorbent fabric.
- Will always keep their shape and fit.
- Bond's Junior Athletics wash easily, dry quickly, need no ironing.

5'11

Is he springing up like a cornstalk?

Bond's new Junior **SPRINGBAKS**

grow up with him

7'11

- These are the first "Springbaks" for boys.
- 100% s-t-r-e-t-ch nylon. One size fits all.
- Perfect fit. No wrinkles. No cramped toes.
- Available in patterns or plain style.
- Wash easily...dry overnight.

FOR COMFORT AND FIT, IT MUST BE KNIT...BUY

BOND'S

Continuing . . .

The Eye Of Love

from page 51

"Oh, was it for you, too, my darling?" cried Miss Diver.
"Was it for you?" cried Mr. Gibson—in agony.

"I just wanted to die," wept Miss Diver. "Oh, Harry, I've had to take a lodger!"

"Look," said Mr. Joyce urgently, "why not write to each other? In letter—"

"A chap?" demanded Harry Gibson—afame with jealousy. "I couldn't help it. And, oh, Harry—"

"I knew it!" groaned Mr. Gibson. "I should never have left you, you're too attractive! But I'll never leave you again, my darling! Say you believe me!"

"How can I?" sobbed Dolores.

"Yes, how can she?" put in Mr. Joyce.

"Because I swear it!" shouted Harry Gibson.

"Then you are swearing what is not true," said Mr. Joyce gravely. "Wait, and think, before you swear any more."

At last, his words produced a brief silence. For the first time, he had gained their attention. "I must hit hard," thought Mr. Joyce. He waited as long as he dared, until he saw Harry on the very verge of breaking out again, before he went sternly on.

"You are wrong to say such things, Harry," rebuked Mr. Joyce. "I wouldn't have thought it of you. How can you bring yourself to say them, when in a week you are going to be married?"

Again there was a pause. He had spoken impressively enough, he thought, to bring them to their senses; but judged it wise, (though he was a kind man), to re-administer the bitter, dream-dispelling dose. He deliberately addressed himself to the poor woman.

"When in a week he is going to marry my girl Miranda," said Mr. Joyce.

"No, I'm not," said Harry Gibson.

Once when Mr. Joyce was a little boy holidaying with his parents in the Black Forest, the tree under which they all sheltered from a storm had been struck by lightning. All escaped harm, but it was the small boy who kept his head—remembered where the carriage was, remembered to collect the picnic-basket. (Jumped and capered, and made his father jump and caper, to convince Mama they were still alive.) The years had brought no weakening of this fibre: even at the thunderbolt-instant of Harry's perfidy, Mr. Joyce kept his head.

He thought rapidly and coherently. There were a great many points to think of; but first things first, and the first point was that just across the hall was a party in full swing. —Or perhaps breaking up: Mr. Joyce looked at his watch, partly to check this and partly to see how long he had been away. As he suspected, it was after eight o'clock; also the passionate and dismaying interlude had occupied barely ten minutes. There was still time to save the immediate bacon.

"Harry boy," said Mr. Joyce, with a certain greatness, "come back with me now to the party and help Miranda say goodbye."

As well he might, Harry Gibson stared.

"Didn't you hear what I said?"

"I heard all right," agreed Mr. Joyce mildly. "And of course it must be talked about."

To page 57



Australia's loveliest blankets

Soft, sleep-inducing Laconia Lamb's Wool Blankets are lovelier than ever in their superb range of glorious pastel shades, rich contemporary plain colours and gay checks. Choose from plain or bound styles in all sizes from King to Cot.

Laconia

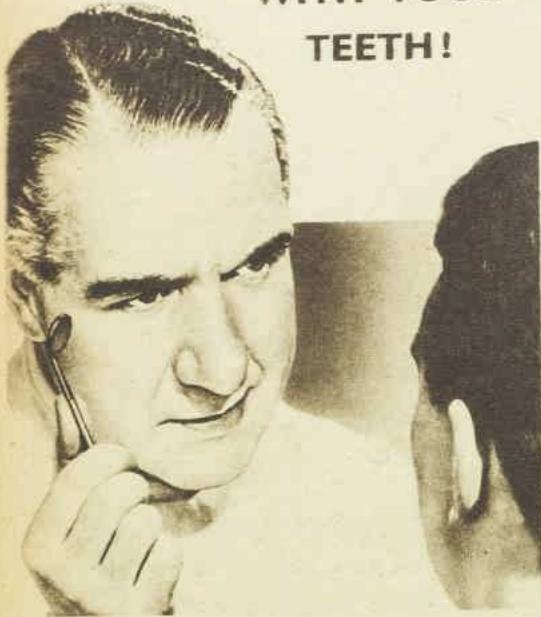
PURE LAMB'S WOOL BLANKETS

Moth-proofed by the latest
SI.RO.-MOTH'D process

Make "goodnight" a certainty

THERE'S NOTHING IN THE WORLD LIKE WOOL

DON'T TAKE CHANCES
WITH YOUR
TEETH!



New
MACLEANS
PEROXIDE TOOTH PASTE
keeps teeth whiter
and healthier...

Use Macleans Peroxide Tooth Paste . . . feel the tingle as its unique ingredient goes to work, killing decay germs, protecting your teeth and gums! Try Macleans and see how white your teeth are — that means they're cleaner and therefore safer from decay. You'll love the cool, refreshing taste of Macleans — and your breath will be sweet the whole day long.



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Staisweet
Stay as sweet as you are with
Staisweet
The Deodorant you can trust
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KEEPING COOKING UTENSILS spruce and clean is a big job in the kitchen. See cleaning hints on this page.

Miss Precious Minutes says . . .

● Here are some domestic short-cuts that will help to lighten the daily round for the busy housewife.

IF you are prepared to do the job yourself, you can give your home a brand-new look with a change of wallpaper without necessarily spending a lot of money.

It is, of course, most important to have the right implements at hand for wallpapering, and to use them with a certain amount of skill.

The list of requisites includes a small trowel and material for filling spaces, glasspaper, a seam-roller, a rule, pencil, and shears, a paste-brush, paperhanger's brush, and a packet of paste.

For preference use a non-staining paste that dries free of marks. Always mix paste according to the instructions on the packet. It's a good idea to add a small quantity of methylated spirit to the mixture to keep out silverfish.

* * *

LOOSEN grease spots in the oven by leaving a small dish of ammonia in it overnight. The stains can be removed more easily the next day with a damp cloth. Use steel wool for the really stubborn marks.

* * *

YOU can often remove lipstick stains from washable fabrics by working glycerine in to loosen the stain, then washing in the usual way. Soap should not be applied before the stains are loosened.

* * *

A COAT of colorless nail varnish will prevent costume rings from leaving stains on your fingers. Wash and dry the rings before applying varnish.

* * *

COOKING utensils are easy to wash if you soak them immediately after use. Use cold water for those that contained cheese mixtures, dough, egg, or milk, and hot water for greasy or sticky ones that held sweet mixtures.

* * *

IF you are in a hurry to find out what shade a colored paint will be when dry, try brushing a few strokes of it on clean white blotting-paper.

* * *

CLOTHES can be dried indoors on a wet day by hanging them crossways between two lines instead of stretching them out on one line. This idea makes the hanging job faster and easier, and there is less walking between the points.

* * *



HOME - DECORATING jobs that you once thought too difficult to attempt are sometimes easier to accomplish than they look.

The blotter will leave a dry patch of color that will be the same as the dried paint.

* * *

TO clean raffia, table-mats, make a good soapy lather with soapflakes or mild detergent and lukewarm water. Sponge or lightly scrub the mats with a nail-brush, then wipe clean with a cloth wrung out in clean lukewarm water. Avoid saturating the mats when cleaning, and dry slowly away from direct sunlight or a fire. Keep quite flat while drying.

* * *

TO restore the color to the ivory handles of cutlery, first rub them with a small pad of cotton-wool lightly sprinkled with methylated spirit, then rinse and soak the handles up to the top (but not past the point where they join the metal) in hydrogen peroxide. Mix about 1 part peroxide in 6 to 8 parts water. Leave for about an hour before rinsing and drying well. Repeat this bleaching treatment if necessary.

* * *

CLOTHES can be dried indoors on a wet day by hanging them crossways between two lines instead of stretching them out on one line. This idea makes the hanging job faster and easier, and there is less walking between the points.

* * *

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for SMARTNESS

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insist on
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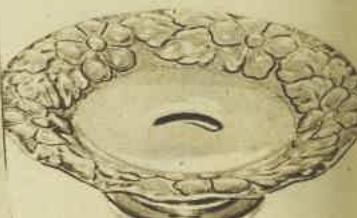
For "Her" NILE . . . Coloured borders,
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coloured grounds . . . 2/- ea.; 1-doz. box, 6/-.
NILE FLORA . . . Huge range of latest prints,
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Handkerchiefs with coloured initial, 4/3 ea.
NILE "JUNIOR" . . . for boys —
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quickly, safely, easily
with gentle Silvo**

Silvo brings out the full glowing richness of your silver, a soft lustre that lasts so beautifully. Cleaning with Silvo is so much quicker, so much easier and so safe, too—you use it straight from the tin.

Leading Australian silversmiths recommend Silvo for the care of your silver.



Illustrated: Hot water pot and sweet dish by Silcraft who recommend Silvo to clean, polish and protect your silverware.



But not now. Just now I will not see Miranda look a fool."

"I won't do it," said Harry Gibson.

"Must you behave badly all through?"

"All right; I can't," said Harry, more honestly.

Mr. Joyce considered him. Emotion always made Harry sweat, and his eye was very wild.

"Then I will go back by myself, and say you have had a little too much champagne," declared Mr. Joyce. "You had better lock yourself in. Then when they are all gone, we can have our talk. The lady—"

He paused; the lady was indeed a problem. "The lady, I am sorry, I ask to leave."

"Not without me," said Harry stubbornly. "If you think I'm going to let her out of my sight again, I'm not."

Mr. Joyce sighed.

"It is a miracle Miranda is not here already. Do you want a real hair-pulling?"

"Lock her—Miss Diver—in, too."

"Miranda will know she is in the house. Don't ask me how, she will, Harry," said Mr. Joyce sorrowfully. "I am doing the best I can for you, when I should be screaming for a horse-whip. When I could be a cry-baby myself, to see you suddenly so ungrateful. Oblige me!"

It was Dolores who acted. Another miracle: the past few minutes had restored her personality as a Spanish rose—a Spanish Queen: the beloved of a King. With a consciously graceful and swan-like motion

Continuing . . . The Eye Of Love

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—to Mr. Joyce it looked like a swimming-stroke — she disengaged herself from Harry's arm and kissed him gently on his blubbered cheek.

"Yes, my darling; I do believe you," she said tenderly. "But you owe this gentleman an explanation, and it's far, far better that I shouldn't be present. Let me go now, then come."

She swam queen-like, swan-like, towards the door. Harry with far less poise blundered after.

"That chap—!" he began uncontrollably.

There are moments when every woman is right to lie.

"Mr. Phillips? I scarcely see him, my darling," soothed Dolores.

Harry Gibson wavered.

"I shall still chuck him out tomorrow."

"Yes: tomorrow," agreed Dolores serenely. "Until tomorrow—King Hal."

Mr. Joyce still felt it wiser to lock the door from without; the hall was too full of people leaving to risk any belated Lochinvar-like eruption. He locked it, and put the key in his pocket. It was also necessary to start the champagne-table: catching the eye of old Demetrios, Mr. Joyce winked towards the study and murmured, "Flat out!" Most of all he was concerned to speed Miss Diver, who for all her new-found poise looked to him scarcely capable of getting

away alone. (Old Demetrios, observing her swan-like motion, offered a wink on his own account; thus Mr. Joyce repelled Harry's Past was theoretically an object of detestation to him, yet he couldn't help feeling sorry for her.)

Most fortunately just then entering the lift he spied that good sort La Harris; Mr. Joyce practically thrust his charge into her arms and bade her find the lady a taxi. ("Heat," murmured Mr. Joyce. "Feeling faint.") "Poor thing, I noticed it," rejoined the invaluable Miss

We must find our duties in what comes to us, not in what we imagine might have been:

—George Eliot

Harris.) Then he returned to the drawing-room and Miranda.

It brought a first moment of relief to realise that the fable which did for the guests would also do for his daughter.

"Where is Harry?" whispered Miranda at once.

"Flat out," reported Mr. Joyce, rather loudly. He caught as many masculine eyes as he could, and grinned. "Flat out is Harry on my champagne! To all the ladies he apologises—not to you chaps!" It was an amusing enough hit: the champagne had flowed. "Mamma Gibson, I will telephone a hire-car for you!" called Mr. Joyce—spreading the jest further; also attending to detail.

"I think your boy will spend the night on my sofa!" Out of the tail of his eye he saw Miranda slip from the room and a moment later return looking baffled.

"Thank goodness for La Harris!" thought Mr. Joyce piously, and returned to his business of mirth-making. He was so waggish, indeed, the party ended on a note of extra hilarity—husbands moved to describe their own youthful exploits, wives squealing reprobation, the bachelors looking knowing and giggled at by the maidens. "Mr. Joyce, I can see you're without a care!" gasped Mrs. Grandjean at last. "Simply a man without a care!"

When they were all gone, Mr. Joyce wiped his forehead and dealt with Miranda.

It hadn't been difficult to avoid her hitherto; after her return she stopped trying to corner him; she was evidently holding her fire. But Mr. Joyce's brain was still working at top speed, and he had no intention of submitting to any fresh bombardment. "For one night, I've had enough,"

thought Mr. Joyce—and with a groan remembered that the worst of the night might still lie before him. He dealt with Miranda summarily.

"Listen to me," ordered Mr. Joyce—the door scarcely shut behind the Grandjeans. "Without interrupting Harry's Past is gone. She has been gone since before I came back. You have been a great fool, but there is nothing for you to worry about. Harry is as I said, flat out in my study. You are not to go to him, he doesn't want you and he doesn't look very nice. If all that is understood put me some cold beef in the dining-room and go to bed."

Every now and again there came a time when Miranda knew argument vain; this was one of them. Every now and again, a time when her Dadda put his foot down, she knew there would be no moving

him; it was such a time now. However discontentedly, she submitted.

"I never thought there was anything to worry about," said Miranda sulkily. "I'm not such a fool as that!"

Mr. Joyce looked at her, and said nothing.

In the dining-room he ate alone. Miranda had evidently reported the storm-signals to Auntie Bee, they both kept out of his way. Mr. Joyce made a good meal; he suddenly found himself famished. When he thought of Harry cooling his heels in the study, he cut himself another slice of beef.

The whole flat was now very still. There were none of the clearing-up sounds that usually succeeded a party; for once all was being left till morning. ("Came the dawn," thought Mr. Joyce, for some reason.) Where had been brilliance and gaiety, darkness and silence brooded; the lights were out, the guests were gone.

Or all save one—and she not actually on the premises. Miss Molyneux was down in the lobby. Poor Miss Molyneux—still waiting for Miss Harris, who almost an hour earlier had promised to be back in two ticks.

If Miss Molyneux hadn't seen Miss Harris nip out, she'd have thought her still up in the flat, perhaps kept behind for a word on business—but Miss Molyneux had seen her. At the lift they'd been separated, but Miss Harris came down with the next load—and then nipped straight out into the street saying that about two ticks. They were going to a cinema as arranged, because Miss Molyneux hadn't clicked.

FOR the first ten minutes or so waiting had been quite enjoyable: there were all the rest of the guests to watch as they went out, and she got a good view of the ladies' wraps. (A better class of skin all round Miss Molyneux had rarely seen.) Then the stream dwindled and died. (Mrs. Grandjean, in sables, a splendid finale), and she began to feel conspicuous to the porter's eye.

"I'm waiting for my friend," said Miss Molyneux crossly—and wishing there were some way to express the feminine gender: "girl-friend" she considered common. At this stage irritation at least prevented her from worrying about Miss Harris, but of course she soon began to worry as well, because though it wasn't like Miss Harris to get run over, no more was it like her to leave a person in the lurch . . .

After picturing her friend under a bus, under a car, and in hospital, when Miss Harris at last appeared Miss Molyneux naturally went for her.

"I know, dear, and I'm ever so sorry, but I couldn't help it," panted Miss Harris. (They were hurrying to the Regal, just round the corner, to save time.) "Mr. Joyce asked me to get a taxi, and could I find one? And when I did find one—

"You can't tell me it took an hour!" snapped Miss Molyneux.

"No, but I've been to Paddington and back in it," explained Miss Harris. "I took it back, dear, so as not to keep you waiting. It was for that poor old Black Fox by the door—remember? It was her Mr. Joyce asked me to get a cab for, on account of her feeling faint."

"You ought to be in the Boy Scouts," grumbled Miss Molyneux.

"And when I did at last catch one and put her in, she really acted so—so peculiarly, I felt I had to go along."

"St. John Ambulance."

glossed Miss Molyneux kindly. "How d'you mean, peculiar? Was she tiddly?"

"Oh, no, dear. At least I don't think so. I really don't mean, she didn't talk. In fact, beyond saying where to, she didn't utter the whole way. It was more—"

Miss Harris paused, partly to draw breath, partly because the special quality of her taxi-companion's peculiarity, though it had left a strong impression on her, was difficult to describe. "Well, you remember that tatty bit of fox she had?" essayed Miss Harris.

"Do I not?" agreed Miss Molyneux. "Moth-eaten from the Ark."

"She sort of draped it round her as if it was ermine. As though she thought she was a Queen or something. It was more, if you know what I mean, dear, as though she didn't know what was from what wasn't."

"Loony," said Miss Molyneux. "If it had been me I'd have been worried stiff."

"Well, I was a bit, dear, I admit it. She wasn't, though. Miss Harris thoughtfully. "Whatever else she was, she wasn't worried. Here we are."

They entered the Regal at just about the same time that Mr. Joyce crossed the hall and unlocked the study door.

"Now we will have our talk," said Mr. Joyce.

Harry Gibson looked up, blinking. The time had passed more swiftly for him than for anyone, for he had been asleep. He had made no attempt to

tidy himself, his face was still smudged, his hair wild, his collar dishevelled, but he was more composed. He turned on Mr. Joyce a look at once humble and stubborn.

"Unless," continued Mr. Joyce, "there is no need to talk at all. Miranda way to blame for inviting her."

"How did she know where she lived?" demanded Harry Gibson jealously.

"Maybe detectives, what does it matter?" Mr. Joyce sensibly brushed the point aside. "Miranda was to blame, perhaps you had more champagne than we thought; if you tell me 'All was a dream. Forget it,' then can be forgotten."

"I'm sorry," said Harry Gibson.

Mr. Joyce smiled wryly. "You might have said that before, even in a dream."

"I mean I'm sorry, it's no use," said Harry Gibson heavily.

Miranda's father sat down. He should have known, he told himself, that it couldn't be so easy; but he had hoped. Now the night was still before him. He resigned himself.

"You don't know—" began Harry Gibson.

"All right, tell me," siezed Mr. Joyce.

So it was, in those unlikely surroundings, to those unlikely ears Harry Gibson at last poured out the story of his love.

He wanted to pour it out. He wanted to tell it, not only in self-justification, but also because it was so beautiful. It was so beautiful, the wonder of

To page 59

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Page 57

Steak Continental

with rivers of luscious mushroom sauce
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Continental brand Mushroom Soup



BETTY KING
RECIPES

Here's all you do: Choose a very thick steak (rump or fillet) and cut three-parts through at 1" intervals. Place under griller and first sear both sides to seal in meat juices. Then grill to taste. Place cut side up on hot dish and trickle hot mushroom sauce into cuts which open during grilling.

Mushroom Sauce: Blend contents of 1 pkt. of Continental brand Mushroom Soup with 2 cups of cold milk. Pour into saucepan and place over low heat. Stir continuously until boiling, then simmer for three minutes and serve.

Betty King

Home Economist of World Brands.

Leftovers or the humble rabbit—you'll be surprised how attractive you can make them by using a Continental brand soup as a flavour booster.

CHICKEN CROQUETTES (using cold meat)

Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup supplies the real chicken goodness you need. Cook 1 pkt. Continental Chicken Noodle Soup in 1½ cups boiling water 7 minutes. Cool. Boil 1 lb potatoes without adding salt. Drain and mash, using prepared soup. Add 1 cup cold meat and 1 tablespoon chopped parsley. Shape into croquettes on a floured board and coat with egg and breadcrumbs. Fry till golden brown and serve hot with sauce and vegetables as required. You'll love the difference the chicken makes to this recipe.

HOT POT OF RABBIT

Continental brand Thick Vegetable Soup lifts the flavour and adds the tasty juices of its own nine garden vegetables and rich beef stock—delicious!

Prepare and soak 1 rabbit. Cut in serving pieces. Grit roll in flour. Arrange in casserole with layers of carrot and onion. Blend 1 pkt. Continental Thick Vegetable Soup with 1 pt water, pour in casserole. Top with thick slices potato and onion for a "one-dish" meal. Cover, bake in mod. oven 1½-2 hours. Sprinkle with chopped parsley before serving to your guests.

Thick with real mushroom pieces — luxuriously smooth and creamy. Use this glamorous soup to give your meal a touch of "dining-out" excitement. Freshly home-cooked in minutes.

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BETTY KING RECIPE

VEAL STEAK

Cut veal steak into pieces of the size required for serving. Cover with flour, egg glaze (or milk) and breadcrumbs. Press crumbs on firmly. Place about 3 oz. Copha in frying pan and heat gently till melted. Increase heat and commence frying when Copha is hot. Brown veal quickly on each side, then reduce heat and fry slowly, turning occasionally till cooked (about 15 to 20 minutes, according to thickness). Drain on absorbent paper and serve hot with Spanish Sauce.

SPANISH SAUCE

Melt 1 oz. Copha in saucepan. Add ½ lb. sliced tomatoes, 1 chopped onion and 1 diced bacon rasher. Cover with lid and simmer 5 minutes. Add ½ cup water, cover and simmer further 5 minutes. Thicken with 1 level dessertspoon cornflour blended with 1 tablespoon water; season with salt and cayenne.

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it still struck him afresh. "I called her my Spanish Rose," said Harry Gibson. "You wouldn't think a chap like me could think of it, would you?" He went back—and it was well. Mr. Joyce had resigned himself, for in the cinema round the corner Miss Molyneux and Miss Harris saw a third of the big picture, before Harry Gibson stopped talking—he went back to the Chelsea Arts Ball with its coup de foudre; to the moment when they lost each other afterwards, which now seemed like a warning, and to their astounding, fated reunion.

He dwelt like the lover that he was on the ten magical years in their secret garden, describing in detail the poem Dolores had made of the sitting-room, the pink curtains sewn by her own hands ("I could see 'em as soon as I turned the corner," yearned Harry Gibson. "Sometimes I almost ran down the road."

Martha he barely mentioned. She appeared only as Miss Diver's orphan niece, only to display the exquisite tenderness of Miss Diver's nature, indeed it had always been the spell of the little house that it existed for its King alone.

"It was a Kingdom of Love Divine," recorded Harry Gibson solemnly, "exactly as the song-chappie says. You wouldn't think this either, but when she called me, sometimes, her King Hal, it didn't seem cracked. It just made me feel like a King . . ."

Miranda's father listened with envy.

It wasn't the emotion he'd expected to feel. He'd let Harry have his head from a sense that it would be better to get the facts; but what he'd heard were facts only so far as they abominated a date or two, cleared up a point or two relative to the choice of a curtain-color, or the provenance of a Spanish comb; otherwise, moonshine. It was the moonshine he envied.

For who had ever called Mr. Joyce their King? Certainly not Miranda's extremely well-dowered Mamma.

"You were right," sighed

Continuing . . . The Eye Of Love

from page 5

Mr. Joyce at last. "I didn't know." "I've often wanted to tell you," Harry Gibson said truthfully. "But how could you understand, unless you'd seen her?"

Mr. Joyce unconsciously shook his head. The physical appearance of that Spanish rose was still definite to his mental eye. "All moonshine!" thought Mr. Joyce.

Yet what was moonshine but a befitting name for love? Employed only by the envious? "My poor Harry and his Kiss of Death, they love each other," thought Mr. Joyce uneasily. He gazed earnestly at his friend and tried to make him look like a King. It was no use. Harry had begun to sweat again. The eye of friendship couldn't do it, only the eye of love . . . So love it was.

MMR. JOYCE pulled himself together.

"For myself, I sympathise with you," he said. "Believe me, you have my sympathy." (It didn't occur to him to ask why Harry hadn't married his Rose in the first place. Like Harry himself, he took the original omission for granted. The only point unusual was that he appeared determined to marry her now.) "But I have my daughter to think of," went on Mr. Joyce. "How can I let you jilt Miranda practically on the honeymoon? How can you, Harry, even think of such a wicked thing?"

Harry Gibson groaned. "Because I can't help it. Do I want to behave like a cad?"

"It is the most caddish thing a man can do, Harry," said Mr. Gibson sternly. "It's un-British."

Mr. Gibson bowed his head on his chest—as upon the barrack-square, while all his buttons are cut off, bows his head the Outcast of the Regiment. Then he lifted it again.

"What sort of a husband should I make, to Miranda, thinking all the time of another woman?"

"A very good husband," said Mr. Joyce stubbornly. "Did I never think of another woman, married to Miranda's mother?"

"Not all the time." "For many years, every day," affirmed Mr. Joyce rashly. "A girl I knew when I was a young boy. So pretty, no money—

"Tell me," said Harry Gibson.

She had evidently been far more obviously attractive than Dolores—Mr. Joyce's first love. But though Harry, (their roles now reversed), listened with genuine sympathy, he couldn't help feeling also a certain disdain. To fall for a brown shoulder and a white blouse—how naive, how calfish! Yet that, it seemed, was what Mr. Joyce remembered best.

"You don't see them now, those blouses," mourned Mr. Joyce. "Anyway not in Bond Street . . . gathered full and very low round the neck, so one shoulder always slipping out, like a little brown pigeon. Maybe you wouldn't think that of me," added Mr. Joyce with a faint smile, "but it was what came into my mind. To squeeze, it was just like a plump little bird."

Harry Gibson nodded—thinking with passion of Miss Diver's collar-bones. How slender, how fragile, his own Spanish Rose! How unbucolic!

"Hilda," pronounced Mr. Joyce softly. "Her name was Hilda. Every summer my grandmother took a chalet in the Black Forest, and there we spent our holidays, and there Hilda lived. An educated girl, too: some French, some English, nice manners, everything. Everything except a penny. For dowry perhaps a herd of pigs. Was my father in the pig-business? Harry boy," said Mr. Joyce resolutely, "I tell you this to show my sympathy, but all I assure you has been for the best. Today that girl is a fat old woman, seven sons and

seven daughters maybe, and here am I, like Mrs Grandjean, said, without a care in the world but what you yourself load down on me."

Regretfully—as regretfully as Mr. Joyce returned from the Black Forest—Harry Gibson returned from Alcock Road. The idyllic interlude was over.

"I'm sorry," he said heavily. "The very words, the very accent, of an hour earlier! Mr. Joyce groaned.

"Blow it, what is the use to say you're sorry? Show you are sorry! Think, consider!" implored Mr. Joyce. "Have some port! Sit quiet for ten minutes and consider!"

"I have considered," said Harry stubbornly.

"When? When I came in, you were asleep. You haven't considered anything! Give me some port, too!" shouted Mr. Joyce. "Have you no affection? Have you thought what life Miranda will lead me? And what can I do to you back? Even just to satisfy Miranda, what can I do to you?"

"You can ruin me," said Mr. Gibson.

Now they were down to business.

It was a situation in which Mr. Joyce held every advantage. He had Harry where he wanted him. For all his talk of partnership, the business in Kensington was as much his own property as the business in Bond Street. Harry Gibson dismissed from his employ, he could as easily keep him out of another berth in the fur-trade as he could if necessary to find him one. Otherwise, in the depression, Harry hadn't a hope. Mr. Joyce held every advantage—save one.

He was fond of Harry. Harry was his friend. When he looked at Harry solemnly pouring out the port, when he remembered the consolatory hours they'd spent together, in that very study, sharing that very decanter—the drawing-

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Fashion

FROCKS

- Ready to wear . . . or cut out ready to make.



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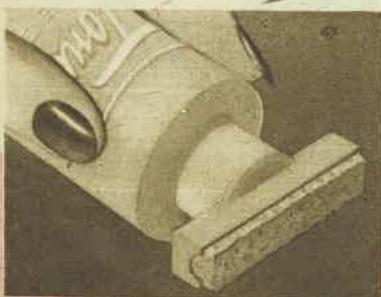
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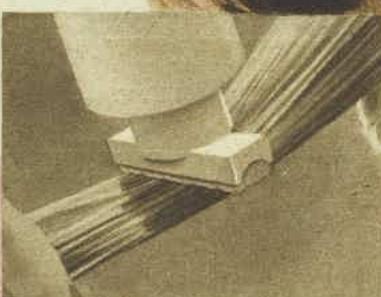
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Simone Vernet

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Continuing . . . The Eye Of Love

from page 59

Harry was looking brighter every minute. To wipe the brightness from his face Mr. Joyce remembered all this, his heart failed.

"You can ruin me," repeated Harry Gibson. "Chin-chin."

"I don't want to ruin you," said Mr. Joyce irritably.

Harry Gibson smiled—a smile of pure affection. But he said nothing, while Mr. Joyce regarded him with increasing exasperation.

"How will you live, if I ruin you?"

"Heaven knows," said Harry Gibson.

"How will your mother live?" demanded Mr. Joyce.

Harry shrugged his big shoulders. To Mr. Joyce it was appallingly like the gesture of a man shrugging off a load.

"From seventeen years old," said Harry thoughtfully, "that question has been asked me . . . whenever I wanted to do anything different; when I wanted to go to the war. But I went to the war." He smiled again. "I dare say she will come and live here," he offered helpfully. "The mater is a great chum of Auntie Bee."

"Are you mad?" demanded Mr. Joyce—justifiably.

"They could have the new sitting-room, then it wouldn't be wasted," joked—actually joked!—Harry.

"You are mad," said Mr. Joyce, in no mood for humor.

"Miranda would do murder. Sooner than that, I would give a little pension—" He broke off, too late; the fatal suggestion had been made,

Harry boy. It was a good idea, but put it out of your head. Say toodle-oo to it."

"Righty-ho," said Harry Gibson. "But you won't make me change my mind."

Unexpectedly—

"You must be hungry," said Mr. Joyce. "I'll get you some cold beef."

He took his time about it. Crossing the hall to the dining-room, cutting a nice plateful-trimming it up with some bits of green stuff—Mr. Joyce didn't hurry. He needed a respite. This was not, however, the chief motive of his butler-work, as neither was it solicitude for Harry's stomach. He had come to the conclusion that his best ally, in bringing Harry to his senses, was now the mere clockwork passage of time.

Whatever folly a man swears at night, by the cold light of day is not uncommonly foresworn; moreover the situation Harry Gibson faced in the morning was simply, in Mr. Joyce's opinion, unfaceable. So Harry, he believed, would find. In cold blood, (and by daylight), he would find it utterly beyond him to throw overboard livelihood and honor, gratitude and filial affection, also make fresh arrangements about his laundry. (Mr. Joyce ticked off this last point quite without cynicism. He simply and gratefully recognised how deflating to a fit of heroics such material pinpricks could be.)

"It wouldn't be my business," pointed out Harry. "I'd be on salary."

Mr. Joyce came up from his attitude of prayer with a grim smile.

"Put that out of your head,

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Page 61

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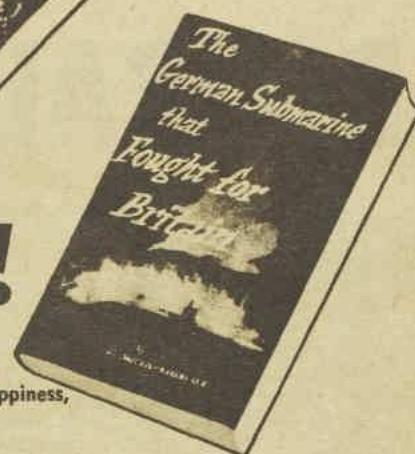
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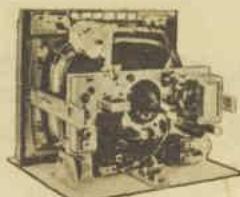
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 23, 1958

Continuing . . .

The Eye Of Love

from page 61

the night without any irretrievable act performed—without Harry rushing off, for example, back to Paddington. Thus it was something to have salvaged ten minutes; also in furtherance of this aim Mr. Joyce was prepared to go on talking to Harry Gibson, or listening to Harry Gibson, until morning.

"Come the dawn," thought Mr. Joyce, with a long, yet not hopeless sigh; and provisioned himself also.

"There is more I have remembered about Hilda," announced Mr. Joyce, returning in an evidently nostalgic mood. "Her hair—"

"It wasn't that Harry wouldn't listen. Harry's gratitude and affection were no means dead, on the contrary, and to show this he would have listened willingly. The interruption came from without, when the door opened on Miranda. Both Mr. Joyce and Mr. Gibson had forgotten that the door was now unlocked.

"Daddal!" exclaimed Miranda. "Harry! Daddal, why ever don't you come to bed? Whatever are you doing?" demanded Miranda Joyce.

AS Mr. Joyce had remarked in another context, it was a miracle she hadn't appeared sooner. For hours she had lain with her door ajar, listening for him to come upstairs: planning to slip down herself for a delicious midnight interview with Harry. (Or if not entirely delicious, at any rate exciting.) All she heard was Mr. Joyce cross the hall to the dining-room, and return to the study, and it was now almost one o'clock. It was a miracle indeed that her impatience and curiosity had been so long bridled.

"Whatever are you doing?" demanded Miranda.

On the face of it, though this by no means placated her, Mr. Joyce and Mr. Gibson were having a midnight snack. Their plates and glasses at once caught her eye. But they had no air of enjoyment, their dishevelment—for Mr. Joyce, too, by this time had loosened his collar; Harry had taken off his waistcoat—their dishevelment appeared as no genial unbuttoning, but rather the effect of some desperate passage. They looked as though they'd been through something; and Miranda, who immediately thought she knew what, prepared with pleasure to join in and calm them both down.

Graceful, feminine, and becoming is the role of peacemaker.

"Go back to bed!" said Mr. Joyce.

They were the first words he had spoken; nor had Harry spoken. Miranda looked from one to the other of them understandingly, and sat down. She was wearing a negligee that strictly belonged to her trousseau, pale blue velvet; its long wide skirts dropped in graceful folds, beneath which the toe of a pale blue mule peeped provocatively forth. Miranda naturally couldn't see it from Harry's viewpoint, but she felt there was to be a deliciousness about the interview after all.

"I shan't," said Miranda—half-woman, half-child! "I know what's been going on. Dadda, you've been scolding poor Harry. Haven't I told you there's nothing to worry about?"

"It was what I told you," said Mr. Joyce. "I was wrong. Please go back to bed."

Miranda swung a pretty toe. "Not till you've made it up. Poor Harry! If I've forgiven him, that's all that matters. Dadda, you must make it up."

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Mr. Joyce looked at her helplessly. —He almost looked at Harry, for help; but obviously this wouldn't do. In the course of a whole evening that had been one long difficult situation, this was the second peak—the first being when he surprised Miss Diver in Harry's arms. There was literally nothing he could think of to say that mightn't precipitate a crisis—except "Go to bed," and Miranda wouldn't. With horror he heard Harry clear his throat.

"He can't forgive me," stated Harry Gibson. "You wouldn't want him to."

Miranda smiled her understanding smile.

"But of course I do, darling! When I have!"

"You won't either," said Harry Gibson.

"But I tell you I have!" insisted Miranda—now with a trifle of impatience. "Oh, Harry, didn't you confess to me yourself?"

"Yes, but I've got to confess again," said Harry.

There was a doggedness about him which even at that moment stirred Mr. Joyce's admiration. "The bulldog breed!" thought Mr. Joyce admiringly. —But that doggedness was hurrying them all to disaster, and in alarm he made haste to interpose.

"Wait till morning," interposed Mr. Joyce swiftly. "Something so important, wait till morning!"

"I can't," said Harry. "Miranda's got to know now."

"I ask it as a personal favor! I beg you! Harry boy," said Mr. Joyce earnestly, "if you have any fondness for me at all, if you feel I have behaved at all well to you, oblige me in this last thing I ask. Remember I have troubles, too, and oblige me!"

It was a moving appeal. Harry was moved. Mr. Joyce, seeing him waver, without the least concern for his own dignity caught him by the sleeve and pulled at it.

"Haven't we been friends, Harry boy?" pleaded Mr. Joyce. "Haven't we been real pals? Can't you do me one small kindness? Wait till morning, Harry; wait till morning!"

Harry Gibson wavered. He might have given way. But Miranda had been too long out of the conversation for her liking, and felt it time to reassume control.

"Dadda, Harry!" she cried gaily. "What a fuss! Whatever Harry wants to tell I want to hear! Did you kiss her goodbye, Harry, after all? If you did, I'm not jealous! How could I be," laughed Miranda, "of such a scarecrow?"

As Mr. Joyce subsequently remarked, in one of his new slangy phrases, that tore it.

For a moment, Harry didn't comprehend; then the blood rushed up to his face, and all his love, and his fury, burst forth in one outraged cry.

"How dare you!" roared Harry Gibson. "Not jealous! What else but jealousy is that lie?"

Miranda instantly jumped up. If he was furious, so now was she.

"What lie? Calling that creature a scarecrow?" She laughed again, but on a very different note. "Let me tell you, Dadda called her far worse! A skeleton, a bag-of-bones—"

"Miranda, for heaven's sake!" implored Mr. Joyce.

"—a Kiss of Death" finished Miranda recklessly. "And I say so, too!"

"Keep your tongue off her!"



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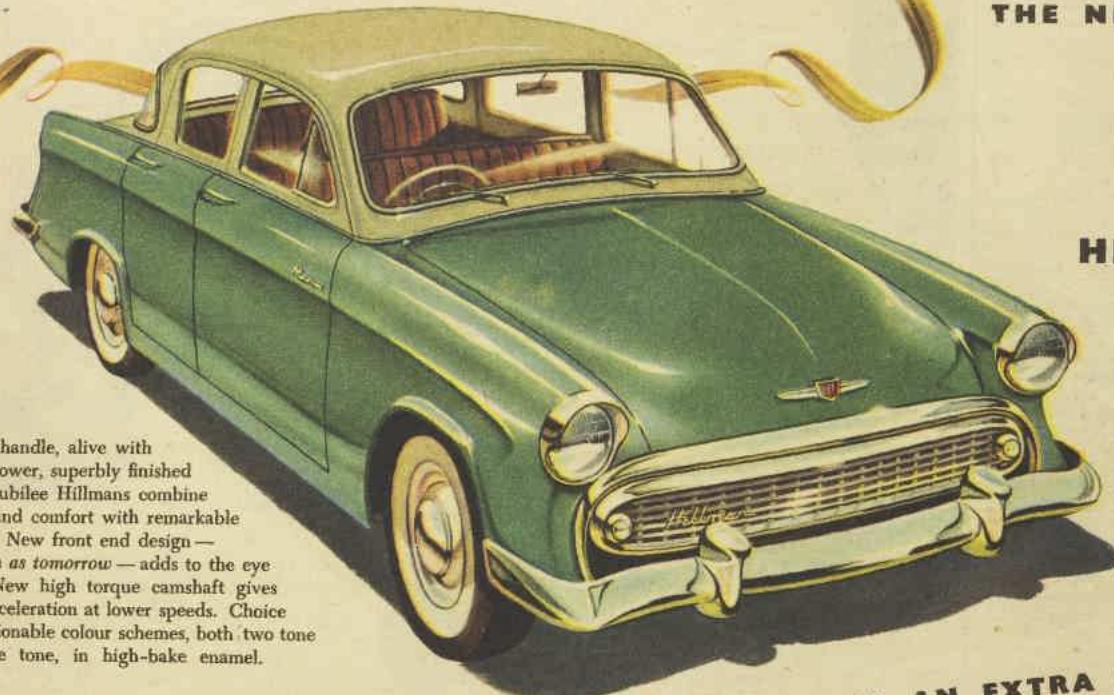
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 23, 1958

BOYS OF THE OLD BRIGADE

★ Though some of them are pushing 60, and some are getting thin on top, the Gables, Coopers, Millards, Grants, Fondas, and Stewarts are still (on the screen) kissing the girls, and sometimes marrying them, too.

These oldtimers reached their heyday when many of today's film patrons were still in prams. Now they are comfortably looking down on the struggles of the youngsters — and not-so-youngsters — who would replace them as the screen's great lovers.



CLARK GABLE (above), 57, demonstrates his kissing technique again with the much younger Doris Day in their co-starring film "Teacher's Pet."

① RAY MILLAND (left), 52, has a romantic passage with 22-year-old actress Jeannette Sterke in his coming film "The Safecracker."

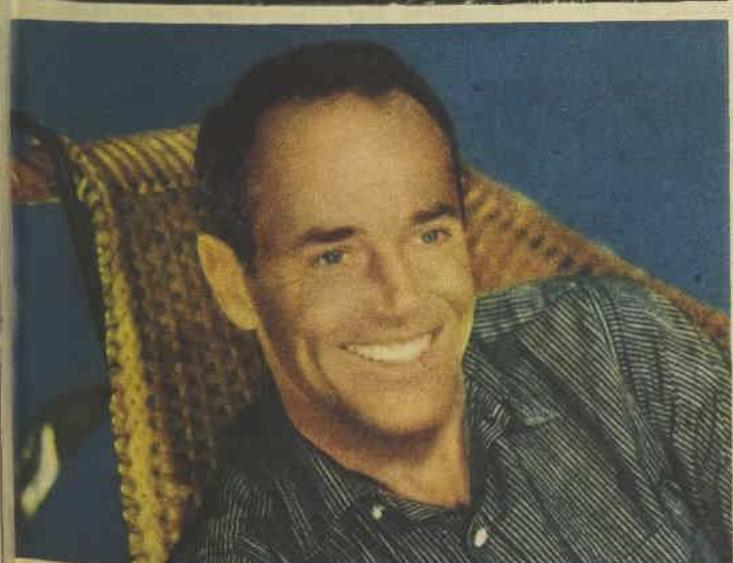
② CARY GRANT (right), 54, has 23-year-old Sophia Loren, one of the most desirable women on the screen, as his romantic young co-star in "Houseboat."



③ GARY COOPER, a ripe 57, in "Ten North Frederick," shares a tender love scene with screen newcomer Suzy Parker, former top New York fashion model. In "Love in the Afternoon" he kissed Audrey Hepburn.



④ JIMMY STEWART, a comparatively youthful 50, is shown exchanging kisses with Kim Novak, who is 25 years his junior, in their new co-starring film "Vertigo."



HENRY FONDA, who is 53, has, unlike some of his contemporaries, made a real attempt to get away from romantic roles, notably in his own distinguished film, "12 Angry Men." But in "Stage Struck" he is called upon to play opposite the fresh 18-year-old star Susan Strasberg.

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1 INABILITY of Amy to keep herself tidy, or, after 20 years of marriage, to run her household with any semblance of order, makes life difficult for her husband, Jim, and her son, Brian.

2 DAILY CONTACT at the office with the much younger and more attractive Georgie leads Jim, inevitably, to compare her with Amy. The relationship, at first friendly, develops into a love affair.

'Woman in a Dressing Gown'



3 SPURRED on by the ambitious Georgie, Jim, who has now changed his old routine job for one with a more promising future, finally consents to her plea to ask Amy if she will agree to a divorce.



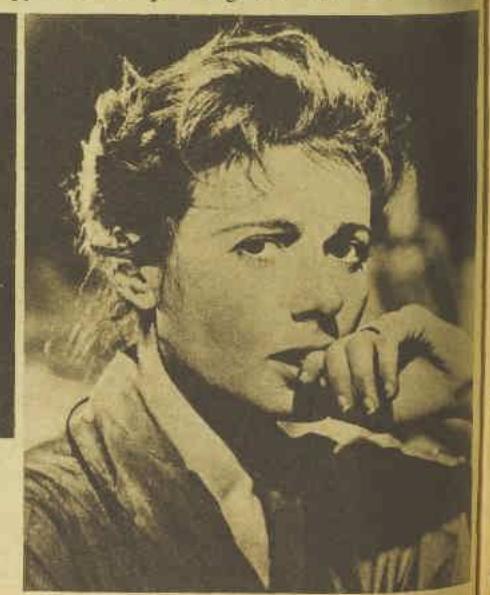
4 DESPERATE to save her marriage, Amy invites Georgie to the house, pawning her engagement ring to impress her rival with the sophistication of a new perm and a bottle of whisky.



5 DISASTER comes when Amy is caught in a rainstorm, and arrives home a pathetic, almost hysterical, figure whom a friendly neighbor (Carole Lesley) tries to pull together with the whisky.



6 ABOVE. Far from looking her best, and so creating a good impression, Amy is found by Jim and Georgie still in her old dressing-gown and quite foolishly drunk.



7 RIGHT. Slowly recovering, Amy determines to fight for her marriage, using her 20 years' knowledge of Jim against Georgie's youth, attractiveness, and assurance.

about Harry Gibson. "Now I'll tell you something!"

"Stop!" shouted Mr. Joyce. "He's mad!" he added rapidly, to Miranda. "Don't listen to him! Go to bed! Leave it to me!"

"I'm going to marry her," said Harry Gibson, suddenly calm. "Now you know."

There followed an abrupt silence, sudden, and as generally disconcerting, as Harry's new demeanor. The air of the study seemed to quiver with it; for a moment, it seemed, as in a heat-haze, the outlines of solid objects swam. Then Miranda looked at her parent. She had every reason for disbelief, but what she saw in his face shook her.

"I told you, he's mad," said Mr. Joyce. "Leave him alone, let it pass."

Miranda frowned uncertainly.

"What he said, Dadda . . . of course is nonsense. How could he marry anyone, without—?"

She paused; almost pathetically, the words refused to be uttered. But Harry Gibson had no compunction. He had heard his Spanish Rose called a scarecrow, and a bag-of-bones, and a skeleton, and a kiss of death.

"Jilting you," he supplied baldly. "That's right: I'm jilting you."

Miranda turned. There was no love in her eyes. There was still incredulity—but of a new sort. She had seen Miss Diver twice, and once no doubt at her smartest . . .

"For that thing?"

"For the lady whose name is Miss Diver," returned Harry dangerously. "Yes."

Miranda drew a long, hissing breath. Her face was very white, but set, not tremulous.

"Dadda's right: you are mad," she said contemptuously. She was bearing herself, in the circumstances, with considerable courage. She still didn't hazard any more criticism of Miss Diver's person. "Is that what you were fighting about, Dadda?"

Mr. Joyce nodded miserably. He was feeling extra-

Continuing . . . The Eye Of Love

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ordinarily tired, and he didn't like the look in Miranda's eye.

"He wanted to horse-whip me," offered Harry—who still retained some sparks of loyalty.

"I think he can do better than that—can't you, Dadda?"

Mr. Joyce sighed.

"If necessary, daughter. But why talk about it? In the morning, it will all be different," said Mr. Joyce pleadingly. By this time he didn't know exactly who it was he pleaded with—he didn't want his daughter to be jilted, he didn't want to ruin his friend; he didn't want to lose his friend. "In the morning, you keep out of the way," said Mr. Joyce again. "And I'll try again."

Undoubtedly he was very tired; but undoubtedly it was the worst thing he could have said. He was so tired, he repeated it.

"Just you keep out of the way—" repeated Mr. Joyce; and precipitated a crisis indeed, as Miranda lost her temper.

She had lost it once, and recovered it; now she lost it irretrievably. She spoke the irretrievable words.

"Keep out of the way, I keep out of the way!" cried Miranda furiously. "Why? Because when he sees me Harry feels sick? You think I want to see him? Because I don't screech and scream you think I'm not disgusted? Let me tell you, Dadda, now I know what tastes he has, it's I who break off our engagement, not Harry! If he was the last man in the world

—"

Quite definitely, Mr. Joyce was now pleading with Miranda.

"Stop!" cried Mr. Joyce. "Wait!" (All night, it seemed to him, he had been battering with those two words at ears as deaf as adders.) "Think, Miranda, for heaven's sake think! You are just giving Harry an out! Remember the wedding, all the preparations! How will you look, not getting

slipped his two hundred pounds' worth into a pocket and gamely worried on.

"What about the wedding presents, all to be returned? Mrs. Grandjean's beautiful dinner-service—"

"I don't want it!" cried Miranda again. She was ready to fling back diamonds, what were dinner-services to her? "And as for what people say—"

Here indeed she hesitated; as her father had known, it was the crux; but her temper carried her over it; "They will say

I have shown spirit!" cried Miranda defiantly. "My friends didn't think so much of Harry, I can tell you! They thought he was an old stick-in-the-mud, and that I was throwing myself away!"

She shot Harry one last disdainful look, and swept from the room.

The peace was beautiful.

It had been Miranda's aim to make peace; at least she left peace behind her.

Several minutes passed before either man spoke. They were both exhausted; also the



"Of course, a locket can't do him justice. He's six foot three."

the recent to-and-fro, he thought Harry hadn't realised the provenance of the worst slanders on his beloved, and was glad. He was sorry for them now himself.

They smoked in grateful silence for some minutes more; but obviously something had to be said on another subject than brands of tobacco. Mr. Joyce opened his mouth; but at the thought of all there was to say, closed it again. To reproach Harry with ingratitude, to harrow him with pictures of Miranda languishing in despair—what use now? Besides, Miranda hadn't looked despairing, as she flounced out; she'd looked furious. Justifiably. Mr. Joyce didn't think Miranda now wanted her beloved back, he thought she wanted him, her Dadda, to ruin her beloved. What was the use of going into that, either?

"It's milder on the tongue," said Mr. Joyce, experimentally sucking.

"It's the mildest I know," said Harry Gibson. "But ask. They might put you up a special mixture."

He too felt there should be more said; but neither could think what, of any use. He knew he was behaving like a cad, but he'd admitted it already.

"I'm dashed grateful," offered Harry Gibson at last.

"To me?" asked Mr. Joyce wryly.

"To Miranda. I've never thought so well of her. And to you, too," said Harry, with his good, loving smile.

"If I think well of Miranda, if she thinks well of me, in the next few weeks, we shall both be ready for heaven," sighed Mr. Joyce. "What you leave me with, Harry boy!"

"I'll give you a tip," said Harry. "Keep the mind a blank. You'll be surprised how it helps."

He stood up, and began to put on his waistcoat. His pipe wasn't yet smoked out, but he could wait no longer. Symbolically, it had served its turn: a pipe of peace . . .

"Are you going?" asked Mr.

Joyce foolishly. It was plain that Harry couldn't stay to be found there in the morning; he was still taken by surprise. "I told your mother I would keep you here," said Mr. Joyce wryly. "Now at this time of night, where will you go?"

"Back," said Harry Gibson.

They parted, the two friends, on the pavement. Harry had got into his big hairy overcoat, of which the twin hung in the hall; Mr. Joyce, helping him on, rubbed a palm over the splendidly masculine fabric and heaved a final sigh.

"We could have been so cosy, Harry boy!"

But Mr. Gibson shook his head.

"It wouldn't have worked," he said solemnly. "Something terrible would have happened. Don't ask me what, but it would have been something terrible."

This was in the hall. Mr. Joyce came down with him—they had to use the service-stairs, the lift had long ceased running—and out on to the pavement. It was about two in the morning, very cold and dark.

"D'you want me to look in at the shop tomorrow?" Harry asked. "Just to leave things straight?"

"Perhaps yes," agreed Mr. Joyce. "Turn your collar up."

"I'll tell the girls I'm sacked, then you can tell Miranda."

"Thank you, Harry. Leave me your address."

"I'll give it to La Harris."

Mr. Joyce peered anxiously out at the December night.

"It's very dark. How will you go?"

"I'll pick up a taxi," Harry reassured him. "Tootie-oo!"

Mr. Joyce waited till he was out of sight, in the cold, in the dark, then slowly went in and

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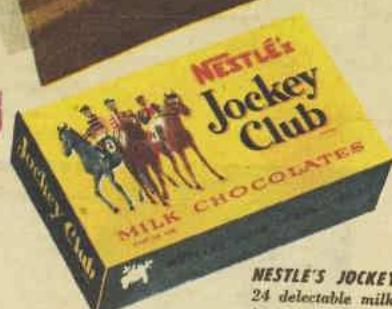
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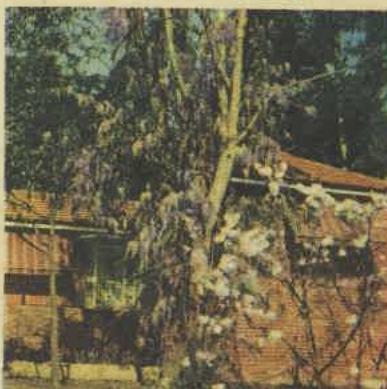
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Beautiful Wistaria

WISTARIAS, famous for their lovely drooping clusters of flowers, are among the best ornamental vines for temperate regions. They often attain great age and size. The lovely Chinese wistaria (*W. sinensis*) bears showy clusters of violet-blue. The Japanese species (*W. floribunda*) is hardier, with smaller and more fragrant flowers. When grown from grafts, layers, or cuttings, wistarias flower a year or two after propagation, and are more reliable than those from seedlings.

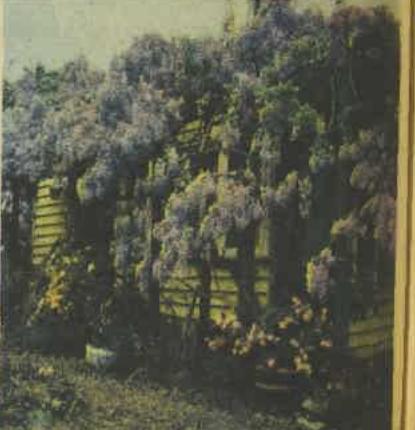
GARDENING



CLIMBING up an old gum tree, this wistaria is a feature of Mr. J. D. Archer's garden, Wahroonga, Sydney.



JAPANESE WISTARIA (*floribunda macrobotrys*, variety *notabilis*) can also be obtained with pink or white flowers.



GRACEFUL, picturesque wistaria vine at the home of Mrs. E. H. H. Wiggin, Pymble, Sydney, makes a colorful display.

Continuing . . . The Eye Of Love

from page 60

closed the big doors. How different it would all have been, he thought, if he could have made Harry wait till morning! (If he could have made Miranda go back to bed! If Miranda had stayed in bed!) Harry said it wouldn't have worked out, but what could he mean, something terrible? "Maybe I should keep the mind a blank," thought Mr. Joyce, and wearily set about remounting the service-stairs.

He was more tired than he had ever been in his life, he was out on his feet; but back in the flat, though he longed with all his heart to go straight to bed, outside his daughter's room he paused. He was dead beat; but his daughter was his daughter. "No more punishment can I take tonight!" thought Mr. Joyce, pitying himself; but his pity for his daughter was stronger. Suppose Miranda were weeping, lying on her bed sobbing, as she'd sometimes lain and sobbed when she was a little girl? (Usually after a fit of temper, Mr. Joyce recalled.) The last thing he felt capable of was consolation, he needed consoling himself. Nonetheless, as his car detected, within the room, some confused yet continuous sound, he quietly opened the door.

Miranda wasn't sobbing, she was telephoning. Flung down across the bed, still in her blue velvet draperies, she fairly throttled the receiver. —Whom had she rung up, wondered Mr. Joyce, what household had the recklessly disturbed, at two o'clock in the morning? Was it Marion, perhaps, listening in sleepy excitement, or Mrs. Gibson in hysterics, or Mr. Conrad in a bad temper?

It was evidently Rachel. "Marion and Denise I'll phone in the morning, they don't answer!" Mr. Joyce heard his daughter finish. "Come round as early as you like, come right after breakfast! Then, my goodness, what you're all going to hear!"

Tempestuously as the dawn promised, things might have been worse. Mr. Joyce gently closed the door again, and went to bed.

Meanwhile Mr. Gibson, like a homing pigeon, was battling his way north.

It was no smooth passage. He couldn't find a taxi, there was no other means of transport, he had to walk. Part of the way he ran. More than one policeman on the beat, startled by the sight of so portly a figure breaking into an elephantine trot, considered some arrestive action. Fortunately Mr. Gibson didn't look like a criminal, and no one pursued him; he was allowed to thud by unchallenged.

It was fortunate also that he'd had a nap—what a lifetime ago!—in Mr. Joyce's study; he was out of condition to begin with, his lungs were sore before he reached Church Street, at Notting Hill he developed a stitch—he had to go the long way round because the Gardens were shut—at Queen's Road he almost collapsed before getting his second wind; but he made it. He got there. Long before there was light to distinguish the color of a curtain, Mr. Gibson reached the house in Alcock Road.

He didn't knock, or ring. He threw a handful of gravel up at Dolores' window; and in a moment she leaned forth.

Like a rose, like a Spanish rose, nodding on its trellis . . . "It's me, King Hal," panted Mr. Gibson. "I'm back."

There are some situations

whose very blatancy is their saving grace. What is blatant at least requires no elucidation.

Such was the situation at 5 Alcock Road on the morning following the repossession by King Hal of his secret garden.

Though every muscle ached, he was up and visible; and if only dressing-gowned, this added blatancy. (It had been the happiest moment of Mr. Gibson's life when Dolores opened the wardrobe-drawer and showed him his dressing-gown and pyjamas laid up in potpourri. What a moment!

What a succession of moments! His photograph still by her bed! How could he ever have left her? But he'd come back!

O bliss, O incoherence! When in the morning Mr. Gibson appeared in his dressing-gown, Mr. Phillips could have no doubt what had happened—incidentally, to himself.

Mr. Gibson didn't have to throw him out. There was this

lard, what difference?—he didn't think much of her taste.

However, since the bag-of-lard was presumably well-heeled, Mr. Phillips confined himself to irony.

"Two being company and three none," added Mr. Phillips. "Or shall I stay my week out?"

"Pack your bags and say where to send 'em," returned Harry Gibson—glad enough that no physical waste was to be needed. For Dolores' sake he'd have chucked the chap out neck and crop, but every muscle applauded moderation.

"I'll collect this evening," said Mr. Phillips resentfully, "I shan't have any difficulty finding another billet."

"Fine," agreed Harry Gibson.

"There's just a thing or two I'd like to say to my . . . landlady first," said Mr. Phillips.

"I'll tell you something," said Harry Gibson, forgetting his weariness, "if you annoy her again, I'll break your neck."

He spoke, (to Dolores, listening behind her door), in



"The glasses are all right. It's your head that's crooked."

to be said for Mr. Phillips: he knew what was what. Moreover, from a personal point of view, he was scarcely more anxious to marry Miss Diver than had been Harry Gibson to marry Miss Joyce. Mercenary considerations alone had prompted his wooing; and there was still the chance of promotion to Birmingham. Mercenary considerations also ridded Dolores of him that same day. —It was Thursday, midweek; and he got out of a whole week's payment.

"Since I shall no doubt be requested," said Mr. Phillips pointedly, "to leave without delay, I can hardly be asked for my week?"

He said it loudly enough for Dolores to overhear; he saw the door from which Mr. Gibson had just emerged still ajar. They encountered each other, the two suitors of that Spanish rose, on the landing outside the bathroom—Harry Gibson, as has been said, in his dressing-gown, Mr. Phillips neatly accounted to face the commercial world. He had had an extremely sketchy breakfast—milk and a fragment of cold ham, produced by Martha after he'd had to shout for it.

At least it was a warning that the house wasn't running as usual; when he encountered his supplanter on the landing, Mr. Phillips' shock was accordingly the less.

"Wherever he's been, he's come back," thought Mr. Phillips telescopically . . . His second reaction, as he pulled himself together, usefully paralleled Miranda's: if Miss Diver preferred such a chap to himself—bag-of-bones, bag-of-

the very accent of a King. To Mr. Phillips they were the accents of a bully; but he took a look at Harry Gibson's big frame, larded with fat as it was, and recognised that half a week's lodging was the most he could get away with.

"I'll be back tonight with a taxi," said Mr. Phillips sulkily. "I'm still not sure I couldn't get damages . . ."

Martha did more good than she knew by at that moment joining them; she put an end to what might have been a very nasty moment. Martha had heard Mr. Gibson's voice from the kitchen, and came pounding up the stairs to welcome him back—not with any exuberance of affection, not with much surprise—as she hadn't been particularly surprised when he left—but with genuine welcome.

Like Dolores, she trusted him to put things right: he was putting things right already, Mr. Phillips' last words, familiar from the days of Ma Battieaxe, fell like music on her ear . . . She looked at Mr. Gibson regardfully, and for the first time in their acquaintance pushed her hand up through his arm.

Harry Gibson stared down at her, and cleared his throat.

"Hey, Martha! Where's Mary?"

"In the Bible," replied Martha.

"Best place for her," said Mr. Gibson.

With an exasperated murmur Mr. Phillips pushed past them to the stairs. Martha turned round and watched him put on his hat in the hall, and

To page 80

AJAX new miracle cleanser with exclusive

"foaming action" 
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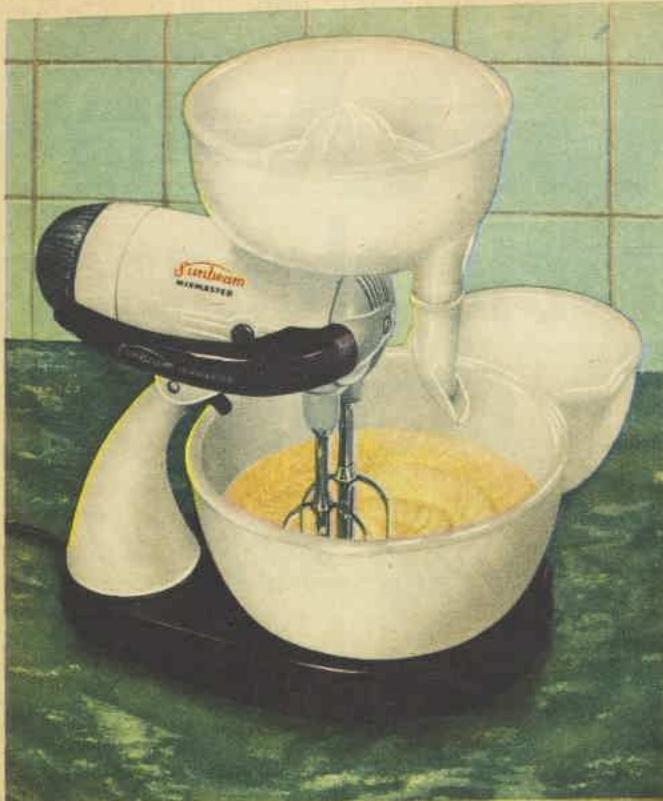
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Page 71



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Tender chicken with crackly golden skin, rissoles and fritters done to a glorious turn — even the prosaic and humble sausage becomes a banquet dish when cooked this way. As for fish and chips, there's really no other way to do them. Not if you want them as they should be — the chips crisp and golden and melting soft in the middle — the fish with all its delicate flavor sealed in a thin, tasty, crunchy non-fatty coating.

Automatically Controlled Heat Cooks Everything Better and Faster

With deep-frying of every kind, the temperature of the fat or oil has to be right. If it's too low, the fat penetrates the food, makes it unappetising, soggy and greasy, definitely hard on anyone's digestion. If the fat gets too hot it gets a scorched taste, chars the outside of the food before the inside is properly done.

"Watch for a faint blue smoke," say some cookbooks. "When it stops bubbling the temperature's right," say others. But that kind of instruction just means guesswork, and guesswork's ruined many a meal. There may be chefs who can work that way. But ordinary people who can't spend a lifetime learning to cook need a better method.

It was to meet this need of busy housewives, business girls, bachelors—in fact all up-to-date people who really appreciate good cooking—that the Sunbeam people developed their Automatic Deep Fryer. About the size of a pressure cooker, it has a deep well into which goes a perforated aluminium basket. Buried in the base, sealed out of harm's way, is a fast-heating electric element controlled by a special thermostat. You just set a simple dial to the cooking temperature you need and the thermostat takes over, economising on current to keep the heat just the way you want it.

Deep Fryer Doubles As Automatic Saucepans

All the useful temperatures and cooking times are clearly set out on a printed metal chart. Once you set the dial, kitchen automation takes over the controls and guarantees you perfect results. And you can also use the Sunbeam Automatic Deep Fryer as a deep-well cooker for pot roasts, spaghetti, vegetables, or almost any kind of dish. It's practically a stove on its own.

For gourmet-style cooking the easy, modern way, nothing beats Sunbeam Automatic Cooker and Deep Fryer.

HERE'S WHY

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- STEAMS LONGEST BY ACTUAL TEST
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VEGETABLE RECIPES FOR FILING



ONIONS

Stuffed Onions: Four large onions, mushrooms, melted butter, 2 diced cooked kidneys, 1 bacon rasher, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, stock to moisten, grated cheese.

Peel onions, place close together in saucepan. Add sufficient salted water to come half-way up the onions. Bring to boiling point, simmer 4 minutes. Drain and cool. Remove centres, leaving a thick shell. Chop mushrooms, sauté in melted butter with chopped bacon. Combine with breadcrumbs, kidney, parsley, salt and pepper. Moisten with stock if necessary, spoon into onions, sprinkle with cheese. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes. Serve hot garnished with French fried onion rings.

French Fried Onion Rings: Peel 5 onions, cut into $\frac{1}{8}$ in. slices, simmer 5 minutes in salted water; drain. Dip in a mixture of 1 egg-yolk and 1 tablespoon milk, and then in seasoned flour. Deep-fry, drain.

BEANS



CABBAGE

Cabbage Cantalienne: One cabbage, 1 chopped onion, 1 oz. butter, 1 pint stock, salt and pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint white sauce, 4 hard-boiled eggs (cut in halves), 2 oz. cheese, 2 oz. breadcrumbs.

Shred cabbage finely. Place cabbage, butter, onion, and stock in pan; season. Cover and simmer until tender. Spoon into hot dish, arrange eggs on top. Pour over sauce; sprinkle with cheese and breadcrumbs. Place in a moderate oven until golden-brown.

Cabbage Flamande: One red or green cabbage, 1 oz. bacon, 4 green apples, 1 chopped onion, 1 oz. shortening, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 2 cloves.

Wash and cut cabbage finely. Fry onion lightly in shortening, add cabbage, diced bacon, diced apple, sugar, and cloves. Simmer, adding a little stock if necessary. When cooked, add vinegar, remove cloves and serve.

In our series of recipes for your cookery index file we feature this week vegetable dishes that offer new and delicious ways to use tasty and popular vegetables. On this page and overleaf are the eight selected kitchen-tested recipes. These recipes are printed back-to-back with the illustration on one page and the ingredients opposite on the other. Cut the recipes along the dotted lines and each one is complete.

CAULIFLOWER

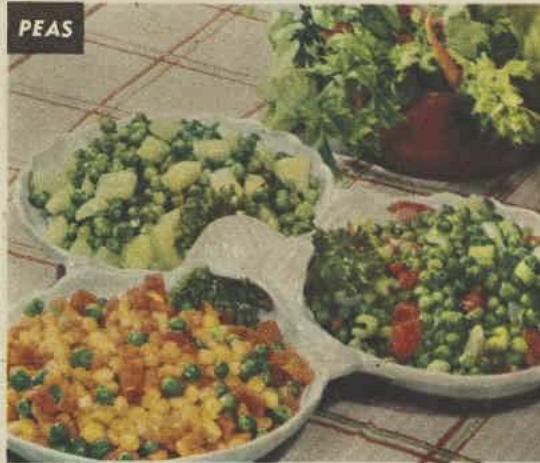
Cauliflower Concasse: One cauliflower, 1 lb. ripe tomatoes, 2 tablespoons fat, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. onions, 2 cloves garlic, 1 tablespoon tomato paste, salt and pepper.

Break cauliflower into small pieces and boil in salted water until just tender; keep hot. Skin tomatoes and chop roughly, melt fat, add finely chopped onions and garlic, and sauté a few minutes. Add tomatoes and tomato paste, and continue cooking 15 minutes. Season to taste, and pour over cauliflower just before serving.

Cauliflower Fritters: One cauliflower, 4 oz. fritter batter, salt, pepper, fat for frying.

Cut cauliflower into small flowerets. Cook in boiling salted water for 10 minutes or until cooked but still firm. Drain and cool. Season fritter batter well and dip in flowerets. Place into a saucepan of hot fat and fry until golden-brown. Drain and serve.

PEAS



SPINACH

Spinach Ring: One large bunch spinach, salt and pepper, 2 oz. melted butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint white sauce, 3 hard-boiled eggs (chopped).

Wash spinach, place in large saucepan; cook over low heat 5 minutes. Add 1 teaspoon salt, increase heat, and continue cooking further 5 minutes. Drain and chop. Add melted butter and season to taste. Pack into a greased ring mould, keep hot over boiling water. Prepare filling by combining hot white sauce with chopped eggs and seasonings. Unmould spinach ring on to serving dish and fill centre with creamed eggs. Serve hot garnished with devilled eggs.

Devilled Eggs: Shell and cut in halves 4 hard-boiled eggs. Carefully remove yolks and mix with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mustard, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, and 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper. Spoon back into egg-white cases and sprinkle with a little paprika.

EGGPLANT



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Page 73

While he turns
his head



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More dishes made with vegetables

CAULIFLOWER



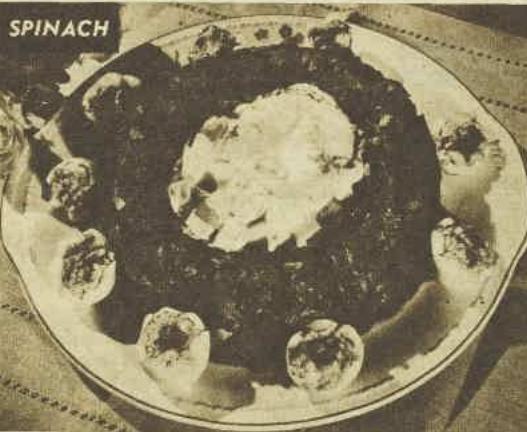
PEAS

Peas Paysanne: Boil 1lb. shelled peas in 1 cup salted water with 1 cup diced celery and 2 tablespoons chopped onion until almost tender; drain. Add 1oz. butter, 1 cup skinned chopped tomatoes, pinch marjoram, salt and pepper to taste. Toss over low heat 5 minutes. Serve.

Peas Chickiti: Boil 1lb. shelled peas in 1 cup chicken stock 10 minutes or until tender; drain. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in pan, add 2 cups diced marrow, saute until tender. Add peas, and season to taste with salt and pepper. Heat thoroughly before serving.

Vegetable Combination: Cook $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. peas, 1 cup diced carrots, and 1 cup corn until tender; drain, and serve piping hot garnished with parsley. (This mixture is obtainable in frozen packaged form ready to cook.)

SPINACH



EGGPLANT

Aubergine Cases: One medium-sized eggplant, 2 cups finely minced cold cooked meat, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped ham or bacon, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated tasty cheese, salt and pepper to taste, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk, parsley, tomato slices, lemon wedges, and bacon rolls to garnish.

Cut eggplant in halves lengthwise and remove all seeds. Combine in large basin the minced meat, ham or bacon, onion, breadcrumbs, and cheese; season with salt and pepper. Beat egg with milk and pour over filling; mix well. Pile high in eggplant halves and place in a well-greased baking-dish. Cover with thickly greased paper, and bake in a moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. Sprinkle top with extra grated cheese. Serve hot garnished with tomato slices, bacon rolls, lemon wedges, and parsley.

Below are four more appetising, easy-to-prepare vegetable dishes that you can add to your recipe index file. With the other four on the previous page, these dishes, which feature widely used types of vegetables, should help the housewife to vary family menus nicely without having to spend extra time in the kitchen. All spoon measurements in the recipes are level.

CARROTS

Carrot Medley: Cook 1lb. thinly sliced carrots in boiling salted water; drain. Saute in 2 tablespoons butter until tender a red pepper (cut in slivers) and 2 green tomatoes (diced). Season with salt and pepper, add sliced carrots, and heat thoroughly.

Glazed Carrots: Cook 1lb. whole baby carrots as above until tender; drain. Heat 2 tablespoons butter in pan, add 1 tablespoon brown sugar and carrots, lightly saute, turning frequently until evenly coated.

Creamed Carrots: Cook 1lb. carrots (sliced diagonally); drain. Make 1 cup melted butter sauce, using 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup milk, and salt and pepper. Add carrots, 1 cup cooked whole white onions, and 2 tablespoons chopped parsley. Heat thoroughly before serving.

ONIONS



BEANS

Beans and Bacon: Cook 1lb. sliced green beans in boiling salted water until tender; drain. Melt 1oz. butter in pan, add $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bacon (chopped); saute five minutes. Drain on absorbent paper. Add to beans, reheat, and serve sprinkled with grated Parmesan cheese.

Italian Beans: Cook 1lb. sliced green beans in salted water until tender; drain. Saute red pepper pieces in 2 tablespoons melted butter 10 minutes, add beans, and heat thoroughly.

Curried Beans and Cauliflower: Boil 1lb. sliced beans in salted water 10 minutes. Separate cauliflower into small pieces and add to beans, cook further 10 minutes or until tender; drain. Make 1 cup melted butter sauce flavored with 1 teaspoon curry powder. Arrange beans and cauliflower pieces on serving dish, pour over sauce.

CABBAGE



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VALDERMA BALM aids quick healing



CHOCAROON CAKE (illustrated above) is topped and filled with a delicious chocolate coconut mixture. It is easy to make and keeps well. See recipe below.

New layer cake wins prize

• A recipe for Chocaroon Cake, which features a delicious crunchy macaroon centre and topping, wins the main prize of £5 in this week's recipe contest.

THE prizewinning cake is fine and moist in texture and is simple to make. It does not require additional icing after it is baked.

A consolation prize of £1 is awarded to an interesting savory charlotte in which chicken, rabbit, or any other cold cooked meat can be used. Spoon measurements are level.

CHOCAROON CAKE

Three ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, grated rind of lemon, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, 2 egg-yolks, ½ cup milk, 6oz. self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, apricot or raspberry jam.

Chocaroon Layer: Two egg-whites, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon cocoa, ½ cup desiccated coconut.

To prepare chocaroon mixture: Beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually add sugar. Fold in coconut and cocoa.

Cream butter with sugar, lemon rind, and vanilla until light and fluffy. Add egg-yolks, beat well. Fold in sifted flour alternately with milk. Spoon half the mixture into a well-greased loaf-tin, then one-third of the prepared chocaroon mixture. Cover with remaining cake-mixture; brush lightly with a little jam. Top with balance of chocaroon mix-

ture. Bake in moderate oven 50-60 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Waddell, "Encliffe," Rob Roy, via Inverell, N.S.W.

SAVORY CHICKEN CHARLOTTE

Six slices stale bread, browned breadcrumbs, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, 2 cups thick white sauce, 3 cups cooked diced vegetables (carrots, celery, parsnips, peas), ½ cup finely chopped bacon or ham, salt and pepper, 1½ cups diced cooked chicken or rabbit, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon chopped onion.

Grease sides and base of a 7-inch or 8-inch cake-tin, coat with browned breadcrumbs. Remove crusts from bread slices, cut into finger lengths. Brush each piece on both sides with beaten egg and milk; then place around sides of tin. Combine vegetables, bacon, onion, and white sauce, season to taste with salt and pepper. Place half the mixture into the prepared tin, cover with chicken and chopped parsley, then balance of sauce mixture. Pour remaining egg and milk over contents in tin, sprinkle with browned breadcrumbs. Bake in a moderate oven 45 to 55 minutes.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. D. Kavanagh, Penola Road, Millicent, S.A.

FAMILY DISH

PORK chops topped with seasoning and cooked with stuffed apples provide this week's family dish. It costs 9/- to 10/-, depending on the size of the chops, and serves four.

SEASONED PORK CHOPS AND APPLES

Four pork chops (one per serving), 2 cups breadcrumbs, 1 small onion, ½ stick celery, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 egg, 2 large apples, 4 prunes, 3 dessertspoons butter or substitute, salt and pepper.

Combine breadcrumbs, chopped onion, celery, and parsley. Season with salt and pepper, and bind with beaten egg. Place chops in large baking-dish, thickly greased, cover chops with seasoning, using about two-thirds. Cut apples in halves crosswise, remove cores, cover top with the balance of seasoning, and top each with a prune. Dot both chops and apples with pieces of butter or substitute. Bake chops 30 minutes in moderate oven, then add apples to baking-dish, and bake gently further 1 hour. Remove chops and apples, serve hot with rich brown gravy if desired.



"I knitted this pullover for 46/-"

LINCOLN 'FASTA KNIT' WOOL

This is a winter-time masterpiece of unusual design and casual comfort. The sleeves feature continuous ribbing and the collar line is smart, different! The design is in Book No. 754 and it costs 46/- in Fasta Knit and 46/8 in Triple Twist.

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If you cannot obtain this book or Lincoln wools in your district
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LINCOLN HILLS (AUST.) LTD., GAFFNEY ST., COBURG, VIC.

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Choose your **LAXATIVE** wisely

As Mr. Wellings does . . .
"Many thanks for a perfect cure for constipation. I can thoroughly recommend Beecham's Pills where your body needs help."

Signed A. Wellings (Mr.)

Certain laxatives operate before your food has had time to be of maximum benefit—they leave you feeling weak. Beecham's Pills are a special laxative treatment that ensures a thorough clearance only when you have digested your food properly and completely absorbed the essential proteins and vitamins. By taking Beecham's Pills you will relieve constipation and derive full value from your food. So choose . . .

BEECHAM'S
THE WORLD FAMOUS LAXATIVE **pills**

APRIL 1957

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 23, 1957

Table lamps to enhance decor

THE right lamp in the proper place makes all the difference to the look of your room and contributes enormously to personal comfort. As with many other furnishings, it is difficult to visualise the effect of a lamp until it is actually in place in the room, and mistakes can prove costly. In other words, time and thought spent in finding exactly what you want are not wasted. On this page we show a choice of attractive table lamps in suitable settings. Two of them are in contemporary design suited to modern furnishings, and one is an example of the old-style oil lamp still popular in many country homes. The fourth is a charming little boudoir lamp.



LEFT. For more traditional tastes is this charming little gilt lamp with a pleated shade of pink silk trimmed with gold braid. This is ideal for period furnishing.

RIGHT. Smart and neat in black and red, this is a lamp that could be used in a dozen ways. The shade is crimson nylon raffia trimmed with black, and the black base is brass-finished for elegance.



AN OIL LAMP (above) whose good looks would suit any type of room, old or modern. It is the perfect light for a country cottage or mountain residence without electricity.



FLUFFY and very pretty, this lampshade of spotted net and taffeta is easy to make and maintain. The directions for making are given on this page.

MAKE THIS BEDROOM SHADE

This dainty Victorian lampshade in spotted net will add a feminine and decorative touch to any bedroom. Below are the directions for making it.

Materials needed: Lampshade frame, top diameter 4in., lower diameter 1½in., strip at lower edge 1in. wide; 1yd. (i.e., 18in.) of 36in.-wide pink spotted cotton net; allow 2½ times length of wires in pink bias binding for winding; pink sewing thread; tube of adhesive.

HOW TO MAKE

First, cover all wires by winding with bias binding, vertical wires first, then top and lower edges, winding firmly.

For each section, cut out in taffeta and net (using the net on top of the taffeta and treating this as one), a piece on the straight which measures 1in. longer and 1in. wider than widest part of section. Pin to top, stretch to lower edge and pin; stretch and pin simultaneously to both sides. Adjust, if necessary, then stitch firmly in place.

Using a sharp pair of scissors, cut off surplus material

only on left-hand side of section, leaving the rest untouched for the time being, because it frays in handling. Then repeat procedure on section to the left, and on all remaining sections until completed. Then cut off surplus material and cover top "collar" and strip at lower edge in same way.

To cover vertical joins and lower edge of "collar," cut 3in.-wide strips of net, fold in half lengthways three times (to a width of about 1in.), then stitch or stick in position.

Trimming: Cut seven strips of net, each 5in. long and 4½in. wide. Fold each strip along whole length so that edges meet in centre and overlap slightly. Using double thickness of sewing silk, gather each strip along that centre line to obtain frill. Pin one strip along lower edge of two sections, distributing frill evenly. Repeat this along rest of sections and all along lower frill evenly. Repeat

this along rest of sections and all along lower edge of frame.

The seventh frill goes to top of "collar." Stitch in position, then cover stitching with 1in.-wide strips of net (folded in half twice and slightly pulled to make them narrower).

How to Wash: Leave the shade on its frame and brush gently to remove any loose

dust. Then, using lukewarm water and a good brand of mild soap or detergent, make a stiff lather. Soak the shade up and down in the lather without rubbing or squeezing. Continue dunking the shade until it is clean, using several lots of water if necessary. Rinse in clean water and hang it in a cool, airy place to dry.

Twenty times a day
we say thanks for
PEGBOARD



Kitchen walls of Masonite Pegboard give me walls that keep my pots and pans and odds and ends just where I want them — in easy reach . . . easy to look at too. You just plug in the clever chrome hooks (every Masonite dealer stocks them) and hang things exactly to suit yourself. Bedrooms, laundries, play rooms and storage rooms suddenly expand when space-saving Pegboard puts their walls to work.

Handymen like Pegboard for the way it keeps tools within reach. Easy-to-fix Pegboard is sold in 4 ft. x 3 ft. or 6 ft. x 4 ft. sheets and covers old walls as well as it makes new ones.

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Masonite Pegboard at
leading hardware
stores and timber
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PREPARED
MUSTARD

No Mix! No Waste!
Ready to serve!



WHEN BUYING SHOES . . . BUY MATCHING MELTONIAN

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Six children to love...and wash for!

MOTHERING HOUR at the Heffernan home in Surrey Hills, Victoria, is always a family affair, when everyone from five-year-old Bobby to toddling Jenny lavishes love on baby Sue. Naturally, Mummy takes loving care of her young family's clothes, seeing that they are always perfectly clean and soft and fresh. She makes a point of washing everything in Rinso. As Mrs. Heffernan herself says: "Rinso suds are so rich and soft; you can trust them to care for the washer and my hands."



"Brighter by far!" . . . that's what you hear every time a woman hangs out a Rinso wash. It's easy to see why. Those marvellous Rinso suds do such a thorough job of washing out all the dirt, they actually put new life in your clothes. There's a glorious *new* brightness in whites and coloureds alike. Hard-working as they are, Rinso suds are soft and gentle. That's why so many women like them for washing-up.

Seven out of every ten women in Australia get their washing Rinso-bright. You, too, can trust Rinso to give you perfect results — with the sheets, shirts, dungarees or nylons. And that holds good whether you use a copper or washing machine.



BRAND-NEW BRIGHTNESS WITH RINSO'S RICHER, SOFTER SUDS



FATHER of four daughters, Pat Boone is shown here entertaining his wife, Shirley, and children Linda, Cheryl, and Deborah at a lunch in Fox's commissary. The baby was left at home on this occasion.

New Film Releases

THE FEMALE ANIMAL

Universal drama, with Jane Powell, George Nader, Hedy Lamarr. Capitol, Sydney.

A CERTAIN topicality lends a fleeting interest to this extraordinarily tasteless and unpleasant film about the problems of a mature movie queen and her adopted daughter.

Hedy Lamarr makes an unhappy comeback to play the mother whose lover finds he likes her daughter better.

With her former beauty fading, Hedy's acting limitations are starkly apparent.

It's hard to imagine what could have persuaded Jane Powell and Nader to tackle the unrewarding roles of daughter and lover.

Nader, manfully protesting that he doesn't want to be a gigolo, goes on being one, while Jane (too old for the role, anyway) is unflatteringly photographed in a series of drunk scenes.

In making films like this Hollywood is cutting its own throat.

In a word: SORDID.

MIRACLE IN SOHO

Rank Organisation romantic drama, with Belinda Lee, John Gregson. In Eastman Color. Embassy, Sydney.

SOMETHING went very wrong with writer-producer Emeric Pressburger's idea for a heart-warming little story about an Italian family living in London's colorful Soho.

Most of the color comes from the letterbox-red indiscriminately applied to props of the all-too-obvious studio sets, and the only local character satisfactorily developed is Cyril Cusack's motto-sputting postman-Salvationist.

Gregson is the working-man Lothario, who with his gang arrives to tear up St. Anthony's Lane, where the Italian family live.

Working on the "love 'em and leave 'em" principle, he makes up first to the Lane's barmaid (the intended of Belinda's brother), and then to Belinda, a pretty though not very lively girl, who works in a pet shop.

It takes the postie-Salvationist, a broken watermain, and a discarded boy-friend to teach Gregson that

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★ Excellent
- ★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars—below average

you can't fool with a nice St. Anthony's Lane girl like Belinda.

Those old enough to remember the musical comedy "Wildflower" will see its star, Marie Burke, handsome and sprightly, as the Italian Mama.

In a word: DULL.

. . . AND GOD CREATED WOMAN

Columbia drama, with Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens. In Eastman Color, CinemaScope. Victory, Sydney.

DON'T be put off by the presentation of this little French-made frolic with English dialogue as a "love drama."

With Bardot carrying sex appeal to its most ludicrous extreme, a plot scaling the heights of absurdity, and some (unintentionally) exquisitely funny dialogue, this is as good for a laugh as anything you're likely to get this year.

Rescued from an orphanage by a most unpleasant couple, Bardot, a young lady of exceptional physical development and unbridled passions, soon wreaks havoc among the men of the small seaport town where this foolish couple live.

Regarded as unworthy of marriage by the man she loves, Brigitte marries his chivalrous younger brother, tries (according to her lights) to be a good wife, until—in one of the funniest seduction scenes on record—she gives herself to her original love.

And who should resolve the ensuing family fracas (a still younger brother is now becoming interested) but that high-minded veteran of many a boudoir Mr. Curt Jurgens.

Wasted on all this nonsense is some rather nice photography, French seaport scenery, and quite respectable performances from the three young French actors playing the brothers.

There's a specially cosy touch when one of the boys refers to their very French mother as Mum.

In a word: GIGGLES.



Unmistakably . . .
an Australian beauty

Crystal-clear water of a cool glade in summertime reflecting natural loveliness — glancing off the smooth, sun-kissed limbs of a true Australian beauty. Her name: Diana Andrews, of Randwick, N.S.W. Her beauty care: Rexona Toilet Soap — for face, arms, all of her.

Bring out
your natural loveliness
with Rexona Soap

MEDICATED WITH CADYL



BATH SIZE 1/5 REGULAR SIZE 1/1

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THE FIRST THING
A MAN NOTICES
—THE LAST THING
HE FORGETS

Gently the fragrance
of this famous
perfume steals upon
the air, surrounding
you in mystery...
enchantment...

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These are good reasons why NYAL Baby Powder brings so much comfort and contentment to your baby. It actually "moisture-proofs" the skin and thus protects against chafing. The moisture-resistant powder creates a barrier between wet nappies and baby's skin. NYAL Baby Powder forms a silky-smooth film of protection which clings longer . . . helps keep baby cool and comfortable even through long night hours.

NYAL Baby Powder is the softest, smoothest powder you could ever use. Made from the whitest, purest talc (specially processed and

sifted through silk), it is so beautifully fine it brings soothing comfort to sensitive skin.

NYAL Baby Powder contains two gentle antiseptics (Boracic and Alphozone) carefully blended to give you a powder of unsurpassed quality. Thus NYAL Baby Powder not only relieves skin irritations, but acts as a mild deodorant, too.

And, moreover, the delicate, refreshing perfume of NYAL Baby Powder will help keep baby fresh and sweet. So next time you "change" baby . . . change to NYAL Baby Powder. Two sizes—REGULAR 2⁵, and GIANT ECONOMY SIZE 4⁹—three times the quantity for only twice the price.

ACTUALLY REPELS MOISTURE

This "close-up" photograph shows how water "rolls" off when Nyal Baby Powder is smoothed gently over the skin. Unlike ordinary baby powders which absorb moisture, Nyal Baby Powder actually repels it. This moisture-resistant quality lessens the chance of wet nappies chafing baby's tender skin.

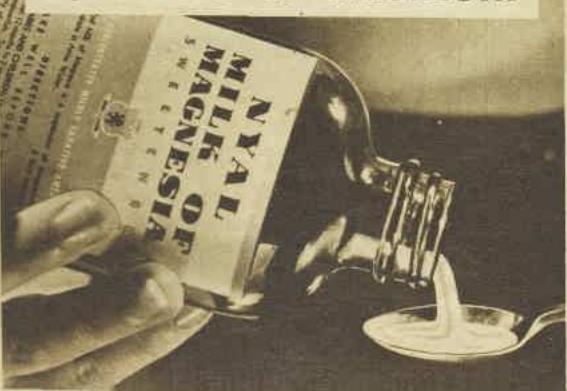
Nyal

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

Soothes Baby's Tummy!

Just one teaspoonful of NYAL Milk of Magnesia after feeding is the quickest way to soothe baby's upset tummy—to prevent "wind" pains and acidity. NYAL Milk of Magnesia is smooth, even and pleasant to take, being specially sweetened to please baby's taste. Its gentle laxative action ensures regular habits. Rigid laboratory tests ensure that it is thoroughly dependable—pure and safe for the youngest baby. Sweetened or Regular—two sizes, 3³, 5⁵.

Nyal MILK OF MAGNESIA



Soothing Relief From Skin Irritations

When baby "complains" because of Diaper Rash, Cradle Cap or Chafing, provide relief instantly by using cooling, soothing, protective NYAL Calamine-Lanolin Cream. The modern formula of NYAL Calamine-Lanolin Cream was compounded especially to ease these painful conditions. As the name implies, NYAL Calamine-Lanolin Cream contains Calamine, which soothes pain and discomfort, promotes healing; Lanolin to make baby's skin soft, supple again; PLUS a special pain-relieving ingredient which stops the irritation and itching, FAST. Large Tube, 2³.

Nyal CALAMINE-LANOLIN CREAM

N.41.144WW

Continuing . . .

The Eye Of Love

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noted for the last time how his head from the back looked like a can stuck on a pole, and watched the door shut behind him. Then she stumped into his room, and staggered back with the suitcase he kept his spare underwear in, and heaved it over the banisters.

Later that morning Mr. Gibson went off to Kensington. He returned, in the evening, early. Dolores had steak for him. In the near future, she recognised, they might starve together, but the prospect held no terrors for her, and in the meantime she feasted her King. (Martha looked no farther than her plate; Martha stuffed without a care.)

In Miss Diver's hair gleamed the Spanish comb again, she wore the jumper made from her Spanish shawl, than which Mr. Gibson had never seen anything more exquisite, and after dinner he put a new bulb in the bowl of glass fruit. Dolores' eyes filled with tears as she watched; that morning they'd spent barely ten minutes in the sitting-room, but he'd noticed, her Big Harry, when she tried and failed to make the fruits light up for him, and remembered to buy a bulb . . .

Tender was their talk in that variegated, jujube-colored light. Mr. Gibson's every moment of agony, during the past six months, was laid bare before his love; the explanation of how he'd felt forced to return her comb reduced Dolores again to happy tears. "As if I'd ever have sold it, ever!" she wept.

"You might have had to!" groaned Harry Gibson. "You had to take that chap as a lodger—and what came of that? Don't tell me he wasn't after you! You might have married him!" cried Harry Gibson—clutching her jealousy back to his bosom. This wasn't an altogether distressing moment for Dolores. With whatever repugnance, she might indeed have wedded Mr. Phillips, and now that the danger had passed it wasn't in feminine nature not to present him in the most favorable light possible.

"He was very kind, Harry. After you'd gone . . ."

"Say no more, don't break my heart!" cried Mr. Gibson. "Haven't I come back?"

Precariously still upon the sea of delight rode the bark of their bliss. In their Garden of Love Divine grew spiritual fruits only, and Mr. Gibson, (to say nothing of Martha), had a large corporeal appetite. Dolores' small bank account was running out, the lease of the little house was running out, more uneasily, each day. Harry scanned the lists of Situations Vacant in every paper at the Free Library. It was well for all of them that Mr. Joyce couldn't endure to think of his friend starving.

For that was what he really feared it might come to—and Miranda was certain of it. "Of course he'll starve!" she told all her friends, with a humorous grimace; and indeed did her best to make this likely by a neat piece of dovetailing in the eagerly awaited revelations. Dadda had found out something really awful about poor Harry, whispered Miranda, to Rachel and Marion and Denise—who would undoubtedly pass the word back to their fathers. Miranda didn't know exactly what—but hadn't Dadda sacked him out of hand?—and then it was that she'd

jumped at the chance of freeing herself from such an old stick-in-the-mud, whom she'd only accepted in the first place because Dadda was so set on it.

This double libel Mr. Joyce bore with patience; though he didn't care for being branded as either a harsh parent or a poor judge of character, he felt Miranda in the circumstances entitled to do the best she could for herself; and recognised with pleasure that in the character of a girl who could have got married, but chose not to, she was on to a very nice thing.

For himself, he not only worried about Harry, he missed Harry. Miranda seemed not to miss Harry at all. Mr. Joyce missed him all the time. Not to see his friend across the dinner-table, not to snug down with him in the study afterwards, to Mr. Joyce made it scarcely worth while coming home. When old Mrs. Gibson crept weeping to Bond Street a letter from Harry in her hand—no address, just saying he'd be round to see her soon—Mr. Joyce almost dropped a tear on it himself.

The rash promise rose to his lips spontaneously. "Don't worry, Mamma Gibson," promised Mr. Joyce. "I'll find him a job somewhere . . ." "Bu

The world tolerates conceit from those who are successful, but not from anybody else.

—John Blake

near!" wept Mrs. Gibson. "Not that Leeds again! I want my boy where I can see him!" "So do I," said Mr. Joyce . . .

Fortunately he had very good connections; not much more than a week passed before he was lunching his friend Conrad at the Ritz. Mr. Joyce never minded doing things obviously. From the moment he saw the caviare, Mr. Conrad knew he was to be asked a favor, and could think over the advantages of granting it while he ate. In nature indeed startled him, (he was the father of Denise), but not, (also, perhaps, because he was the father of Denise), much as might have been expected.

"I hear you want a manager for that branch of yours in Richmond," said Mr. Joyce over the cigars.

"You hear right," agreed Mr. Conrad—thinking "Ah ha" to himself. The surprise was yet to come.

"Then why not Harry Gibson?" asked Mr. Joyce.

Mr. Conrad stared. Then he stared.

"You want a job for that chap there's been all the trouble over? First he cooks your books, then you want to send him to cook mine?"

"He did not cook the books," said Mr. Joyce angrily. "Harry is honest as the day. Considerate, hard-working. Just the man you need. I dare say we could do a little business."

"If he's as good as all that, why did you sack him?" asked Mr. Conrad reasonably.

Mr. Joyce shrugged.

"It was an affair of the women . . ."

"Ah," said Mr. Conrad. He had from the first mistrusted certain of his daughter's reports; after respecting Mr. Joyce's acumen for some twenty years, hadn't he been able

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 23, 1955

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... now on display in leading furniture and department stores. See the latest and best designs in furniture — each upholstered in the new, exclusive range of Nylex vinyl-coated fabrics. New patterns . . . new textures . . . new eye-catching colours.

THIS IS YOUR GREAT OPPORTUNITY

Now's the time to find that piece of furniture you have been looking for. Pay a visit to your favourite furniture showroom — see the Nylex "Fashions in Furniture" — and discover for yourself just what Nylex vinyl-coated fabric has to offer. You can then have your choice in furniture upholstered in your choice of Nylex — the modern, easy-to-care-for furniture fabric.

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Thousands of home-planners are finding that beautiful practical Nylex is the best upholstery value they could have chosen. The colours and textures are designed to suit every type of home. The tough fabric is fully washable yet it has a softness and a look of luxury that brings added charm and comfort to the dining room, lounge, bedroom, sunroom, kitchen or patio. Obviously, Nylex is the vinyl-coated fabric for you!

NYLEX VINYL-COATED FABRIC

Soft and comfortable

Exclusive range of lovely colours, designs and textures

Washable — cleans with a damp cloth

Durable — made for hard wear

Never fades, chips or cracks

Every inch unconditionally guaranteed against faulty manufacture



NYLEX VINYL-COATED FABRIC

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N221
Page 81

to see him going so wrong at last over a son-in-law . . . An affair of the women, then! One might have known!

"When that girl of yours changes her mind," said Mr. Conrad, with something like admiration, "she makes a thorough job of it. All right, send him round."

Mr. Joyce arrived at the house in Alcock Road not exactly furiously (he took a taxi), but having dropped in at Bond Street first to leave word that if Miranda telephoned, he was at an auction. It was the first step towards what he hoped would be a very happy double life—he had already discovered, for instance, that at Richmond was a golf course, and meant to play there with Harry on Sundays under cover of taking Turkish baths.

The immediate prospect, of relieving his friend's anxieties and saving him from starvation, was of course more delightful still; but as the taxi bore him down Alcock Road, it was a toss-up which took priority in Mr. Joyce's excited mind.

How astounding, therefore, that within an instant of his ringing the bell, both should have been even momentarily forgotten! — To Mr. Joyce's

Continuing . . . The Eye Of Love

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amazement, the child who opened the door was a child he recognised. Short, stocky, fair-haired and grey-eyed—wearing the same jersey—actually with a stick of charcoal in her fist—there stood his faithless protegee of Almaviva Place.

"But this is crazy!" ejaculated Mr. Joyce—even as he spoke grabbing hold of her. "Why didn't your mother come to see me?"

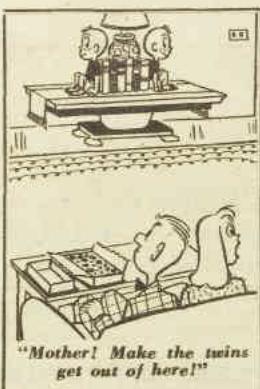
"Oh, it's you," said Martha stolidly. "I haven't got a mother. I'm an orphan."

"But you told me—An orphan!" cried Mr. Joyce. "Harry!" shouted Mr. Joyce, thrusting her before him into the house. "Are you there, Harry?" Out burst Harry from the sitting-room; Mr. Joyce thumped him gladly with the hand that wasn't grasping Martha and hurried on. "Whose is this child, Harry? What is she doing here?—I have a job for you, Conrad's, Richmond," added Mr. Joyce rapidly. "Who is this child?"

"I told you about her, that's Martha, Miss Diver's niece," said Harry Gibson, in natural astonishment, and thumping his

friend back. "Did you say Conrad's?"

"At Richmond, we will play golf, but never mind that now," exclaimed Mr. Joyce impatiently. "She told me her mother was Mrs. Brown." He shook Martha up and down.



Joyce. "Get along, don't waste time."

It astonished both Miss Diver and Harry Gibson, in the sitting-room, how he kept recurring to the child, as though she was of importance. "Conrad's won't be any goldmine," said Mr. Joyce, "but enough for you both—and Mamma Gibson. (No pension for Mamma Gibson now!" chuckled Mr. Joyce, in parentheses.) "But the one to think of, of course, is the child. If she's happy with her aunt, it would be a mistake to disturb her."

"I'm sure Martha's always seemed perfectly happy," said Miss Diver uncomprehendingly. "And she's been such a little comfort, we wouldn't dream of parting with her—would we, Harry?" "By Jove, no!" said Harry Gibson. "I wasn't thinking of that," said Mr. Joyce impatiently. "All I want is that she shouldn't be put off." "Put off what?" asked Harry. Both he and Dolores were anxious to meet Mr. Joyce's wishes in every possible way, but they didn't know what he was driving at. Even when he proposed to pay for Martha's keep and education, in return for the pick of her drawings year by year, they saw only another proof of his surpassing benevolence. "I'll make her draw you something really pretty!" promised Dolores.

"Yes, he has!" exulted Harry Gibson.

"But she lives here, you look after her?" persisted Mr. Joyce.

"Who, Martha? Of course," said Dolores. "Oh, Mr. Joyce, won't you come into the sitting-room? Martha can come too—"

But Martha had had enough of being pulled about. She wrenched herself free and glowered all round.

"I don't want to come into the sitting-room. I'd rather not," said Martha, very plainly.

"Martha, do as you're told!" cried Dolores. "When their benefactor, their saviour, was taking an interest in her! When Mr. Joyce is being so kind!" cried Dolores—an unfortunate echo.

Martha started off towards the kitchen; Dolores glanced in desperate apology towards Mr. Joyce, and was surprised to see on his face a look not of anger or offence, but merely one of peculiar attentiveness.

"Stop a moment," said Mr. Joyce mildly.

Remarkably, Martha stopped.

"What do you want to do?"

"Draw," said Martha.

"That's right," said Mr.

joyce. "Get along, don't waste time."

Only Martha remained behind, refusing even the lure of fizzy lemonade.

"But she eats well?" inquired Mr. Joyce, in a last burst of solicitude, walking down Alcock Road. "Jolly nearly as much as I do," Harry reassured him. "Fine," approved Mr. Joyce. "Good meat, good puddings, build up strength. D'you know what they feed me now?" he added wistfully. "Eternal goulash. I put up with it because of you-know-why."

This was the last word of reproach he ever uttered, to his defaulting son-in-law. He was a man of remarkable magnanimity.

"But on Sundays, at the golf-club, we will get some good British grub," forecast Mr. Joyce, cheering up.

When they were all gone Martha went out into the back-garden. It was several months now since she had frequented there; drawing hard outlines in Indian ink, and latterly in charcoal, had kept her within-doors; also Mr. Phillips might have surprised her—Mr. Phillips c l a n k i n g about with garbage-pail and coal-bucket. There was no danger of this now.

It was quite dark. Head-on,

head-down to the knotted grasses, one couldn't have seen an inch beyond one's nose. All Martha could make out was the shape of the coal-shed, square and peaked, and the cylindrical shape, beside it, of the dust-bin.

They formed a rather satisfactory combination. Martha, cautiously circling to find the best angle, meditated in terms of charcoal. When there was more light, thought Martha, not full daylight, but when it got shadowy, the top of the shed hard against the sky, and perhaps the dust-bin lid, (which might be cocked), and the lower-down part blotchy.

Beautiful was the coal-shed, beautiful the dust-bin, at that moment to Martha's eye of love; she forgot to be cold, out in the December dark without a coat, as she rapturously contemplated them. Then suddenly down from the fence leapt a cat—grey-furred by the night, discs of mica for eyes—and scared her out of her wits.

"You frightened me!" cried Martha indignantly; and like the child she still was, chased it away.

(Copyright)

Margery Sharp's novel "The Eye of Love," which concludes in this instalment, was published by Collins.

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RECD.
Coats

GLENHIRST SHOWERPROOF

Our new serial, "Aunt Helen," is unusual murder mystery

A BRILLIANT murder mystery, "AUNT HELEN," by a leading English author, Edith Pargeter, will begin in next week's issue. The story will be published in two parts.

When Philip Greville, a successful writer of scholarly thrillers, describes to his guests at a dinner-party how a man or woman with patience and nerve could commit the perfect murder, he does not know that one of the people at the table is already planning to kill someone.

Listening to this extraordinary theory are his beautiful wife, Helen, his youthful nephew, Bill Grant, his devoted sister, Margaret, Estelle Renaud, a former sweetheart, and her jealous husband, Gerard, Dr. Benson, the family doctor, the rector, Mr. Clive, and his stepdaughter, Rachel Pharamond, and to one of them his words are destined to become the blueprint for the crime.

"Aunt Helen" is one of the most unusual mysteries we have ever published, so don't miss next week's long opening instalment.

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MATCHED OUTFITS

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... look smarter

It costs no more, but looks much smarter—to match your work clothes, or shorts and shirt. Now, in addition to the already famous Cant-Tear-Em matched work clothes, you can buy matching shirts and shorts for men and boys. Be matched—not patched. See them at any leading store.

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SKEE-JAMAS regd

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Page 83

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard
For week beginning Apr. 3

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially



ARIES

The Ram

MARCH 21 — APRIL 20

* Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, navy. Lucky days, Monday, Wednesday. Luck in the market-place.



TAURUS

The Bull

APRIL 21 — MAY 20

* Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in taking the initiative.



GEMINI

The Twins

MAY 21 — JUNE 21

* Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, red. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in keeping your mouth shut.



CANCER

The Crab

JUNE 22 — JULY 22

* Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, silver. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday. Luck in clubs and organisations.



LEO

The Lion

JULY 23 — AUGUST 22

* Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, orange. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck through the top brass.



VIRGO

The Virgin

AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 22

* Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck through a journey.



LIBRA

The Balance

SEPTEMBER 23 — OCTOBER 22

* Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in financial prospects.



SCORPIO

The Scorpion

OCTOBER 23 — NOVEMBER 22

* Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, rose. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck through the opposite sex.



SAGITTARIUS

The Archer

NOVEMBER 23 — DECEMBER 22

* Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck that is earned.



CAPRICORN

The Goat

DECEMBER 23 — JANUARY 19

* Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in romance.



AQUARIUS

The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 19

* Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in a package.



PISCES

The Fish

FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20

* Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, blue-grey. Gambling colors, navy-blue, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck through inside information.

* If you want work to have a cash value, then you'll have to hustle to meet competition. No vague talking for granted will be effective. Go into action.

* If you like your job, everything is happy, but if you are discontented you won't get far. If tied to your present work, learn to like it and increase efficiency.

* Just watch and wait; improve your qualifications. This is a time for planning, but action must be delayed until the time is ripe. Build up to future opportunities.

* Don't put the emphasis on sociability. You should be working towards a goal. If associates do not appreciate this, find others more serious-minded.

* For some of you, a turning-point. You may take on a new job with prestige and more money. You may be directly under the eye of superiors and find it trying at first.

* That heavy programme may call for work all day and study at night. Many folk start out with good intentions. You need power and a calm spirit.

* Guard your finances. Interests, A modest budget can carry you a long way to your heart's desire. Unless you know where you stand financially, you may lose.

* People you know may guide you along the right path. Don't hesitate to call on personal influence to gain you a hearing. Put in your best efforts with the team.

* If you have your hopes fixed on a job, either paid or voluntary, be clear about your qualifications, talents, aptitudes. Beware of promising more than you can do.

* Don't rely on that lucky break. Young people starting out on a career are specially fortunate. If you can't get what you want, take what you can get.

* Should circumstances keep you home or home duties interfere with outside work you really would enjoy, be philosophical. Home-making demands the utmost.

* If this is your final year in position, don't ever put in your run now, not at the last moment. No matter what your job, further study helps.

* If you are acting as purchasing agent for the household, you will stretch that money to cover not only necessities but extra items as well. Be armed with information.

* Never mind what others may suggest. Your taste may be different, so why not express your individuality? Even simple effects which are original create charm.

* If you are going to be home more than usual, try shifting the furniture into new groupings. Should a visitor criticise your housekeeping, do not worry.

* Whether you are entertaining a teenage gang or a few of your own crowd, you will enjoy yourself right along with the guests. Try to prepare in advance.

* The family may be on parade and a V.I.P. may be the reason. Most of the burden of keeping the wheels turning will fall on the homemaker, so plan ahead.

* Be out to learn all you can about that most important job—the creation of a happy home. Wherever classes are available in domestic arts, join in.

* One person in the family may need you more than all the rest. There may be problems to face, advice to be given. Listen patiently. Be tactful.

* This week go gay. Young marrieds need to step out sometimes. Baby-sitting may be expensive, so exchange this service with a neighbor.

* Some of you take a broom in hand and sweep out what you regard as annoying debris. You go through cupboards determined to discard rubbish. Don't be hasty.

* You are more light-hearted than usual and probably more indulgent with the small fry. Should there be a birthday coming up, there is certain to be a party.

* Easter brings moving into a new home will be waking on air. Older folk decide on new amenities. For all of you, home will have a powerful attraction.

* Many of you look up and go shopping to community welfare work, or other interests. Some of you use home as a place to sleep, but you appreciate it.

* If he is your fiance you may go shopping for your future home. If he is your boy-friend, you may receive a present. It may be a diamond ring.

* If you are really in love, try to create a romantic atmosphere so that the two may have a chance to show if he cares. Invite him to join in your crowd's activities.

* Watching your beloved from a distance can be an interesting game. You will learn much about him when he is with friends. Do not force the romantic tone.

* If you enjoy any sport, you are likely to meet an attractive lad. Either in the field or in the gallery, he will be looking for you. He'll be romantic.

* A dance may be the setting for the start of a romance. Both of you will be at your most glamorous. Don't be disappointed when you next meet in everyday clothes.

* Those fortunate enough to be invited on a house-party for the weekend or an all-day expedition to new places are likely to meet a charming, romantic friend.

* The course of true love may bump into a few obstacles; what you should do depends on how much your beloved means. If there is a quarrel, happiness may go.

* Your sign takes love seriously indeed, will object strenuously to your going. The star favors informal understandings or official engagements. Young marrieds are lucky.

* Perhaps he works where you do or your job brings you into contact with him officially. A first date in the evening will give you quite a different slant on him.

* Either you go dancing together, you're both invited to parties, or you may both be taking part in an amateur play. Outings with a romantic flavor lead to friendship.

* Ask him home; it is one important way in which a girl can show appreciation of his invitations. Parents should be kindly disposed to the object of your affections.

* The neighborhood crowd have their points, and one of them may emerge to become a faithful escort. It is certainly pleasant for you to be partnered socially.

* Trips to town may extend later hours than you anticipated. Lunch or dinner away from home may lead to chance encounters with people you rarely see. Visit a theater.

* You will choose your own amusements and include people with similar tastes. Some of you will be in considerable trouble due to the hospitality.

* Sociability may be casual rather than planned because you have many personal projects on hand and you feel they must be finished before you can relax.

* The club is the scene of many activities. They may be purely social or intellectual, but it will take place on a community meeting-ground.

* Many of you will be called upon to appear before the public. What you do in news, whether belongs in the social column or community welfare.

* Going highbrow? You may write a paper to a study class or be part in a discussion of art subjects or current events. A trip will help to found a group.

* If you are tired of the old routine, you may seek new avenues of endeavor. Sample them, but wait a few weeks before deciding what you want to do.

* Popularity is high; teamwork the answer to most problems to confront you. Supporters will be easy to find if you throw your personality into the game.

* Somebody has to do the washing after the party or help with the washing-up and it looks as if it's you, but there will be company with the job.

* Should you be working with children, this week could be a feather in your cap, as everyone pleased at the outcome. Otherwise, you will be gay.

* Entertaining at home has charm. It is less expensive if you serve in what you serve and how the time is spent.

* A trip to an old place revisited or a new one that holds the attention of the unknown could make you away in a flurry of last-minute preparations.

Get acquainted with **NEW PERSIL**
NOW MADE TO CARE FOR HANDS

...because Persil now contains **33% MORE PURE SOAP**



"Oh what lovely soft suds! That's what you'll say next washday when you prove New Persil's mildness for your self. See what glorious soft suds come billowing up. Feel their softness on your fingers. NOW you'll get that famous Persil whiteness with a gentleness your hands will love.

It's the 33% more pure soap in Persil that makes it so mild. Millions of soft, bubbly suds ease the dirt out thoroughly but gently, keep your hands soft and smooth no matter how often you wash.



Now has 33% more pure soap
Persil
washes whiter
Now made to care for hands

PERSIL WASHES WHITER!

BEGINNERS' PATTERN
F3974. — Beg inner's pattern for an easy-to-make maternity skirt. Sizes 26 to 32in. bust. Requires 2yds. 54in. material. Price 2/6.

Fashion PATTERNS

F4835.—Glamorous strapless evening gown with a matching jacket. The gown can be made with a ballerina or floor-length skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 9½yds. 36in. material for floor-length skirt, and 7½yds. 36in. material for ballerina-length skirt. Price 6/6.

F4833.—Child's dressing-gown with a pretty ribbon collar trim and bow. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Requires 2½ to 4½yds. 54in. material, and 3½ to 4½yds. ribbon. Price 3/6.

Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, N.S.W. Postage paid. Address Box 4000, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



4832.—Chic Empire-line dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 54in. material, and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price 7/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 686—SEMI-SACK DRESS

One-piece dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in whirlway wool angora. The color choice includes blossom-pink, forget-me-not blue, lilac, geranium-red, and blue-grass. Sizes: 22 and 34in. bust, 97/8; 36 and 38in. bust, 99/3. Postage and registration 3/9 extra.

No. 687—WATER-LILY LUNCHEON-SET

The set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice includes cream and white Irish linen, and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: centre mat, 24 x 11in.; plate mat, 11 x 11in.; and cup-and-saucer mat, 5 x 5in. Nine-piece set includes 1 centre plate, 2 side plates, 2 saucers, 2 mats, 19/11. Postage and registration 1/9 extra. Thirteen-piece set including 1 centre, 6 plates, and 6 cup-and-saucer mats, 32/9. Postage and registration 2/6 extra. Serviettes to match 1/9 each. Postage 4d. extra.

No. 688—SMALL GIRL'S PINAFORE

The pinafore is obtainable cut out ready to make in corduroy velvetine. The color choice includes royal-blue, American beauty, flame-red, reddish-brown, deep green, and turquoise-blue. Sizes: 4 years, 29/11; 5 to 6 years, 33/6; 7 to 8 years, 36/9; 9 to 10 years, 38/3. Postage and registration 1/9 extra.

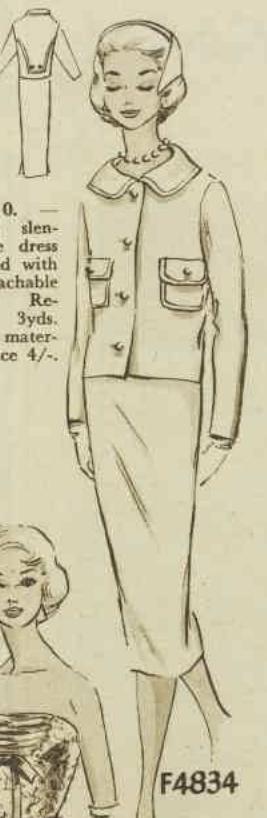
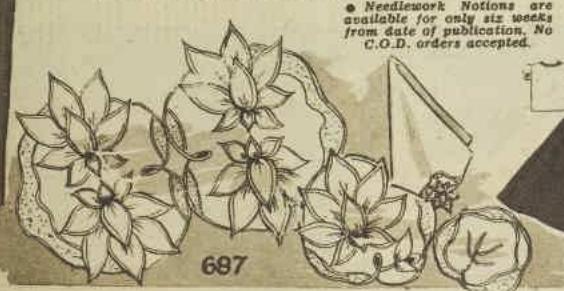
No. 689—SMALL GIRL'S BLOUSE

The blouse is obtainable cut out ready to make in sanforised poplin and in tulle. Color choice in poplin includes: pale pink, lemon, white, bolero-blue, and red, while the tulle comes in shades of cream, pale blue, pink, and lemon. Sizes in poplin: 4 years, 14/3; 5 to 6 years, 18/3; 7 to 8 years, 21/4; 9 to 10 years, 24/3. Postage and registration 1/9 extra. Sizes in tulle: 4 years, 19/11; 5 to 6 years, 22/3; 7 to 8 years, 26/6; 9 to 10 years, 30/6. Postage and registration 1/9 extra.

No. 690—BOY'S WINTER JACKET

The jacket is obtainable cut out ready to make in corduroy velvetine. The color choice includes royal-blue, red, dark brown, and deep green. Sizes: 4 years, 27/3; 5 to 6 years, 28/6; 7 to 8 years, 29/9; 9 to 10 years, 32/3. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

* Needwork Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



F4834

F4834.—Attractively styled "relaxed" line suit. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.



688

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— the bandage you SPRAY on!



Proved by Leading Hospitals, Medical Science's new first-aid discovery is now proved again in HOME first-aid.

It's the BANDAGE and the ANTISEPTIC combined

You simply spray it on—it can't fall off, won't wash off, doesn't need changing, doesn't restrict movement—the ideal dressing for cuts, scratches, burns, all minor injuries—a transparent, almost invisible, watertight dressing that effectively SEALS OUT dirt and germs, yet lets the wound breathe.



• Over 200 applications per can. Less than one penny per application. Saves you £ on your year's first-aid.

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I'M A SHINOLEUM GIRL!

What's so wonderful about Shinoleum? Simply this! Shinoleum gives a deep down shine that stands up best to busy feet... try it yourself. See how a quick rub over brings back the Shinoleum shine time and time again.

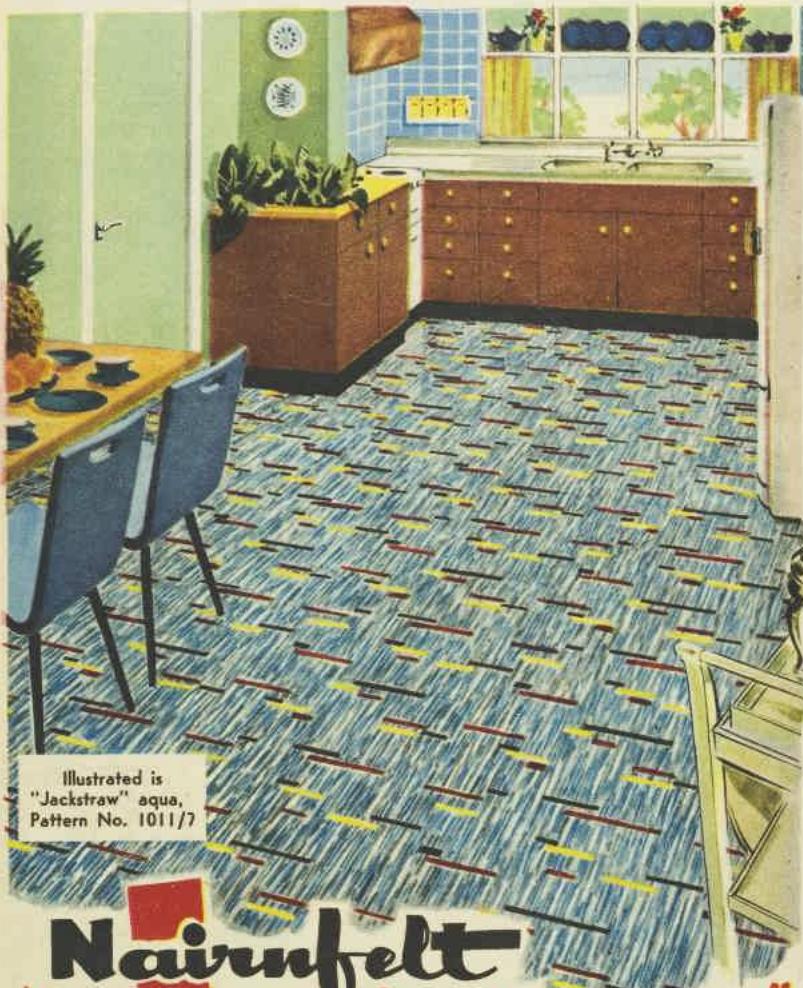
What's your line... paste or liquid? High quality pure waxes in Shinoleum paste give your floors a hard coat of protection and a bright shine that lasts and lasts. Shinoleum liquid wax goes on easily... cleans as it shines.



LINOUEUM LOVES
SHI-NOLEUM
FLOOR POLISH



Watch the walls move back with...



Illustrated is
"Jackstraw" aqua,
Pattern No. 1011/7

Nairnfelt "Jackstraw"

Less than £5 to cover the average room!

"Jackstraw" does wonders for small spaces, making them seem much bigger than they really are! The clever use of horizontals does the trick in this smart contemporary Nairnfelt pattern and you'll be amazed at the new life and sparkle it imparts to your floor. You'll be pleasantly surprised, too, with the way Nairnfelt's high-gloss, hard-wearing surface sheds dirt, wipes clean in a jiffy and keeps on looking as new as the day you laid it!

"Jackstraw" is obtainable in aqua, charcoal, grey and green, with contrasting motifs. See it at your favourite home furnisher's or department store. ("Jackstraw" is just one of more than 30 contemporary and traditional designs in Nairnfelt, Australia's

top-grade linoleum-type floor covering).

High gloss

Nairnfelt

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Cut floor-cleaning time in half with **Spred-ezi FLOOR POLISH**

Cleans as it polishes

WON'T DISCOLOUR! PROTECTS, PRESERVES, BEAUTIFIES!

GROCERS AND FURNISHERS EVERYWHERE!

*Developed by the makers of the world's finest linoleum



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, has been sucked into
one of the strange green vacuums and now finds himself in a weird all-green world. Looking around for some sign of intelligent life, they find two funny-looking little green men. Armed with

weapons which can knock the powerful Lothar to the ground, the little men indicate the way they want Mandrake and Lothar to go. Following instructions, they come face to face with all the people and animals who vanished when they were drawn into the mysterious vacuums. NOW READ ON:



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RU

Don't let Housework
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Keep Hinds Honey & Almond Cream handy

Hard water — detergents — soap — grease
take their toll! Restore natural oils to your
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Use Ezy-Hem Skirt Marker for your
fashion-right hemlines. Pins lace
through fabric four times — won't
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Simply smooth on fast-working
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Veet melts hair away just below
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Double size 5/3; Regular size 3/3.

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Dr. Scholl's SUPER-SOFT
BALL-O-FOOT* CUSHION

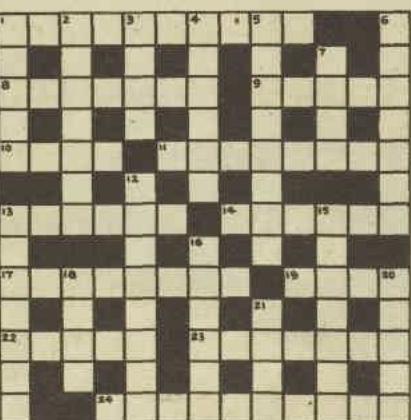
TEENA® BY Linda Teng



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Famous American cleaning a heavy weight (10).
2. Murder in a set with a pan (7).
3. Concise mostly in Gallic (5).
4. Edward starts to whirl (4).
5. A Persian fairy and a fish in the seed vessel (8).
6. Weapons, one of them carried by the Bard (6).
7. Worry one of the high nobility who is inwardly a saint (6).
8. Neat rest (Anagr. 8).
9. Injury caused by each armament (4).
10. Bar of metal in reversed garment (5).
11. Being without motion about a sharp-pointed weapon (7).
12. Not necessarily quarrelsome, though always creating scenes (10).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Squander a stew (5).
2. Lip ends in a revolving rod (7).
3. Misfortunes in an uphill struggle (4).
4. Collect a strait with her (6).
5. Mounted attendant with carriage (8).
6. A reptile, a parasitic insect, or a plant (7).
7. Song produced by a Bavarian yodeller (4).
8. You may trail one if coming from the East (8).
9. Exerts to the utmost when loading a train in a steamer (7).
10. Buying and selling dart and gin (7).
11. Vigor showing the unit of work inside (6).
12. Got a flowing robe of a Roman citizen (4).
13. Mother obtained a Barbary ape (5).
14. Sure he is an operator (4).

LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO

clears dandruff,
dry scalp and hair dullness



Many Australians suffer from unhealthy hair and scalp often without knowing it. They believe their hair is naturally dull or, realising something is wrong, start using lotions and dressings that only mask the problem temporarily.

WHAT SCIENCE SAYS: Specialists conclude very many hair troubles stem from the incomplete cleanliness of hair and scalp. Dust, grime and dandruff, form a deposit which tends to block hair follicles and can prevent the flow of natural scalp oils. In extreme cases the deposit is visible (as dandruff), though it's often in the hair without being seen!

The answer? Loxene medicated shampoo as a scalp treatment. This preparation, called Loxene, really cleans away all dust, grime and flaky deposits (dandruff). With regular use Loxene removes and helps overcome the development of dandruff. Only healthy hair can be attractive hair. Hair that is really clean, really healthy, is lustrous and easy to manage and set. Use Loxene regularly—it is the natural way to beautiful hair.



LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO AND SCALP TREATMENT

L1.16

Free yourself from Nervous Tension

SANATOGEN, the protein nerve tonic, treats nervous tension where it originates—in the nervous system itself.

Sanatogen is an active nutrient tonic, medically recommended and proven, rich in protein and phosphorus—essential nutrients for both body and nerve cells.

Unlike drugs and sedatives, which merely calm you down temporarily, Sanatogen repairs and restores nerve cells and tissues to their normal healthy state. A course of Sanatogen starts helping you from the very first day. Sanatogen will enable you to maintain really good health so that, as nature intended, you'll be calmer, less worried and less irritable. You'll sleep better and get a great deal more enjoyment out of life.

Sanatogen is recommended by doctors the world over and is sold only by chemists.

Sanatogen

The PROTEIN
Nerve Tonic

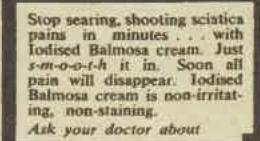
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Stop searing shooting sciatica pains in minutes... with Iodised Balmosa cream. Just *s-m-o-o-t-h* it in. Soon all pain will disappear. Iodised Balmosa cream is non-irritating, non-staining.
Ask your doctor about

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AVAILABLE FROM CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE



FLAVOR
in the cup
comes from
QUALITY
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It pays to buy quality
... particularly when
buying tea. You get
more flavor, more en-
joyment from every
cup, and many more
cups from every
pound of Bushells Tea